

a most potent attraction in any lecture-room. In print the narrative reads like the fabled wanderings of some legendary hero—thirst in the desert, scorpion bites, perils from robbers, strange rites at the tombs of saints, dreaded interviews with the khans and emirs, wrestlings with storms of burning sand, and stealthy midnight marches under skies ablaze with stars—but it is a faithful record of a pilgrimage by a young man of thirty, possessing the gift of tongues, and a glib and bold one of his own.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK & Co. are about to issue "The Tragic Comedians," perhaps the most unreadable, if one of the most brilliant, of all GEORGE MEREDITH'S novels, and one which will therefore be read with the greater zest by the author's admirers, a band which now includes almost all readers who care for the higher fiction. Such readers will be glad to hear of a new novel from MR. SHORTHOUSE'S unprolific pen. It is to be called "Blanche, Lady Falaise," is nearly completed, and will be published by MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. The same publishers will issue a new book by RUDYARD KIPLING, entitled "Life's Handicap, being Stories of Mine Own People."

THE authorities of Harvard are rejoicing over a discovery in their library. It seems that in 1819 GOETHE sent a parcel of his writings to a certain DR. J. G. COGSWELL, who had visited the poet in Weimar and found him uttering "more rational observations than he had ever heard from any man in Europe." These writings, thirty volumes in all, were brought to light only a day or two ago. They are inscribed, "Gift of the Author, J. W. v. Goethe."

A CHICAGO speculator has offered a big sum for the house in Salem in which NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was born, intending to remove it to his city in time for exhibition at the World's Fair. The owner, however, wants a larger sum than the speculator is willing to pay. The house was built a hundred years before HAWTHORNE'S birth. Fashion has long ago passed it by on the other side, and its present surroundings have rendered it very unattractive. Only the first four years of HAWTHORNE'S life were spent in it.

#### THE EXPULSION OF QUEEN NATHALIE.

(FROM A SERBIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

THE disgraceful scenes which were recently enacted in Belgrade seem to be regarded by a great portion of the English and Continental press as part of an improvised melodrama, rather amusing, although unworthy of serious thought. Many newspaper correspondents seem singularly ill-informed about Queen Nathalie's popularity. The fact is that there is a very strong feeling for her among the peasantry. The men admire and pity her, and the women love her. She has taken part for years in their annual festivals and fairs; and wherever she has been, her affability and beauty have left an abiding impression on the simple country people. She has been always personally kind as well as generous to the poor, and during the wars she has cared for the wounded, and provided for the widows and orphans. It is not our place to say how much of this overflow of graceful charity was for charity's sake, and how much merely to gain a good hold on the affections of the people. We know only that she charmed all men who approached her (except her husband, unhappily!) by her beauty and grace, and that she has devoted and grateful friends among the Serbian women of all classes. Possibly it was a good thing for the present Government that she did not attempt to land anywhere when the steamer passed the Serbian shores. Had she done so, and had she been supported by the brave and faithful friends who have defended her cause so eloquently and

warmly, who could say what would be the position of things in Serbia to-day?

The ex-Queen is said to enjoy the personal friendship of the Czarina, and it is certain she has many friends in Russia. She was born in Odessa; her father was a Russian officer, and she has since her marriage always openly declared that though the greater part of her heart was now Serbian, all the rest was, and would ever remain, Russian. She never professed any sympathy with ex-King Milan's demonstrative friendship for Austria, but we do not believe that she ever sought actually to turn him from it, not even in those days when, as "married lovers"—for it *was* a love marriage—they may naturally be supposed to have had some sympathies in common.

Formerly the Radicals, always pro-Russian, were great admirers and friends of the Queen. They knew well that after the suppression of the Zaitschar revolt the chief leaders were condemned to death by the Military Court, and only saved from execution by Her Majesty's energetic and not-to-be-refused intervention. Three of these then condemned leaders are members of the present Radical Cabinet that has so brutally expelled the Queen from the country. We wonder how these once condemned and respited insurgent chiefs—Messrs. Paschics, Gersich, and Djaja—must have felt when the woman to whose generous energy they owed their lives called them "cowards and traitors," when their gendarmes forced her into the carriage which conveyed her over the Serbian frontier?

It has been the boast of the Radicals that they compelled King Milan to grant such an exceedingly Liberal Constitution; they esteemed it their especial merit that the clause "forbidding the forcible expulsion of any Serbian from Serbia under any circumstances" became part of that Constitution. When, and where, and why, have they so completely forgotten the paragraph they were so eager to make and so proud of having made? To the uninitiated the passive attitude of Russia during the past week is even more perplexing than the position taken by the Radicals against the ex-Queen. But it seems to us that this apparent indifference is simply the result of Russia's very pronounced dislike and distrust of the ex-King. The Radicals, during their two years' government, have committed many grave mistakes, and their former popularity will soon be a thing of the past. Each visit of the ex-King to Serbia to see his son afforded opportunity for demonstrations more or less marked against the Government. Especially have the officers gathered round their ex-King; not so much out of love for him, perhaps, as out of hearty dislike of the Radical rulers. In fact, the anti-Russian and anti-Radical elements in the country are greatly in need of a centre, and, as they find nowhere else the required leader, they naturally rally round their former sovereign, who is undoubtedly a very clever and gifted man, whatever may be his faults of education and character. Russia is perfectly aware of the danger the present Government would run were the discontented military and politic elements combined under the assured co-operation of the ex-King. Therefore it is the desire of the St. Petersburg Cabinet to keep King Milan out from Serbia and far from the side of his son. If the sacrifice of Queen Nathalie was necessary to effect this, then of course she must be sacrificed—for the time. Meanwhile the young king is completely surrounded by friends and creatures of the Czar, and breathes in Belgrade as pure a Russian atmosphere as Prince Nikita in Cetinje.

When King Milan left Paris for Belgrade last February, he was completely "possessed" by one "idea"—viz., to force Queen Nathalie to leave Serbia. He could not endure that the woman who had been his wife should reside in the same country as their son.

The Russophobe ex-King declared to the Russophile Radical Government that he was willing to resign formally his constitutional right to superintend the education of his son, and ready to engage

to reside out of Serbia until that son's majority, providing the divorced Queen Nathalie should be sent—by force, if need be—out of the country.

This offer was accepted by the Cabinet, certainly not without the concurrence of the Russian Minister in Belgrade. This bargain of the Government with the ex-King was a grave mistake. It made a still greater mistake when it failed to place the whole matter, in a regular and constitutional manner, before the Assembly and demand a plain and unequivocal authorisation by a formal Bill. The Ministers communicated to the astonished deputies the "voluntary decision" of the ex-King to "leave the country and not return before his son attained his majority," and then they made the Assembly vote a resolution "requesting the Government to 'work out' that the Queen-mother should do the same."

It is the general opinion in Belgrade that not one in ten of the deputies understood that special phrase to mean the forcible expulsion of the Queen, and already many deputies indignantly protest that their "innocent resolution" was construed by the Government as a "mandate" to break the Constitution and expel the mother of the King.

From the Belgrade papers it is clear that Queen Nathalie was *not* "prepared" for the violent steps about to be taken to force her to leave the country. The day of the "expulsion" Her Majesty had guests to lunch with her. Among these guests was General Leshanin, whose sister-in-law was for years the first lady of the Court and always a loyal and devoted adherent of the Queen, and whose wife is sister of Colonel Simonovich, the Queen's adjutant. The general, a man of unsullied honour, was one of the most trusted friends of Regent Ristich until the latter found it politic to turn his back on the divorced Queen.

During the lunch the Prefect of the city and the chief of the police department of the Home Ministry, accompanied by six gendarmes, entered the Queen's residence, whilst a detachment of mounted gendarmes was stationed in front of the house. The Prefect showed the Queen the written order of the Government, and said she must leave the country at once. Her Majesty declared she would not go unless compelled, so the Prefect ordered two of his men to take her by the arms and lead her away. Then General Leshanin begged the Queen "not to expose herself to further indignity," and said he "was witness that force had been used against her." What followed has been related in the daily papers and need not be repeated here.

It is to be hoped now that King Milan is satisfied! Queen Nathalie has been taken by force out of Serbia. It has been long his heart's dearest desire to know her expelled from the country of which her only son will be ruler and is already king. But Russia, also, is probably "well pleased," for she has closed the gates of the Belgrade palace against her arch-enemy, Milan. That he left Serbia of his own free will and Queen Nathalie against her will matters little in the end. Possibly the ex-King in reality has lost more than the ex-Queen after all. He has left behind him seeds of disgust and disappointment which will go on growing, for the Serbian soil is the best possible for the rapid growth of discontent; she has left behind her mixed sentiments of gratitude and anger, of pity and wonder, and it will depend chiefly on her future actions how deeply and widely the better feelings spread and grow.

But there is no doubt at all about the loss the Radicals have sustained in this scandalous struggle. Their *prestige* is a thing of the past; their strength was in union, and they are now disunited and disorganised. No one can tell how near Serbia is to a new period of internal contention which may lead even to international complication. Europe has all reason to watch vigilantly the "signs of the times," for the only partially extinguished volcanoes of the Balkans may suddenly at any moment re-awake.

E. L. M.

#### THE PAUPER.

ROUND the skirts of the plantation, and half-way down the hill, there runs a thick fringe of wild cherry-trees. Their white blossom makes, for three weeks or more in the year, a pretty contrast with the larches and dark clumps of Scotch fir that serrate the long ridge above. And close under their branches runs the line of oak rails that marks off the plantation from the meadow.

A labouring man came deliberately around the slope, as if following this line of rails. But as a matter of fact he was treading a little-used footpath that here runs close beside the fence and parallel with it for about fifty yards, before it diverges down the hill towards the village. So narrow is the path that the man's boots were powdered to a rich golden colour by the buttercups they had brushed aside.

Presently he came to a standstill, looked over the fence and listened. Up among the larches a faint chopping sound could just be heard, irregular but persistent. The man put a hand up to his mouth and called—

"Hi-i-i! Knock off! Stable clock's gone noo-oon!"

There was no answer at all, but the chopping sound ceased at once, and this apparently satisfied the man, who leant against the rail and waited and looked steadily, but not curiously, at his boots. Two minutes passed without sound or stir in this corner of the land. The human figure was motionless; the birds in the plantation were taking their noon-day siesta. A brown butterfly rested, with open wings, on the rail—so quietly, he might have been pinned there.

A cracked voice was suddenly lifted, within the plantation and but a dozen yards away. "Such a man as I be to work! Never heard a note o' that blessed clock, if you'll believe me. Ab-sorbed, they call it."

The voice was followed by its owner, a thin, withered man in a smock frock, who emerged from among the cherry-trees with a bill-hook in his hand, and stooped to pass under the rail.

"Dismal pains I do suffer in that old back of mine, to be sure. Ugh! You'll never believe 'em, my son, till the appointed time when you come to suffer 'em. But, says I, just now, up among the larches, 'Well, my sonny-boys, I can crow over *you*, anyway: for I was a grown man when Squire planted ye, and here I be, a hearty oldster, marking ye out for destruction. Why, hullo!—where's the dinner?'"

The younger man withdrew his gaze, almost reluctantly, from his boots.

"I haven't brought none. We're dinin'-out, to-day, as the word goes among the fashionists. Quarter-after-nine, this mornin', I was passin' by the Green wi' the straw-cart, when old Nick Trueman calls after me—'Have 'ee heard the news?' 'What news?' I axes. 'Why,' says he, 'I'm goin' into the Union Work'us this afternoon: can't manage to pull along by myself any more,' he says; 'an' I want you and your father to drop in, soon after noon, an' take a bite with me, for old times' sake. 'Tis my last taste o' free life an' I be goin' to do the thing fittywise,' he says."

The older man cast a meditative gaze up at the sky-line.

"We'll pleasure en, o' course," he said slowly. "So 'tis come round to Nick's turn? But 'a was born in the year o' Waterloo, ten year afore me, so I s'pose he've kept his doom off longer than most."

The two men set off, down the footpath. There is a stile at the foot of the meadow and, while painfully climbing it, the old man spoke again.

"And his doorway, I reckon, 'll be locked for a while an' then opened by strangers; an' his nimble youth be forgot like a flower o' the field; an' his little curious habits, that made en different from anybody else, be clean blotted out; an' fare thee well, Nick Trueman! But I'd no notion he'd got it in his mind."

"Far as I can gather, he've been minded that way ever since his daughter died, last fall."

From the stile where they stood they could look down into the village street. And old Nick Trueman



was plain to see, standing in his doorway and welcoming his guests.

"Come in—come ye in, good friends," he called, as they approached. "There's cold bekkon and cold liver-an'-lights and Dutch cheese, besides bread: an' a little drop o' gin-an'-water for every soul among ye, to make it a day of note in the parish."

He looked back into the kitchen. A dozen elderly men were already gathered there, and one of them promptly paid the compliment that was obviously expected.

"Never do I mind a man's layin' down his joyful days so handsome. For the gin-an'-water is a little addition beyond experience. The vittles, no doubt, you begged up at the Vicarage, sayin' you'd been a peck of trouble to the family, but that this was goin' to be the last time."

"I did, I did."

"But the gin-an'-water—how on airth you contrived it is a riddle."

The old man rubbed his hands together and looked around with genuine pride.

"There was old Miss Scantlebury," said another guest—"You remember Miss Scantlebury?"

"O' course, o' course."

"Well, she did it better 'n anybody I've heard tell of. When she fell into redooed circumstances, she sold the eight-day clock that was the only thing o' value she had left, an' drove into Tregarrick Work-us behind a pair o' greys, wi' the proceeds. Over and above the carriage hire, she'd enough left to adorn the hosses wi' white favours an' give the driver a crown, large as My Lord. But she was a lady, to begin with."

"That beats me, I own," answered the old man. "Yet I shall drive to my doom, though it be but upon two wheels an' with my back to a single hoss. For Farmer Lear's drivin' into Tregarrick in an hour's time, an' he've a-promised me his back-seat."

"But about the gin-an'-water? For real gin-an'-water it is, to sight an' taste."

"Well, my sonnies, I'll tell ye: for the trick may serve one o' ye in the days when you come to follow me, tho' the new Relievin' Officer may have learnt wisdom before then. You must know I've been considerin' this step for some while: but hearin' that old Jacobs was goin' to retire soon, I thought to mysel' 'I'll wait for the new Officer, an' if he's a green hand, I'll diddle en.' Yesterday was his second round at the work; so I goes up an' draws out my ha'af-crown, same as usual, and walks straight off to the *Four Lords* for a ha'af-crown's worth o' gin. An' to-day I drives up to the Work-us, so bold as brass an' quite destitoot—but there, I'm wastin' time: for to be sure you've most o' ye got relations an' friends in the place where I'm goin' an' will be wantin' to send a word by me."

It was less than an hour before Farmer Lear pulled up at the door in his red-wheeled trap, and the pauper climbed up and was driven off.

"I've made a sort o' little plan in my head," he said at parting, "of the order i' which I shall see ye again, one by one. 'Twill be a great amusement to me, sonnies, to see how the fact fits in wi' my little plan."

They gave him three feeble cheers as he drove away and hung about for several minutes after the vehicle had passed out of sight, gazing along the road as wistfully as more prosperous men look in, through churchyard gates, at the acres where their kinsfolk lie buried.

Q.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### "THE WOMAN'S VOTE."

SIR,—In a recent article in *THE SPEAKER* upon the above subject it was stated that the women's vote, so far as it has already been exercised, had proved a failure—that the majority of women voted as they were told, etc.

Now, as these statements differed materially from my own experiences and opinion, I made it my business to ascertain the

views of those who were in the best position to form a correct judgment upon the matter. Amongst these were several town councillors of the large and populous place in which I reside, and they one and all informed me that they had found the women voters the most difficult to deal with, from the tenacity with which they clung to their opinions.

One gentleman, an ex-mayor, stated, as an instance of this, that the women in the ward which he represented required a bridge made across a river that ran between their district and the market.

They considered this a public necessity, and nothing whatever would induce them to vote for anyone who opposed it.

I next saw the town clerk, believing that I might from him obtain a still more impartial opinion. He said that naturally he could only afford testimony from inside the polling booth—he had nothing to do with what went on outside—but so far as his official experience went he believed that the women's municipal vote had been an entire success.

I next wrote to the ex-mayor of one of our largest towns and sea-ports, and I sent him a copy of the extracts I have referred to from the article in *THE SPEAKER*. He being laid up with an attack of influenza, his daughter replies on her father's behalf thus:—

"He wishes me to say that he thinks few men have had a wider or more continued experience of municipal contests than he has had, which experience extends over more than thirty years. He has not seen the article from which you quote, but is prepared to say that your quotations do not express the convictions produced on his mind. It may be perfectly true that some women vote as they are told, but not the majority; it is equally true that many men vote as they are told; but on the whole he is convinced that the majority of women voters use their suffrage with a higher and nobler purpose than do the majority of the other sex."

All the foregoing statements very much accord with the experience of those having to do with women who are engaged in business. I think commercial travellers generally will state that they find them keen in seeking a bargain, and less susceptible to what is called "soft-sawder" than most men; but that on the other hand they are exact in their accounts and prompt and regular in their payments.

Now these are qualities that tend to make good citizens, such as will exercise their voting powers wisely and carefully. It is of course essential that an interest in politics, whether imperial or municipal, should be taken, but this will prevail amongst women more and more as they obtain the right, not merely of holding political opinions, but of aiding practically in enforcing them.

I trust that you will not consider this letter an undue intrusion upon your space, but will allow it to appear in your columns with that spirit of fairness which forms so essential a part of the true Liberalism which it is the rôle of *THE SPEAKER* to represent.—I am, your obedient servant,

C. H. PERKINS.

May 26th, 1891.

### GENIUS AND INSANITY.

DEAR SIR,—May I suggest that genius and insanity are only other words for "openness," or what in modern parlance we call "mediumship?" We are all mediumistic more or less; our great poets and musicians very much more, our smaller fry very much less. The flashes of genius that we enjoy are "put through" by master-minds that have existed for æons. Nineteenth-century readers will of course scoff at this idea; for the world has always scoffed at great truths before accepting them. Moreover, men who consider that they have original genius would be mortified to think they were only "instruments" used by minds infinitely greater than their own. Yet there seems little doubt that this is so; unfortunately, I cannot—at the moment—prove my case as clearly as Mr. Nesbit proves his; though, in a few more years, it may be recognised. I have an old and honoured authority for stating that spiritual truths "can only be spiritually discerned;" they do not lend themselves to science and mathematics, logic and geometry, which are instruments of the intellect alone. Spirit knows nothing of time and space, lines and boundaries; like the wind, "it bloweth where it listeth, and we know not whence it cometh or whither it goeth." But we all know that it is in the silent hours of the night, in the solitude of the study, or in the lonely country walk, that we gather our best ideas, that we invent our plots or write our essays and poems. We talk tall talk about evolving them "from our inner consciousness," when we simply receive them from the spirit-world that is always around us, striving its hardest to tell us a great deal more if we would only pause to listen. But the majority of us shut our spiritual eyes and seal our spiritual ears, and devote our best faculties to the task of turning a half-penny into a penny, or of travelling a little faster on two fixed lines. Again, the man who is "open" or "mediumistic" is necessarily liable to bad as well as to good influence, and thus it so often happens that those who give us the greatest flashes of genius are eccentric, erratic, and occasionally have seasons of wild debauchery. The man of well-balanced mind "holds his fortress," and from him we get neither genius nor orgies; the feeble man leaves the door open altogether, and the result is a

free fight for his stronghold—in other words, chaos and insanity; he becomes what in olden time was called “obsessed.” (Was it not seven devils—or evil spirits—that Christ cast out from the lunatic?)

Once more, it is well known that mediumship exhausts the vital forces of the physical body, and makes men weakly. (In this sense many a man has laid down his life for his cause.)

Finally, it is rather curious to note amongst the many names instanced by Mr. Nesbit how few scientific men are numbered. This goes to strengthen my theory, for between the boundless world of spirit and the finite world of science there is little sympathy. Science ends where it begins—in matter; so does money-getting; poetry and music, and whatsoever appertains to the higher spiritual life, and to what we call “genius,” echoes through space for ever.

Herne Bay.

E. H.

### ÆNIGMATA.

I WANTED the sweep of the wild wet weather,  
The wind's long lash and the rain's free fall,  
The toss of the trees as they swayed together,  
The measureless grey that was over them all;  
Whose roar speaks more than a language spoken;  
Wordless and wonderful, cry on cry—  
The sob of an earth that is vexed and broken,  
The answering sob of a broken sky.

What could they tell us? We see them ever—  
The trees and the sky and the stretch of the land;  
But they give us a word of their secret never;  
They tell no story we understand.

Yet haply the ghost-like birch out yonder  
Knows much in a placid and silent way;  
The rain might tell what the grey clouds ponder,  
The winds repeat what the violets say.

Why weeps the rain? Do you know its sorrow?  
Do you know why the wind is so sad—so sad?  
Have you stood in the rift 'twixt a day and a morrow,  
Seen their hands meet and their eyes grow glad?  
Is the tree's pride stung at its top's abasement?  
Is the white rose more of a saint than the red?  
What thinks the star as it sees through the casement  
A young girl lying, beautiful, dead?

BARRY PAIN.

### A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,  
Friday, May 29th, 1891.

THERE are quick trains in Surrey, as we must all know, for the train we travel by stops respectfully here and there to let them pass. Then our train creeps out of the siding, like a rabbit from its hole, and, if no one is looking, it makes up its mind to go on. Such, at least, is the way of my train, which is stopping at all the farm-houses and most of the telegraph-posts. Now and again, too, the engine-driver draws rein that he may get out and have a chat with the guard. I am sitting in my corner, thinking of the old days of rushing coaches, when twelve miles an hour was too common to be a feat, and people must have lived at high pressure.

From London to my Surrey village (Tory, with the rallying-cry, “Duck 'im in th' pond”) is a comfortable day's journey, and one makes friends on the way. They are mostly country folk, with a sharp eye on the guard, who is supposed to have designs on their tickets, and they cannot talk long about themselves (which is the only subject a wise man will invite anyone to talk of) without convincing you that Surrey has as many romances as Park Lane. I dare swear that every drama of the London season has also been played in my village.

In Dorsetshire, I believe, they call Mr. Hardy “him wot puts we into books”; but Surrey has not yet had its Hardy, and so its interest in the literary

characters who frequent it is not keen. At Twickenham, if you want the house of Mr. Blackmore the novelist, you should ask for the house of Mr. Blackmore the market-gardener; and at Cobham nowadays they can only show what was Matthew Arnold's cottage because the Londoner so frequently asks. One meets these Londoners on the prowl in all parts of Surrey, but chiefly at Haslemere, where they would question Lord Tennyson about his successor in the laureateship; and to some evening paper goes their interview, if it takes place—and, indeed, whether or no.

Public interest in our great men only stands second now to our interest in our neighbours. Still the neighbour has it easily, and those who relish an article to breakfast on Herbert Spencer's garden jackets, would pass it by for an interview with the gentleman at No. 62 about his reasons for pulling down his blinds half an hour before he lights the gas. Only one *Times* (let out on hire) comes to my village, and I suppose half a dozen copies of the local paper are taken in weekly. Yet every house in the village would buy the local paper if it was guaranteed to contain an interview with the blacksmith or the butcher's wife. “90 M.P.s Down with Influenza,” or “A Chat with the Poet-Laureate,” are good headings, but to a neighbour they are as nothing compared to “And now, Mr. Gubbins, my readers would like to know whether your wife really compels you to wash the dishes.”

By the payment of a guinea, “public persons,” from the lowly scribe up to the lordly actor, may get a hundred “press cuttings” about himself; and so learn that he has charming manners and an impediment in his speech, that he is the celebrated author of some other body's book, that he is at present in China and Torquay, and that he died some years ago. Persons interested in the public person are supplied with the “pars” at the same rate; and great actors and actresses (of whom there are at present not more than a hundred in this country) are thus a source of wealth to the scissors-and-paste agencies. Not many literary hands, it may be presumed, interest admirers to the extent of a guinea, which can buy two stalls, or a library.

But here and there is a comic gentleman who knows no better than to wonder about literary hands when he might be wondering about great tragediennes. I saw lately a quaint request from such a one for information about a writer who is no better than a “Poor Polly of the pen.” The author lives in a country town, to another inhabitant of which the curious one sent a paper containing twenty-six questions, and to each question a blank space for the answer. “I am interested in Mr. Anon's writing,” said the stranger, “and would be obliged if you could answer the following questions. Enclosed is a stamp for postage.” The twenty-six questions would be worth giving in full if the public was as curious as that curious young man. He wanted to know, “Is Anon married? If so, does he get on well with his wife? Who was she? Is it true that he is of plain exterior? Does he interest himself in local matters? Is he very unpopular, as I have heard, in society? Is he of abstemious habits? Would you say that he is less abstemious when in London than when in his natal place?”

To return to the question of the laureateship, a suggestion is that it should be given to some verse-making peer, so low in the poetic scale that none of the possible men could be offended. He should be someone with a name easily remembered. Or the office could be allowed to die in the blaze of glory called Tennyson. Or, as this is the age of competitive examinations—Here is an idea.



But election by marks is only for the small posts. The laureate's type-writer might be chosen in that way, while applicants for the laureateship could be invited to send in their testimonials, with a preface by themselves setting forth their claims. Think over the poets said to be "in the running," and you will see at once that these prefaces would make strange reading.

Such a method, though calculated to let us know the best that could be said of several of the candidates in waiting, would not be fair to all. Mr. Buchanan, for instance, has such a way of nick-naming those he writes of, that force of habit would probably compel him to refer sarcastically to himself as a young man in some sort of suit.

I think authors should be allowed to call at newspaper offices and ask their critic a few questions—such authors, at all events, as write, say, translations of foreign verse and are dismissed as "tolerably but not admirably proficient in the language" ("we note *bégagé* for *dégagé*, but possibly this is a printer's error"), or scientific works which "show some grasp of the subject, though we find ourselves forced to differ from the author on certain important points" (that need not be mentioned). In such cases the author has a clear right to ask his critic to translate into French, "Have you the cow and the ink and the ox of your neighbour; and, if not, have you the buttercup, the dandelion, and the daisy?" or to demand of him why, when a book slips off the table, it falls, instead of flying to the ceiling. Thus could we test the critic's qualifications for his post, and — But I am at my station, and there is no porter to take my bag. I expect he is down with the influenza.

ANON.

## REVIEWS.

### A ROLLING STONE.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF LAURENCE OLIPHANT AND OF ALICE HIS WIFE. By M. O. W. Oliphant. Two vols. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1891.

HERE surely is a tragedy for a summer day's reading. It is told in the conventional two volumes of the biographer, and told after the time-honoured methods which are applied equally to the history of the successful tradesman and of the great poet or statesman. Mrs. Oliphant always writes delightfully, and she has told the story of her namesake's life with the practised skill and genuine sympathy which might have been expected from her. But when one lays down the book it is not of the biographer that one is thinking; not even of the varied adventures of the hero of the story. The tragedy of the tale overpowers everything else, and one can think of nothing but the ruined career, the broken life. There are many among us to-day who knew Laurence Oliphant in his prime, who remember him as he walked these London streets nearly thirty years ago, in the full enjoyment of a reputation which made him the most enviable of mortals. He had youth and good looks, fair means and brilliant promise on his side in those days. He had friends in every class in society; he was making his way in Parliament; he had already made his name in literature; above all, he had about him that indefinable quality which men miscall genius, and the possession of which justifies far wider expectations, far higher hopes, than can be founded upon mere talent or industry. Thirty years ago there were people who believed that in Laurence Oliphant was the making of a great statesman. There were others who saw him as a leader in our social life, ruling the thought and fashion of the age. There were still others who believed that a great

career as diplomatist or novelist lay before him. Probably the one thing that no man dreamed of as possible was the actual fate which overtook him—a fate which did not quench his genius, but which destroyed his hopes, broke his spirit, and blighted his career.

Very delightful is the picture painted by Mrs. Oliphant of his earlier years. The child, on whom two fond parents doted, grew up into the open-minded, fearless youth who fascinated all who met him. Jung Bahadoor—the old Lion of Nepal—was one of the earliest of his conquests. He met him at his father's house in Ceylon—Sir Anthony Oliphant was Chief Justice of the island—and was so much pleased with him that he invited him to accompany him to Nepal. There he entreated him royally, providing him with sport of the kind which all young Englishmen love, and opening up to him a country with which few European travellers were at that time acquainted. It followed that when Oliphant, still in the opening years of manhood, came to England and took up his abode in London, he was already known as "the traveller." His luck in those days was almost uncanny. He and a friend set out on a holiday journey, and selected Southern Russia and the Crimea as the scene of their wanderings. Oliphant published the story of his travels, and it appeared at the very time when England and France were preparing to attack the Czar. So the young author was summoned to the Horse Guards to tell the high authorities there all that he knew about Sebastopol. He hoped that he himself would be sent out to the Crimea, but his destiny led him in another direction. Through private influence Lord Elgin, then Governor-General of India, appointed him his private secretary during a most important mission to Washington. Thus was Laurence Oliphant introduced to the sphere of diplomacy, for which his many gifts so well fitted him. How he danced and flirted and drank champagne and made friends with the people in power at Washington may be imagined by everybody. He was full of admiration for his chief, but he looked on with somewhat cynical eyes at the small tricks of the diplomatic trade as they were practised by the head of the mission. Their success seemed to him to justify them. From Washington, where he had mixed with the best American society, he went to Canada, and, although barely twenty-five, received an important appointment in connection with the Indian department of the Government. This took him on a journey to the Far West, and he naturally wrote a book about it, for it had now become second nature with him to commit forthwith to paper and print the fresh impressions which his mind received. He returned to England in time to see something of the Crimean War. He had a notion that he could induce the Circassian chief Schamyl, the darling hero of a bygone generation, to attempt a diversion on the Russian flank, and he importuned Lord Clarendon to send him on a mission to the mountain warrior. Lord Clarendon yielded so far as to despatch him to the Crimea, and here Oliphant enjoyed himself according to his wont, making friends with everybody in the tents before Sebastopol, and running as many risks as any officer on active service. It was now also that his connection with the *Times* began, and he contributed the first of the many brilliant letters from his pen which for years enlivened the pages of that journal. The war at an end, there came the usual interval of social enjoyment in London, and then we see Oliphant in the field once more, serving a second time under Lord Elgin on his famous mission to China.

There is no need to retail the story of that expedition and of the manner in which it was interrupted for a season by the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny. Oliphant was in India when the Mutiny was at its height, but he was not permitted to go beyond Calcutta, and he could only note with astonishment the gay indifference of the Europeans in that city, some

of whom had just been saved from the worst horrors of the Mutiny, to the dangers and the sufferings of their less happy fellow-countrymen. One remarkable episode of the Mission to China was the visit paid by Lord Elgin to Japan. Oliphant went with him, and some of us can still remember the thrill of delight, as in the presence of something entirely new, with which we read the letters published in the *Times*, telling of the young diplomatist's first experiences in that strange land so long sealed to the Western world. It is in Japan, also, that we next meet the illustrious adventurer, for, on returning to England, he was appointed Secretary to Rutherford Alcock's mission to that country; and it was then that he so nearly met his death in the attack made by a party of fanatical Japanese upon the building in which he and the other members of the Mission were dwelling. The injuries he sustained on this occasion were so severe that he was compelled to return home; but no sooner had he recovered his strength than he made off for the next spot in which stirring events were to be witnessed, and took part, not as a combatant but as a very active and intrepid spectator, in some of the dramatic episodes of the Polish insurrection.

Travel, adventure, journalism, literature, diplomacy, had all now been tried by him in turn, and tried with success. There remained yet another field in which to exhibit his remarkable talents, and it was the field to which his ambition most strongly urged him. He came into Parliament as member for the Stirling Burghs, and forthwith laid himself out to play the part of a serious legislator and politician. But even then he could not resist the temptations of journalism, and he was one of the little band who launched that eccentric print *The Owl*, which for a brief season was the delight and wonder of society and the English people generally. Society and Lawrence Oliphant were by this time on the best of terms. He was welcome everywhere, and as we have already said, counted his friends in every rank in life. And now, with the ball at his feet, and such brilliant prospects opening before him as few men of his age have ever looked upon, there came into his life that great change which altered his destiny and, so far as worldly eyes can see, wrecked his career. He had been much given throughout his life to the writing of letters to his mother discussing his own spiritual condition. There are parents and friends who delight in correspondence of this sort, and who are for ever digging up the tender plant of a young man's faith in order to see whether it has as yet taken root. Lady Oliphant was the most devoted of mothers; perhaps if she had been less devoted she would have been a wiser and better friend to her son. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that Oliphant must have been tempted into many strange paths of speculation before he surrendered himself body and soul to the keeping of Thomas Lake Harris, the fanatic and impostor, who became the evil genius of his life. All the world wondered when it was made known that the clever young journalist and M.P., whose brilliant story of "Piccadilly" was at that very moment delighting everybody, had suddenly thrown aside all his chances, abandoned his position in Parliament and in English society, and gone off to join an unknown enthusiast in the little community he had established in an obscure village in the United States. Mrs. Oliphant devotes, as it seems to us, more than sufficient space to the story of this episode in her hero's life. It must be remembered, however, that it was something more than an episode—it was the tragical chapter which determined his fate. How he worked at Brocton at menial labour, devoting all his energy, and the splendid resources of mind and body, to the planting of potatoes or the carting of manure, need not be told here, though it is told with great fulness in the Life. He surrendered himself absolutely to his master, placing his destiny entirely at his mercy. When, after a time, Harris permitted him to revisit Europe and to act as correspondent of the *Times* in

Paris after the war, though Oliphant re-appeared in society and seemed to be the same as of yore, he was nothing more than the vassal of the adventurer who had enthralled him.

His marriage with a beautiful woman, cultured and gentle to no ordinary degree, ought to have been the brightest incident in his life, and, as a matter of fact, was the saddest. For though the two loved each other with a devotion which never varied, the iron hand of Harris the impostor was laid upon them both. He bade them live apart at his own evil pleasure; he humiliated and mortified and tortured them in every possible way; and yet, so strong was their belief in his authority as the representative of the Divine, that they neither murmured nor rebelled. A more painful story has never been told than that of the subjugation of Lawrence Oliphant—the gay, the bright, the daring—and of his beautiful and accomplished wife to a cold-blooded and unscrupulous impostor. Perhaps the darkest feature of the story was the way in which Lady Oliphant was compelled by this hard taskmaster to spend the years of her declining age in a painful and bitter servitude, whilst her son looked on, evidently unconscious of the cruelty of the task laid upon the mother he loved. And yet it is not to be forgotten that both for Lady Oliphant and her son there was this consolation in the misery and humiliation of these years, that they were treading steadfastly in that which they believed to be the path of duty, and that all they suffered was suffered in the name of the Lord and Master of us all.

How at last the bubble burst is known to everybody. An accident revealed to Oliphant the fact that Harris was other than he had seemed to be, and he broke loose from his sway for ever; but by this time Lady Oliphant was dead, and the iron had entered too deeply into the soul of Oliphant himself to be withdrawn. The mystical side of life was now the only real side to the man who had once seen so much of its more material aspects. If he could not serve God in the West under Harris, he might at least serve Him in the East. And so he takes his wife to the slopes of Karmel, and makes a home for himself there, and busies himself in the study of a thousand religious and spiritual problems, and in projects for benefiting the world around him. And yet, side by side with this spirit of self-devotion and self-absorption, there burned the old spirit of worldliness, and he was able, even in his most exalted moments, to turn aside and pen satires upon the social life of England and America, brighter and more pungent than almost any other works of their kind. How his wife died, and how in his desolation he believed that the spiritual world had been thrown open to him, and that he was permitted to commune with her; how he even found, as he thought, a medium through whom this communication might become constant and regular, and how he married this medium and straightway himself passed into the world of silence—all this is told in the last chapter of the biography before us, and the narrative only serves to heighten the effect of the tragedy. It will be long before we look upon the like of Lawrence Oliphant again; it will be long before the world meets with anyone quite so brilliant, fascinating, capable; and let us hope that it will be long before any biographer has again to tell a story so strange and sad as that which is given to us by Mrs. Oliphant in these two fascinating volumes.

#### THE GILD MERCHANT.

THE GILD MERCHANT. A Contribution to British Municipal History. By Charles Gross, Ph.D., Instructor in History, Harvard University. Two vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

PROFESSOR GROSS modestly describes these volumes as "a contribution to British municipal history." Many writers, English and foreign, have lately investigated the obscure subject of Merchant Guilds. But no one has done more to elucidate it than he;



we would not say that he has made actual discoveries, but he has undoubtedly put in a new light large parts of the subject. The origin, constitution, procedure, nay, even the very object of gilds, have hitherto been uncertain; even the best-informed writers are content with generalities; read the remarks of so profound a scholar as the Bishop of Oxford, and you will be struck by their vagueness.

To elucidate this darkness Professor Gross has spared no pains. These two volumes are the monument of multifarious searches, conducted not only in the Record Office or the British Museum, but in many municipal archives. A score of towns have for the first time given up their treasures. The archives of Leicester, King's Lynn, Andover, Totnes, and Guildford, are peculiarly rich, and Professor Gross has extracted from them much precious ore. The second volume alone—a collection of documents, many of them hitherto unpublished, illustrative of the history of gilds—would make us all his debtors. It may be a humiliating confession to make; but the truth is, no Englishman for many a day has done so much for our history as Professor Gross, of Harvard.

To Dr. Brentano most persons defer in all questions respecting the history of English gilds; but from his theory of the origin of gilds, as explained in his introduction to Toulmin Smith's work, Professor Gross entirely dissents. It is visionary; it is based on an imperfect survey of the field. "His commonly accepted story of a great network of free gilds covering England, battling with lordly oppressors, forming town constitutions, etc., is merely a phantasm of the imagination—a dramatic version of the few prosaic facts presented in sources of this period." Professor Gross does not find a trace of an Anglo-Saxon gild merchant; the statements of Stubbs and Green that the institution goes far back beyond the Conquest he pronounces baseless. The earliest distinct references to a *gilda mercatoria* occur in a charter granted by Robert FitzHamon to the burgesses of Burford in 1087—1107, and a deed of exchange between the Chapman Gild of Canterbury and the Community of Christ Church. What seems certain is that "at least one-third—probably a much greater proportion—of the boroughs of England were endowed with this gild in the thirteenth century." At first gain was the object of the association; it was a trades union composed of those who were at once capitalists and workmen. But the functions of the gilds widened. They undertook civic duties; they acquired important civic rights; they absorbed in many instances the municipal government; the gilds and the boroughs became identical. The former acquired and maintained a trade monopoly. In their palmy days this was their chief object, and they secured it by charters in which a common clause was—"Quod nullus qui non sit juratus et admissus in gilda predicta merchandizare possit in eadem villa absque licencia et voluntate eorundem burgensium." In a dim way all historians have made us understand that each community was in mediæval times Protectionist, and keenly jealous of the intrusion of foreign traders. But here in the text of Professor Gross's dissertation, and in the *pièces justificatives* in the second volume, for the first time, we believe, is collected full evidence of the working of that "corporation spirit" which Adam Smith denounced, and which reduced, in his view, the inhabitants of many towns to a species of slavery. Trade unions are said to be the successors of the old gilds. The latter wielded a power to which the former never aspired; the new unionists never dreamed of exercising tyranny such as was all but universal on the part of the capitalists of the fourteenth century. We have noted in Professor Gross's pages some restrictions, hitherto entirely unobserved, with respect to trading by strangers. He will not understand us as in any way slighting his labours if we add that he occasionally does not always recognise the immense legal significance of the materials which he collects.

Everywhere the progress of historical investigation leaves the outlines shadowy and indefinite; precision is the badge of error. According to one favourite theory the gild was the cell-germ of the borough, the foundation of the whole system of burghal policy; and many facts seem to support this theory. But it will not bear close examination, as Professor Gross conclusively shows; it is the pedantic, imperfect statement of a complex state of facts. He is convinced—and we believe that he is right in his contention—that the "gild was a superinduced element, a separate growth from without, a powerful organism grafted upon the parent stem." No one will speak with confidence of the genesis of boroughs; their separation from the shire is wrapped in obscurity which history may never be able to dispel. But we ought, at least, to distrust those theorists who find a definite distinct origin, who seek a Roman or Norman source for what is really the natural outgrowth of the circumstances, and who reason like the theorists satirised by Smollett; they found the origin of everything in the feudal system. Professor Gross is careful to explain the fact that the constitution of the boroughs differed much, and that the gild was not in all towns in the same position. All that the historian, seeking order in this complexity, can do is to point out certain tendencies; and one clear movement was towards concentrating the burghal power in the gild. For this there was a good reason. The borough motes, borough courts, court leets, were the real kernel of the municipal system. "But in most of the episcopal, abbatical, and baronial towns the courts were not, as in most royal boroughs, under the control of officers chosen by the burgesses, but of bailiffs appointed by the lord. Thus, the townsmen would find the need of a centre of burgensic (*sic*) activity that they would call wholly their own. The gild was the only institution that could satisfy this want."

One of the most original chapters in a singularly original work is that wherein the author treats of "the affiliation of mediæval boroughs." Professor Gross brings to light a condition of things familiar to students of Greek history, but rarely detected in England. He notes that boroughs lying far apart were related to each other by close ties; that boroughs of recent origin copied the institutions of the more ancient; that it was common to insert in a new charter a provision that the town should have the liberties of some well-known city; and that thus were formed groups of boroughs affiliated to a certain mother town. With great labour Professor Gross has constructed a table of those affiliated communities. Bristol was the chief mother town of Dublin and other Irish towns. To Hereford came the Welsh towns for the models of their charters, and Newcastle-on-Tyne was a principal source of Scotch burghal law. One curious usage, little noticed by previous writers, existed: when difficulties arose as to the rights or duties of a town under its constitution thus derived, it was customary to send messengers to the mother town, asking them to declare what was the law or custom as to the point in doubt. This singular jurisdiction extensively prevailed in England; but it never here acquired the formal recognition which it received in Scotland.

#### A NOVEL WITH A PURPOSE.

THE WAGES OF SIN. A Novel. By Lucas Malet. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1891.

THERE is no need to dwell on the intellectual merits of this novel, for they have extorted the admiration even of those who are loudest in their condemnation of it on moral grounds. We will therefore, in the remarks which follow, address ourselves mainly to the moral aspects of the story. The title of it implies a moral purpose, and to understand that purpose it is necessary to read the hero's character in the light of the author's careful analysis of it. He

is a man of genius who has chosen art for his profession. The intellectual and emotional sides of his nature pull in opposite directions; the former making him "strong, hard, ambitious, doggedly confident and self-assertive," the latter making him "ardent, passionate, reckless, sensuous, sensitive." An ill-balanced nature, therefore, which "revelled in incongruities, and had a sinister vein in it—a rather morbid enjoyment of all that is strange, jarring, unexpected, abnormal." "In revulsion from the Calvinistic creed of his youth," the young artist went to the opposite extreme, "losing his sense of proportion and relative value, and becoming an intellectual and moral universalist of a very advanced type." He could be "remorseless" in love affairs, and as soon as he realised that "an early marriage or a less honourable form of entanglement" with Jenny Parris would be ruinous to his prospects, he repented of his rash engagement to that rustic beauty. But instead of honestly cancelling it, he wished that she "should remain faithful, yet he remain free." The natural consequence followed; and when he and the child of their sin were perishing of fever and starvation, this wild, devoted Celt, with a strain of the hot blood of Spain in her veins, sold her honour to save their lives. Colthurst made this the excuse of breaking his repeated promise to marry her. When he found her in his way "he turned and struck her with the hideous weapon with which she—unhappy, yet in a sense heroic, soul—had by her own action furnished him." In the class-room scene—told with extraordinary dramatic power—he was not satisfied with subduing her and averting the exposure which he dreaded; "he struck, not in self-defence, but for the mere brutal pleasure of striking." The character of Jenny is drawn with great power and skill. There is a heroism in her nature, and an intensity of uncalculating love, which win our sympathy even when she is most reckless and provoking. But latterly she held Colthurst only through his love of the child—a fine trait in his character. She was the skeleton in his life, and therefore he "hated Jenny with the intensity with which we can only hate that which compels us in self-defence to fall back on our lower nature."

Yet this man, who could be so selfish and cruel, could also on occasion be unselfish and tender; could in the hour of his fame and popularity turn aside from the attractions of the West End, even from the society of the woman he loved, and go eastward to the slums and sit up all night with Jenny to nurse their fever-stricken child. And when he confesses his love to Mary Crookenden immediately after the excitement of the class-room scene, it is in keeping with his complex character that his recent brutality to Jenny, and all that it implied, should make him realise bitterly his unworthiness to win a pure woman's love—realise it with such intensity that he prayed God that his love might remain for ever hopeless, because "the worst of all conceivable anguish would be to snatch a happiness which might end in the scorching of your beautiful feet in the flames of my private hells." Yet this was but a passing phase of remorse, for we soon find Colthurst using all his art and the magnetism of his aggressive personality to win the love of which he had declared himself unworthy—win it, too, from the man to whom Mary was engaged.

Enough has now been said—and more might be added—to show that the author does not spare her hero—is neither blind nor kind to his grave faults. Her delineation of his character is very fine and subtle, showing with rare power the Protean shapes which sin takes to hide itself from the sinner. And to mark still further her own reprobation of her hero's violation of the moral law, the author has created an admirable foil for him in the singularly pure and noble character of Lancelot Crookenden, Mary's cousin. This young man's innate purity instinctively shrinks from contact with Colthurst on the first occasion of their meeting, when Lancelot was but fourteen.

Some years afterwards Lancelot is taken by a friend to see Colthurst's famous picture, "The Road to Ruin," where Jenny is represented as beckoning the artist towards her down the *descensus Averni* from which there is to be no return for either. Lancelot recoils from the "awfully cold-blooded" character of the man who could make the degradation of the woman whom he had in any degree loved a stepping-stone to fame and fortune.

Whatever may be thought, then, of the moral tendency of such a book as "The Wages of Sin," it certainly is not true that the author makes light of sin, or palliates the serious flaws in her hero's character. She makes them visible and repelling. One plain moral from the story is the deadly peril of violating the law of moral purity, recovery being to some natures well-nigh impossible. Colthurst's sin found him out with a vengeance. It clung to him like the shirt of Nessus, poisoning to death his own life and that of his partner in sin, and bringing sorrow into other lives which he would fain have made happy. The last scene by the death-bed of Jenny Parris is described with singular pathos. But Colthurst had stood more than once before on moral heights as elevated as this, and had ignominiously fallen (see Cabinet Edition, pp. 219, 255, 258). There is no stimulus to the imagination, and even to the moral nature, like a disturbed conscience; it is an irritant to all the faculties, leading each up to its highest expression. And as Colthurst looked from the squalid wreck of the dying woman he had ruined to the fair form whom he had desired to have for "his goddess and his property, his inspiration, and, in a sense, his slave," his emotional nature was for the moment stirred to its centre, and his feelings rushed to his lips. But such outbursts of feeling are no sure tests of character or proof of "consummated warfare." Characters like his are not regenerated in a moment. Longing to die the death of the righteous is a very different thing from living his life. The true "consummated warfare" for Colthurst would have been to die, not with tragic violence immediately after renouncing Mary and making his peace with Jenny, but after years of self-denial and noble work, including the care and training of his child. Were "the wages of sin" paid in full while "Dot" remained behind, a homeless orphan, destined to the perilous career of a ballet-dancer? It is easy for natures like Colthurst's—nervous, sensuous, brilliant, morbid—to have fine feelings by fits and starts, and even to be capable of transient fits of generosity. And if there be any danger in the book at all, it lies in the possibility of its leading sensitive and impressionable minds into the fallacy of mistaking fine feelings for unselfish affection or nobility of conduct. Colthurst's premature death leaves the value of his final act of self-sacrifice open to question; it may have been a mere passing impulse, like his solemn prayer that God would keep his love of Mary hopeless, lest contact with him should defile her. His death at that moment is ethically, and, we venture to think, artistically, a mistake. And, besides, was there not something of the merit of necessity in his self-sacrifice? He had known all along that the love between himself and Mary "was of the intellect, not of the affections," and Mary's bearing at the final scene showed him plainly that the spell was broken. A woman who truly loved would have loved him all the more for his pathetic renunciation of her. But Mary answered Colthurst's passionate outburst of self-accusation with "a kiss of renunciation," "and with her face set like a flint, turned and went." There was no love there, and Colthurst knew it.

It is just because we admire greatly the singular dramatic power, psychological skill, and literary art of Lucas Malet—never displayed with such effect as in "The Wages of Sin"—that we have written with such frankness. She is too serious a novelist to write for mere amusement's sake. It should be the aim of the novelist to paint from life, but to paint from it in such wise as shall help to



make his readers nobler and purer than they were. Let her, as she is so well able to do, give us types of character which shall make virtue lovely and attractive. Colthurst would have been a more impressive and salutary example, and need not have been a less attractive one, if the flesh had less dominion over the spirit at the critical moments in his life, or if he had lived to redeem his misspent past. Genius, doubtless, is exposed to temptations from which ordinary mortals are free. So is noble birth, or the possession of wealth or personal beauty. But it is true of all that *noblesse oblige*, and the temptations of genius are no excuse for its moral aberrations. Our author has taken pains to show that she, too, thinks so. Let her then give us another Colthurst, who shall have no cause to shrink from the sacrilege of winning a pure woman's love. It is easier to attract to virtue than to repel from vice. Angelico's art is more potent for good than Hogarth's. It is not true that *l'amour est l'enfant de la Bohème*; it is untrue universally—untrue even in art. "A painter of saints," says Ruskin, "must be a saint himself." "There is no pure passion that can be understood or painted except by pureness of heart; the foul or blunt feeling will see itself in everything, and set down blasphemies." The character of the artist must of necessity express itself in his work; and "if of infirm and feeble mind, he will cover all that he touches with clay-staining." The corrupt influences of his Roman surroundings are visible even in the later works of Raphael, where one misses the spiritual beauty which pervades his earlier paintings. We agree with Lucas Malet that "a good man and a good workman" are not synonymous; but we also agree with Ruskin—it is an axiom in ethics—that "out of the heart the mouth speaketh," and the pen writeth, and the brush painteth. An impure soul must of necessity express itself impurely in some degree; its work cannot avoid bearing some trace of the trail of the serpent. Colthurst, whose opinion must not be credited to the author, maintains that disease and sin, as well as other distressful contingencies of life, are "ideally beautiful," because "everything natural is beautiful." But disease and sin are not natural; they are an invasion of the order of Nature. Whatever mars or ruins the *raison d'être* of anything violates nature and offends against beauty. A pearl is beautiful, but the disease which caused it is not. Self-sacrifice is beautiful, but not the sin which made it necessary. Altogether, however, "The Wages of Sin" is so powerful a story that we long to see another from the same brilliant pen on some such lines as we have indicated.

#### A LITERARY VIEW OF THE AFGHANS.

CHANTS POPULAIRES DES AFGHANS. Recueillis par James Darmesteter. Paris: Imprimerie Nationale—Ernest Leroux, éditeur. 1888—1890.

LETTRES SUR L'INDE: À LA FRONTIÈRE AFGHANE. Par James Darmesteter. Paris: A. Lemerre. 1888.

THERE is not in all Asia, that home of history and ethnology, a more remarkable people than that congeries of half-savage tribes who call themselves Pathans, and whom we know by the Persian name of Afghans. Too few and too disunited ever to become a great power, they have nevertheless, by their position on the north-western frontier of India, been for nearly a thousand years intimately connected with its history, and through it with the history of the world. We have twice waged war with them, have twice suffered serious reverses at their hands, have once been nearly drawn by them into a war with Russia. The traveller who sees them along the western border of India cannot fail to be impressed by their aspect, by their physical vigour, their strongly marked features, their fierce fanaticism, the tales he hears of their turbulent and revengeful disposition. They must, he thinks, be a strong race, who may have a remarkable future, as they have had a remarkable past. That they produce striking characters is sufficiently proved not only by the

founders of the Pathan dynasties that ruled India before the Mogul Empire, but by such men as Ahmed Shah Durani in the last century, the Emirs Dost Mohammed and Abdurrahman in our own time. Yet almost the only sentiment one hears expressed towards them by English officials, military and civil, is one of dislike. They are described as treacherous, cruel, untameable. Individual Pathans have sometimes won the respect and even the affection of the colonels who have commanded them or the masters they have served. But the race, as a whole, gets a very bad name at the hands of our countrymen; and much less attention has been given to their history, their literature, their customs, their family and tribal organisation, than the Western traveller, to whom they seem so interesting, would have expected.

Even, however, were the materials for a knowledge of the Afghans as abundant as they are unfortunately scanty, we should welcome the two books by M. Darmesteter whose titles stand at the head of this article. M. Darmesteter unites two qualifications that are seldom found united, though perhaps more frequently in France than elsewhere. He is a learned philologist and the master of a brilliant descriptive style. He has written the larger of the two books—the collection of Afghan songs—in the former character; the smaller—Letters from the Afghan Frontier—in the latter.

The collection of songs contains, first, an essay on the Pushtu or Afghan language, its grammar and vocabulary; secondly, a sketch of Afghan history from the tenth century, when the race first comes within our view, to the present day; thirdly, a short essay on the literature of the Afghans; and, fourthly, the songs themselves, translated into French, with some explanatory notes, indices, and a number of the original texts. The linguistic parts of the book are of course serviceable only to professed philologists, but the curious reader will find much that is instructive and suggestive in the essays, as well as in the translations of the songs themselves. Nearly all of the latter are modern—the oldest, describing the conquest of Delhi by Ahmed Shah Durani in 1761, is some little while later than that time—and many belong to our own days. Among them there are several which relate to the war of 1878-80, and which describe the death of Cavagnari, the attack on Roberts's army in the cantonments of Shirkpore, the valiant deeds and the death, by command of the Emir Abdurrahman, of Mohammed Jan, the hero of the Kabul rising in 1879. Of the poetical merit of these songs it is not very easy to judge in a prose translation, but many of them have the merits of a good ballad—directness, simplicity, energy. They are incomparably better than nineteenth-century songs which were sung by the Northern soldiers during the American Civil War, or than those which are in the mouths of the peasantry of Ireland now. It would seem that the power of producing what may be called occasional popular poetry is one which dies out of civilised nations. A great poet may be able to write artistic lays suggested by some event, like Campbell's "Hohenlinden" or Tennyson's "Revenge" (the ballad on Sir Richard Grenville's sea-fight). But such lays belong to a totally different kind of literature—they have nothing in common, except a subject, with "Chevy Chase" or the Håkonarmål. One of the most curious of these ballads of the Afghan War is a sort of elegy on the death of a native Pathan officer (subahdar-major) of a Punjab regiment, killed in the battle of Peiwar Khotal. M. Darmesteter remarks on the scant recognition which the valour and devotion of the native subalterns in the British forces receive from Anglo-Indian commanders or historians. This ballad presents a graphic picture of the mortal wound received by the Sardar Bahadur, the efforts of the British surgeon (who is called "the drinker of wine") to save his life, the grief of the British general and major, the dying words of the veteran. Not less interesting are the religious and the

romantic poems. The love-songs, in which the manner of the Persian versifiers and of those with whose effusions we are all familiar in the "Arabian Nights," is imitated, are perhaps more conventional; but some of them have grace and brightness. Even he, however, who despairs of accurately gauging the merit of poetry in a translation, will find in the collection much that throws light upon the character and habits of a people who are still in that stage in which verse is the natural expression of every side of life and kind of thought.

The smaller and lighter book, "Letters on India"—is almost entirely occupied with Afghan matters, sketches of Afghan history and legend, descriptions of the religious and political notions of the Afghans—if, indeed, the name political can be used of them—anecdotes of Afghan life. They are wonderfully fresh and vivid, and are set off by the interspersed sketches of British frontier garrison life, so peculiarly British in the regions where the Englishman is least affected by native influences. At the beginning and end of the book there are some stray notes of a traveller on other parts of India, from which we make two or three extracts characteristic of M. Darmesteter's manner—

#### On Peshawur—

"Péchawer est célèbre dans tout le Penjab pour trois choses: *kebab, nân et din*, c'est-à-dire ses rôtis, son pain et sa religion. Je n'ai pu me faire ni à son rôt, ni à son pain, mais je ne voudrais pas pour cela les condamner sans appel, ni décourager les amateurs. Sa religion, au contraire, se fait apprécier du premier coup; il n'est de saints tel qu'à Péchawer, et vous ne passerez pas une rue le soir que vous n'entendiez des voix nasillardes ronflant de derrière les fenêtres les sourates du 'Coran illustre.' Au temps de l'empire afghan, Péchawer était la grande Université de l'Asie centrale; Boukhara la Sainte, elle-même, lui rendait hommage et lui envoyait des élèves, et les docteurs de Péchawer disaient 'La religion n'est ni à Roum (Stamboul) ni à la Mecque; elle est à Péchawer.'"

#### On Calcutta—

"5 Novembre, Calcutta.—Ancienne capitale de l'Inde anglaise. Un vieil usage veut que le Vice roi retourne y danser les hivers."

#### On Chandernagore—

"6 Novembre. Pris le train pour la France: Chandernagor.—Pauvre spécimen de la France coloniale. Quinze malheureux fonctionnaires se demandent pourquoi ils sont là à veiller sur quelque milliers d'Indous qui n'ont de commerce qu'avec l'Angleterre et apprennent l'anglais. . . . Les indigènes, je dois pourtant le dire, seraient désolés de devenir Anglais. Force de principes de '89? des grandes vérités révolutionnaires: liberté, égalité, fraternité? Hélas non! L'Hindou, électeur et citoyen, avec tous ses droits à la présidence de la République, se moque bien de '89. Mais il paie 10 francs d'impôts à Chandernagor, au lieu de 30 à Calcutta. . . . Il n'y a que deux choses à voir à Chandernagor: la courbe de la rivière, qui rappelle celle de Bénarès, et le lit de Dupleix. C'est un lit immense; en bois de *blit* inaltérable: les pieds reposent dans deux cuvettes antiformicaire: on monte par deux degrés sur ce monument: le grand éventail manœuvre sous le moustiquaire. Quels grands rêves on doit rêver sous cette gaze!"

On Futtchepore Sikri, the city of Akbar the Great, where the barbarous hand of the Anglo-Indian has wrought upon one of the most beautiful monuments of antiquity a desecration like that of which he has been guilty on a larger scale at Buddah Gaya, at Delhi, at Allahabad, at Lahore—

"À vingt-trois milles d'Agra est Fatehpur Sikhri, la capitale que s'était construite Akbar, et qui tomba en ruines après lui. C'est d'une grandeur et d'une désolation comme celle d'une des Delhis. Toute la cité impériale est en pierre rouge, la pierre chère aux derniers Afghans et aux premiers Mogols. Elle s'effrite de jour en jour. De temps en temps le gardien de la cité morte entend un grand bruit sourd: c'est un mur qui s'effondre. Le palais de la princesse Miriam, femme de l'Empereur, dont les murs portent encore les fresques du Chah Nameh, est converti en Dak Bengalow: le *leaver* fait la cuisine dans le *Chatai mahal*. Les chambres du palais de la Reine Jat sont toutes noircies de la fumée de la cuisine: sur les dalles un *taharpai*, un chaudron, un tas de fumier, où fument les débris du *tehilam*, et auprès, un misérable Hindou, accroupi au milieu des splendeurs de ses anciens maîtres."

M. Darmesteter has the gift of crisp, pointed narrative, as well as of description. He understands how to dwell on salient points, neglecting details: in fact, he has the characteristics of the good French manner, without that disposition to sacrifice truth to effect, which not infrequently accompanies it. The sketch of Afghan history in chapter iii. is a model in its kind—terse, bright, and telling.

#### MACKLIN.

CHARLES MACKLIN. By Edward Abbott Parry. ("Eminent Actors" Series.) London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1891.

THIS is an exceedingly modest little book about an actor of whose many foibles modesty was not one. Though he lived through practically the whole of the eighteenth century (1699 to 1797), and was, on the stage, well abreast if not ahead of his age, Macklin, off the stage, continued the Bohemian traditions of the seventeenth century histrion. He was turbulent, headstrong, something of a bully, perhaps, if we read aright the story of his quarrel with Quin, a little of the coward which your bully is vulgarly supposed to be. According to Lee Lewes (not Lewis, as Mr. Parry writes the name, unaware, apparently, that he is citing the grandfather of George Eliot's husband), "in his manner he was brutish; he was not to be softened into modesty either by sex or age. What Danton said of Marat may be applied to him—'He was volcanic, peevish, and unsociable.'" He was certainly "gey ill to live with," as some of his fellow-actors found to their cost. He killed one of them, Thomas Hallam, with whom he had quarrelled about the possession of a stage-wig, by poking out his eye with a stick in the green room of Drury Lane—a scalp-hunting exploit for which he was found guilty of manslaughter. In another green room dispute he fell foul of Quin, whose "business" he had done his best to spoil by mischievous by-play. Quin threw an apple at him, which, all the more, perhaps, because it was half-chewed, proved to be an apple of discord. "I went up to him directly," said Macklin many years afterwards, when he was induced to fight his battles o'er again "(for I was a good *boxing cull* in those days), and pushed him down into a chair and pummelled his face damnably." When the pummelled one demanded satisfaction "at the Obelisk in Covent Garden," the boxing cull carefully avoided the Obelisk, and ultimately apologised. All this belongs rather to the wild life of the Mohuns and Harts and other swash-bucklers of the Restoration stage than to the histrionic *ethos* of Macklin's own time, best exemplified in the staid, circumspect, somewhat philistine Garrick. If Macklin's methods were too aggressive, his latest biographer errs perhaps in the direction of bated breath and whispering humbleness. He is content to have his book considered as a mere work of paste and scissors *plus* research. But it is really much more than that. It discriminates ably between facts and that parasitic growth of fiction by which the facts of a player's life are invariably obscured; and it sets forth the facts in an easy narrative which is capital reading from start to finish.

Of the three previous biographies of Macklin, Francis Congreve's (published 1798), James Kirkman's (1799), and William Cooke's (1804), the first is a mere pamphlet, and the two others, though valuable as written by men who had personally known Macklin, are overloaded by irresponsible anecdote and by evidence as inadmissible as what the soldier said. For instance, Macklin undoubtedly lived to a great age, and therefore neither Kirkman nor Cooke can withstand the temptation of asserting that he lived to a greater. *C'est une affaire de mise à point*, a question of touching up, as Numa Roumestan said about the picturesque lies which he told to his constituents. Thus it has got about that Macklin was 107 when he died: a legend to which Mr. Parry essays to give its quietus by the bare bodkin of a reference to the "Aged 97 years" on the coffin-plate in St. Paul's, Covent Garden. There is also Macklin's own statement that "he was born in the last year of the last century." Against this is to be set another statement of Macklin's: that he was at college with Bishop Berkeley, whom he remembered as "a pretty lad." Now Berkeley was born in 1685, and would scarcely have seemed a "lad" to a boy fifteen years his junior. In a foot-note appended to Mr. Parry's argument, Mr. William Archer, the editor of the series, seems inclined to



throw over the coffin-plate theory of Macklin's age and to accept the "pretty lad" story—mainly, it would seem, on the grounds that Berkeley was notoriously a pretty lad, and that it would be unkind to suspect Macklin of lying. But if he was not, then his own statement about his age was obviously incorrect; and it seems to us that an old man's memory is much more likely to fail him about the friendships of his boyhood than about the date of his birth. Be that as it may, Macklin certainly lived to a great age, and saw a good deal of life in the colloquial, no less than in the literal, sense. A Bohemian, like other people, should begin at the beginning, and Macklin began by running away from home—with his mother's petty cash—after the fashion of Pierrot in *L'Enfant Prodigue*. He married a widow in the Borough; left her to return to Ireland as a "badgeman" (or sizar) of Trinity College; ran away from college to commence actor at Bristol; joined the Lincoln's Inn Fields company, whence he was soon promoted to Drury Lane. He restored the true Shylock (hitherto played by Doggett and other drolls as a low-comedy part) to the stage, headed a strike of the actors, and was often in hot, more often in low, water for the rest of his long life. Not the least quaint of his many adventures was his attempt to combine the art of histrionics with what Fielding calls "the art of polite eating." Under the sign of "The British Inquisition" he started a three-shilling ordinary at a tavern in the Piazza, Covent Garden; and when his customers had eaten their fill, he mounted a pulpit and offered them a gratuitous lecture on the drama by way of dessert—an experiment which soon landed him in the Bankruptcy Court. Quarrels with his audiences before the curtain and with his managers behind it, actions-at-law against his fellow-players (in the course of one of which Lord Mansfield declared the English playgoer's inalienable right to hiss) ultimately brought his public career to a close. Not, however, until he had produced two good comedies, *Love à la Mode*, the humour of which is said to have penetrated even the thick skull of George II., and *The Man of the World*, a play which held the stage until the death of Phelps, and which even now is not dead but sleepeth—until such time as a competent Sir Pertinax Macsycophant shall reappear. In the last years of his life he sank into the garrulous, bibulous pantaloon, hobbling from theatre to tavern and from tavern to theatre, having at the one place his recognised corner in the pit, at the other his bowl filled with "a pint of white wine, a pint of water, some sugar, milk, and mashed potatoes."

His distinguishing merit as an actor was that he strenuously advocated, and practised, a return to nature. In this the defective archæology of his age would allow him to be only half successful. If to his contemporaries his Shylock seemed (the jingle is unkindly attributed to Pope) "the Jew that Shakespeare drew," to us—as we see it in Zoffany's well-known portrait—it has dangerous suggestions of Houndsditch. He knew better than to dress Macbeth, as Garrick did, in the scarlet and lace of an English general; but his superior knowledge did not get beyond the stage of clothing the Thane of Cawdor in the *défroque* of a clansman of the '45. His Iago "had perhaps some academic virtues." In that matter, Macklin's virtues were academic in the literal or Auchinleck sense: "he kept it a schule and ca'd it an aca-demy" for actors; his pupils including Foote and Spranger Barry. Here, writes a contemporary, "it was his manner to check all the cant and cadence of tragedy. He would bid his pupil first speak the passages as he would in common life; and then giving them more force, but preserving the same accent, to deliver them on the stage." This was the great principle of Hamlet's advice to the performers of *The Mouse Trap*—the return to nature; and that Macklin not only preached but practised it is sufficient justification for his inclusion among the company of "Eminent Actors."

## STORIES BY LADY DILKE.

THE SHRINE OF LOVE, AND OTHER STORIES. By Lady Dilke. London: Routledge & Sons. 1891.

FOUR years ago Lady Dilke published a little collection of stories called "The Shrine of Death," and the appreciation shown for them has encouraged their writer to publish another small volume, similar in kind, to which she has given the title of "The Shrine of Love." Seven short tales or allegories make up the book. All of them are written in the simple, old-fashioned English which forms to many minds the best setting for a mediæval tale, but in English so fastidiously chosen as to add to their effect. One or two short passages of description, such as that of the sanctuary of love at the beginning, and that of the mysterious white witch in "The Triumph of the Cross," who bore the scent of the passion-flower on her lips and the breath of the south in her nostrils, and was "clothed about with the fires of the sun," are happy examples of an imaginative style. Some of the stories, and especially one called, rather forbiddingly, "The Hangman's Daughter," which we think the best, have about them the genuine touch of weirdness for which some romance-writers vainly strive. All, with their prevailing tone of sadness, recall, Lady Dilke tells us in her preface, the essential facts of some situation which their author has known in real life, and illustrate the mysteries of punishment, "the avenging fates which pursue the mistakes of men," and "those strange coils which form, when inherited nature and early training are at war, amongst the circumstances of later life." The appearance and "get-up" of the little volume are thoroughly in keeping with its contents.

## CIVILITY, BY THE YARD.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S RULES OF CIVILITY. Traced to their Source and Restored. By Moncure Daniel Conway. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.

IN an old copy-book belonging formerly to George Washington, and now preserved in the State archives of Washington City, are certain Rules of Civility and Decent Behaviour in Company and Conversation. There are a hundred and ten of these; they have in some cases been damaged by mice, are spelled incorrectly, punctuated wrongly, and are of no particular value at the present day. Consequently they are of great interest to the antiquarian. Mr. Conway has shown that these rules were not original—George Washington was a schoolboy of fourteen or fifteen when they were written—but part of the instruction which he derived from the Rev. James Marye, and that the Rev. James Marye probably derived them from a manual which he had used at his Rouen college, and from an English version which he did not entirely understand. The rules themselves are quaint, and some of them are amusing; but one is almost inclined to doubt whether they were worth the pains which the laborious Mr. Conway has bestowed upon them. Mr. Conway hopes "that the time is not far distant when in every school right rules of civility will be taught as a main part of the curriculum." We cannot join in his hope. Civility may be learned from example; but it is not well taught by precept. We fancy that taught civility, like tinned salmon, would not be so good as the other kind.

## SIR THOMAS MORE.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF SIR THOMAS MORE, LORD CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Portrait. London: Burns & Oates, Limited. Crown 8vo.

WHEN due allowance is made for the standpoint of the writer, the Rev. T. E. Bridgett's biography of "Sir Thomas More" may be pronounced, not merely a scholarly, but an impressive book. In Mr. Bridgett's opinion, the best work on More is that of Thomas Stapleton, which was published in Latin, as far back as 1588, and has been translated into French, though not into English. He states that his chief reason for writing the present narrative, rather than translating or annotating Stapleton, is due to the fact that the State papers which illustrate the reign of Henry VIII. contain many important documents which were quite inaccessible to former biographers. More's own writings form, however, the basis of this valuable and, in some respects, fascinating study of the great Chancellor's personal traits and public services. Long passages from the Latin works of Sir Thomas More have been translated by Mr. Bridgett, and these, together with many characteristic letters, are duly woven into the text of the present study. Mr. Bridgett breaks a lance more than once with Mr. Seebohm, and declares, in round terms, that the latter's "Oxford Reformers" is a fantastic and misleading book, built up from conjectures and by false deductions. He appears to think that the best monument which the Catholics of England can rear to "the martyr" would be a complete and careful edition of all his works both English and Latin. Many of the English writings of Sir Thomas More are so scarce as to be practically inaccessible, and even in the British Museum there is only one copy of the voluminous black-letter collection compiled by William Rastell, the nephew and biographer of More. Every phase of Sir Thomas More's life is passed in review in this volume, and Mr. Bridgett's verdict might be summed up in Bishop Burnet's words—"He was a man of rare virtues, and excellent parts."

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.\*

A CLEAR and admirable description of "Achievements in Engineering during the Last Half Century" has just been added to the series known as "Events of our Own Time." The aim of the book is to give an accurate account of the chief engineering works carried out at home and abroad within the last fifty years. Mr. L. F. Vernon-Harcourt is singularly well able to deal with such a subject, and we do not think that it would have been possible to have given within the limits of three hundred pages a more clear or comprehensive survey. Whenever possible, technical phraseology has been avoided, so that the general reader is not brought to bay or the dictionary by the intrusion of purely scientific terms; at the same time, the wants of professional students have not been altogether overlooked; and practical engineers, who possibly may not set much store by the illustrations in the volume, are sure to appreciate the diagrams which Mr. Vernon-Harcourt has provided. Here and there, moreover, various details are inserted in the narrative, and comparisons are also made of a kind which will prove of most service to those who are best acquainted with the entire field of operations dealt with in these pages. As the greatest engineering triumphs which the world has witnessed have been accomplished in the Queen's reign, Mr. Vernon-Harcourt has certainly not suffered from a lack of material; indeed, he has been compelled by the exigencies of space to content himself in some instances with a passing allusion. Amongst the most interesting chapters in this brief and really able book are those which relate to the construction of the underground railways of London and the elevated railways of New York, and the iron roads across the Alps, the Rocky Mountains, and the Andes. The manner in which the Alps have been pierced by the Mont Cenis, St. Gothard, and the Arlberg Tunnels is described at length, and an interesting chapter is also devoted to the boring operations under the Hudson, Severn, Mersey, and Thames. The progress and principles of modern bridge construction are illustrated by the tubular bridges across the St. Lawrence at Montreal, and the Menai Straits, Brooklyn Suspension Bridge, and the magnificent Cantilever Bridge over the Firth of Forth, with its two spans of seventeen hundred feet. Prominent amongst the more recent engineering achievements of the last few years are the Manchester Ship Canal, the new Eddystone lighthouse, and that huge mechanical toy in Paris the Eiffel Tower. The mysteries of submarine mining and blasting are also explained by Mr. Vernon-Harcourt, and an interesting chapter of the book is likewise devoted to the improvement works on the Tyne, the Seine, the Maas, the Danube, and the Mississippi. We have said, however, enough to indicate the character and scope of this well-arranged and impressive record.

Although the late Lieutenant Lyster of the Royal Engineers spent three years "With Gordon in China," there is surprisingly little in this volume of letters which bears out the promise of the title. Young Lyster landed in China in August, 1862, and was immediately employed in active service against the rebels, who were then threatening Shanghai. He proved himself a brave and capable officer, and he was entrusted with difficult tasks by Gordon, who quickly recognised the real ability of his zealous subordinate. Lieutenant Lyster's health failed in 1864, and he was recommended to return to England; but, in Gordon's own words, the plucky young fellow "thought that it would be a slur to leave under a medical certificate," and so struggled manfully on for another year, only to die on his way home, whither the medical authorities had, at length, peremptorily ordered him. Most of these letters are bright, boyish effusions, scribbled in the hurried intervals of active service, but though they reveal the lovable nature of the writer they can hardly be said to do much more. Here and there, it is true, we gain a passing glimpse of Chinese affairs, and rub shoulders, as it were, for a moment with Gordon; but we have a right to expect much more than that in a volume of some three hundred pages, and one which bears, moreover, such a title.

A dainty booklet has just reached us, entitled "The Greatest Fight in the World." It consists of an address on the "good fight of faith," delivered at a conference this spring with his students past and present by the renowned pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. It is truly a characteristic deliverance, aglow with moral earnestness, lit up with genuine humour, and rich in the saving quality of common sense. As usual, Mr.

Spurgeon's trumpet gives no uncertain sound; indeed, he himself declares that no man shall be in any doubt as long as he lives concerning either his convictions or his message. "We shall not hesitate to speak, in the strongest Saxon words we can find, and in the plainest sentences we can put together, that which we hold as fundamental truth." And he proceeds to denounce those who preach in an indefinite, hesitating, and vague fashion. Even those who are least in agreement with Mr. Spurgeon will at least not feel much doubt as to the secret of his power after reading this remarkable address, angular and conservative though they may deem it. For one snatch of autobiography space must be found:—"After preaching the Gospel for forty years, and after printing the sermons I have preached for more than six-and-thirty years, reaching now to the number of 2,200 in weekly succession, I am fairly entitled to speak about the fulness and richness of the Bible as a preacher's book. It is inexhaustible. No question about freshness will arise if we keep closely to the text of the sacred volume. A long life will only suffice us to skirt the shores of this great continent of light. In the forty years of my own ministry I have only touched the hem of the garment of divine truth; but what virtue has flowed out of it!" Deep brotherly love and unaffected humility are quite as conspicuous as courage and vigour in this stirring and faithful appeal.

Brief meditations, ending in each instance with a few lines of more or less appropriateness from some religious poem or hymn, may be said to form the staple of "Simple Thoughts for the Church's Seasons." The book is one of a class of manuals which seek to minister to personal religion and the devout life, and it is marked by great plainness of speech, as well as by a certain impressive elevation of tone. Origen declared that the life of a Christian ought to be "one great continuous prayer," and whilst this volume everywhere insists on patient endeavour, the keynote to which all its counsels respond is that of lofty and far-reaching aspiration.

Lord Macaulay's Essay on Sir William Temple has just appeared in a carefully annotated edition, prepared with the view of meeting the requirements of pupils studying for the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations this year. The notes are clear and concise, and every allusion in the text of the least obscurity is briefly explained. Miss Cripps has freely availed herself of such books of reference as Courtenay's "Memoirs of the Life, Works, and Correspondence of Sir William Temple" and Mr. Parry's edition of "The Letters of Dorothy Osborne"; whilst Clarendon, and, of course, more recent historians, have also been placed under requisition. This is one of the best textbooks of the kind which we have seen, and the maps are an additional advantage.

The adventures of a nervous "patient," beset—in imagination, at least—with half the ills that flesh is heir to, are amusingly set forth in a little book about "My Doctors." There is a great deal of sly fun poked at the "profession" in these pages, and not a few familiar types are hit off to the life. We are introduced, for example, to the easy-going, jolly country practitioner of the old school, who administers pill and potion according to the traditions received from the fathers, and his son, just qualified, studious and scientific, dreadfully in earnest, and not a little fidgety. The wags of the parish avowed that the difference between the pair was that the young doctor killed his patients whilst the old doctor let them die. Perhaps the best sketch in the book is that of "The Big-Wig of Harley Street"—a consulting physician in full society swing. The great man's manner is admirably indicated, and the scene in his sanctum is conjured up with a mischievous realism which is droll in the extreme. The book abounds in good stories of a dry, satirical kind, but it is only fair to add that there is nothing spiteful or ill-natured in these entertaining chapters. "We may have our jest at the doctor's expense when we are well, but we should be sorry creatures without him when we are ill," is the final sentence of the book, and it aptly sums up the conclusion of the whole matter.

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\* **ACHIEVEMENTS IN ENGINEERING DURING THE LAST HALF-CENTURY.** By L. F. Vernon-Harcourt, M.A., author of "Rivers and Canals," etc. Illustrated. London: Seeley & Co. Demy 8vo. (5s.)

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SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1891.

## PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Two elections have been decided since we last wrote, and in each case the result has been favourable to the Liberal party. In North Bucks MR. LEON was returned by a majority of 381 over MR. HUBBARD. The Liberal majority in 1889, when CAPTAIN VERNEY secured the seat, was 208. Considering the painful circumstances under which the last vacancy occurred, the return of MR. LEON by so large a majority is a decisive and significant victory. The other election was that at Paisley. Here the hopes of the Unionists ran high, and so much has been said of late of a Conservative reaction in Scotland that both sides naturally awaited the result with anxiety. In this case MR. DUNN, the Liberal candidate, secured a majority of 1,338 votes over his Conservative opponent. In 1886 the Liberal majority was only 566, nearly 800 less than it was on Monday. These two elections seem to complete the evidence we have had recently as to the utter failure of the reaction in favour of the Government which many men expected after the Parnell disruption and the introduction of Free Education as a bribe to the electors.

THE Free Education Bill is to be brought forward on Monday. This result has been secured by the pressure applied to Ministers yesterday week by MR. HENRY FOWLER. Having, in the first place, shown a great deal of coyness, MR. SMITH eventually allowed himself to be "squeezed," and undertook that the country should be informed of the character of the educational proposals of Ministers. In the meantime MR. GOSCHEN has been defending himself against the charge of inconsistency which has been brought against him in connection with the Free Schools Bill. The free education to which he formerly objected so strenuously was, it seems, a free education which would have been fatal to the chances of the voluntary schools. The free education to which the Government are now committed will safeguard the interests of these schools. Such is the apology of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and it is hardly likely to raise the hopes of Liberals with regard to the character of the Bill which is about to be brought forward by the Government. As regards MR. GOSCHEN'S consistency, we imagine that he will have many other occasions for defending it before the debates on this subject are closed.

NOTHING for years past has shown the progress of Disestablishment in Scotland like the eloquent address of DR. MACGREGOR of Edinburgh at the conclusion of the General Assembly. For nearly half a century the Established Kirk refused to concern itself about the church divisions of Scotland; in 1874 it refused even to consult the other Presbyterians. Now, speaking through its Moderator, it is willing to propose anything to them, and to do anything they may want. It "goes without saying that the ministers of the churches uniting must enjoy an equal status." A Bill could be obtained for the necessary changes in the parishes. The "Free Church Sustentation Fund and the Established Territorial Funds" would be united. The Church of Scotland is willing to share her privileges with the two other churches—"yes! to

the uttermost farthing." If there is a legal difficulty, "she is willing to remove it, if necessary, by an appeal to Parliament." If there is a doctrinal difficulty, the United Church will "leave the whole question of the civil magistrate in relation to religion an open question." It will do anything, except the one act of justice which the last fortnight has shown to be the only thing that is of avail. For the Free Church Assembly, by a vote of five to one, has again affirmed Disestablishment, and the Act of Parliament which the minority of one-fifth hesitatingly recommended instead, and in which DR. MACGREGOR, as Moderator in the other House, saw "no difficulty," was not even proposed for its acceptance!

THE Bill to establish a *modus vivendi* in Behring Sea, pending reference of the questions in dispute to arbitration, passed its second reading in the House of Commons on Monday night amid general expressions of satisfaction. England and the United States are to agree to abstain from killing fur seals until May 1st, 1892; Canada has only been prevented from formally signifying her agreement to the proposal by the illness of her Premier, and her hesitation has been overcome by the promise of compensation—which will be heavy, as her sealing fleet has already started—and of which, of course, England will pay much the largest share. Moreover, as MR. CHAMBERLAIN pointed out, it will go in great part to citizens of the United States. Russia, which thrice before has suspended the catch in the interest of the seals, will probably agree to do so again, and Germany is to be asked to enter into a similar engagement. The only exception is that the American Commercial Company are to be allowed to kill 7,500 seals to furnish food (directly and indirectly) to the inhabitants of the Pribyloff Islands, whom they are bound to maintain under their lease. The reports to the United States' Government from their agents in Alaska (which are amusingly unofficial in expression), leave little doubt that the fur seal is on the verge of extinction, and that the number has been diminished 60 or 80 per cent. since 1874. Partly this is due to driving—a horribly cruel process, which, according to PROFESSOR ELLIOTT, "demoralises the seal physically and mentally even if it does not kill him"—but partly also to the killing of females, which of course is confined to the pirates.

THE new treaty between England and Portugal has gone before the Cortes, and will be submitted to the Committee of that body on Foreign Affairs, which, no doubt, will pronounce in its favour. The Portuguese Foreign Minister told the Cortes that it was not a triumph, but was a satisfactory settlement. At first sight, however, it does not look very satisfactory for England either. Portugal obtains a very large piece of territory to the west and south-west of Lake Nyassa in return for a small concession, doubtless of greater present value, on the east of Mashonaland. The navigation of the Zambesi and Shiré is to be free, but that of the Limpopo, and apparently the Pungwé, is to be subject to a duty of three per cent. *ad valorem*. The railway along the Pungwé is, however, to be constructed by the Portuguese, or, failing them, by a neutral company, which is at least a more intelligible plan than that proposed by the abortive treaty of last August of a

Portuguese company and an English engineer. Probably an ultimate solution of all difficulties is opened up by the mutual right of pre-emption—which is a distinct advance on both the alternative proposals of last August—mutual recognition of mining rights and concessions already duly granted and guaranteed, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the Portuguese Government will be able to keep its officials in order. The conflict near Massi Kesse—of which the most conflicting accounts are still arriving—seems to have provoked no feeling whatever either in Portugal or in England.

THE *Birthday Gazette* which appeared last Saturday with the usual list of honours affords food for very serious reflection. The list was a long one, for honours are very cheap in the eyes of LORD SALISBURY, but there was hardly a name in it which the outer world would recognise as a fit one to be found in such a place. Two peerages are given, the recipients being a great Canadian railway magnate and a Yorkshire manufacturer of vast wealth and heterodox notions on the subject of Free Trade. Knight-hoods are conferred upon certain obscure persons and upon one eminent man of science, Dr. Geikie; though as DR. GEIKIE is in the service of the State he was entitled, not to a knighthood, but to the Companionship of the Bath. A baronetcy is given to "Peter the packer," the notorious agent of the Crown in its attempt to twist the law in Ireland for its own purposes. MR. GIFFEN gets a C.B., and even so faithful a Ministerialist as the *Times* is forced to express wonder at the fact that he should have had to wait till now in order to receive so modest a reward for eminent public services. Eliminate the names of DR. GEIKIE and MR. GIFFEN from this list of birthday honours, and what remains? Surely it is time that these birthday "honours" were made more worthy of the ostensible occasion on which they are given.

THE strike of the West-End tailors has been suspended while the log or price list is being re-settled between masters and men, on a basis of a classification of shops, according to the better or worse rates they pay. The East-End tailors have now struck in a partial and ineffective fashion against the "middleman"—i.e., the small Jewish "sweater" who superintends a workshop of a dozen hands or so, takes orders from the wholesale houses and executes them more or less in defiance of the Factory Acts. But the most interesting object-lesson in dissatisfied labour is the threatened movement of the servants of the London General Omnibus Company, which is substituting the ticket system for the loose and unsatisfactory plan of allowing the workmen to subtract a proportion of their takings and divide it roughly among themselves. That is a bad system, but the point is that it covers the habitual over-work of the 'bus driver and conductor, who labour seven days of fourteen or fifteen hours apiece. Against this unceasing slavery the men, without barring the ticket system, set the very moderate demand of a twelve hours' day and one day's rest in fourteen, which is half the rest allowance of the ordinary worker. If the strike develops public sympathy will rest entirely with the men, who are to an extent public employes, and, therefore, in a sense under view of the public conscience.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday lowered their rate of discount from 5 per cent. to 4 per cent. The change was generally expected in the City, but it has somewhat surprised the best informed. For some weeks past the Directors have been endeavouring to induce the Joint Stock Banks to co-operate with them in keeping the rate of discount over 4 per cent. It was naturally supposed

that they would not do this unless they were persuaded that the reduction would be dangerous as matters stand. It is, therefore, not easy to understand why they should suddenly change their policy and lower their own rate 1 per cent. True, the negotiations with the Joint Stock Banks have failed; even those which last week were charging  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. have this week lowered their terms to  $3\frac{3}{4}$ , and other banks are discounting at  $3\frac{1}{2}$ . Yet careful observers argue that however the Joint Stock Banks may choose to act, it is hardly wise of the Bank of England to follow their lead. It would have been better, one would think, if the directors really believe a 5 per cent. rate to be necessary to have borrowed the surplus money in the market and themselves attempted to keep up the rate; and this seems all the more judicious course because of the fresh crisis that has broken out in Buenos Ayres and the suspension of no fewer than four banks. It is not at all improbable that a demand for gold for Argentina may spring up. It is to be presumed, therefore, that the directors feel they are incapable of controlling the market, and think, therefore, it is better to give way at once than to struggle against the inevitable. The silver market has been somewhat stronger this week, and the price has risen to  $44\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce. The exports of wheat from India are very large, and doubtless there is required a considerable amount of silver to pay for them; but it does not seem probable, in the present state of the European Money Markets, that there can be much advance in silver.

APPREHENSION in the City still continues, though the public is beginning to believe that the alarmist rumours that have been circulating for some weeks now have been grossly exaggerated, and in some cases are entirely without foundation. Early in the week there was a report that the Governor of the Bank of England had called upon the Baring guarantors to pay up 20 per cent. of the amount guaranteed, but the report was quite unfounded, as no such call can be made until the liquidation of the Baring Estate is completed. Probably the report originated in attempts that are being made to form a Trust for taking over from the Bank of England the Baring securities, which for the present are not realisable. Another rumour that had much currency was, that at the meeting of the Joint Stock Banks last week a proposal was made to form a Guarantee Fund, similar to that entered into at the time of the Baring crisis. The report, however, was promptly contradicted by the Bankers who attended the meeting; in fact there appears to be no reason whatsoever to believe that any important house in the city is just now in serious difficulties. At the same time it is quite clear that the fresh panic in Buenos Ayres must increase the embarrassments of the houses connected with Argentina. The native private Banks, and the foreign Banks doing business in the Argentine Republic, have hitherto maintained their credit, but at last they have come to be suspected, and a run upon them for some time has been going on. Four banks in consequence have had to close their doors—two Italian, one French, and one native—and it is added that a Spanish bank has also had to suspend. The run has extended to the English banks doing business in Buenos Ayres, but it is hoped that they may be able to weather the storm. A Bill has been passed suspending for thirty days all legal proceedings against banks. The panic naturally has caused a further depreciation in all South American Securities and has increased the distrust previously existing. On the other hand, the monthly liquidation in Paris is going on much more smoothly than anyone ventured to expect, and the foreign market has been fairly well maintained. Consols, however, have fallen, and generally markets are lifeless and depressed.



### "STANDS SCOTLAND WHERE IT DID?"

THE Paisley election has disposed in a singularly decisive way of the fable upon which some of our contemporaries have been building hopes of a great Conservative reaction in Scotland. We have done better in an important constituency, in which our opponents believed that they had secured a firm footing, than we did either in 1886 or in 1885. There is no wonder that this result, following hard upon a similar triumph in North Bucks, has struck dismay into the hearts of the Ministerialists. It is so strange and unexpected that they do not seem as yet to have realised its full significance. Two weeks ago we were assured by the *Spectator* that Scotland was likely to turn against Mr. Gladstone at the General Election, whilst on all sides among the Unionists there has prevailed a belief that "the flowing tide" was now running in their own favour. It must be no easy thing for them to admit even to themselves that this belief is but a delusion, and that the Liberal cause is still sweeping onward to a certain triumph at the polling booths, not only in Scotland but throughout the United Kingdom. Their difficulty in realising this fact must be increased when they think of the wonderful good fortune which has attended the Government. Last November only a few clear-headed Liberals refused to despair of a cause which had seemingly been wrecked by the treachery of Mr. Parnell. The enemies of Ireland and the opponents of Mr. Gladstone were openly triumphant; whilst even those who had never lost heart during the long struggle for Home Rule which followed the General Election of 1886, felt at last inclined to give up in despair. It is in spite of the unexampled disaster of last November that the Liberal party now once more finds itself not only on its feet, but daily advancing nearer to its desired goal. Scotland, as the Paisley election proves, stands where it did, whilst a dozen recent by-elections all show that in England the party which follows Mr. Gladstone is stronger than it was even on the eve of Mr. Parnell's appearance in the Divorce Court.

The delusion that the Ministerialists were rallying the country to their side has, therefore, been effectually dispelled. There is, however, another delusion which still lingers in the breasts of Tories and Liberal Unionists. That is that Home Rule has been "virtually abandoned" by the Liberal party. Because Mr. Haldane, after declaring last Saturday that the Home Rule flag was nailed to the mast, proceeded to discuss questions which had nothing to do with Irish affairs, a score of his critics have been ready to declare that he practically gave up Home Rule altogether. Because one Liberal Unionist supported Mr. Leon in the North Bucks election, it is assumed that the victory of the Liberal candidate was in no way associated with the Home Rule question. Because, in common with the rest of their fellow-countrymen, Liberals in England and Scotland are showing their interest in those social problems which are now pressing upon the national conscience, they are supposed to have turned their backs upon the cause of justice for Ireland. We can only assure our opponents that they labour under as great an error in this matter as that from which they suffered when they declared their belief that Scotland was about to cast aside its allegiance to Liberal principles. Home Rule is not dead; and however loudly its death may be proclaimed by its opponents, the mere assertion will not in any way alter the fact that it still lives and flourishes. It has survived even so heavy a blow as that which was inflicted upon it by the treachery of the ex-Home Rule leader; and if Mr. Parnell failed to kill it, who is there who can do so? It is true

that we do not hear so much about the Irish Question as we once did—and for a very good reason. The mind of the country is made up, and further discussion is not needed—at all events, until we are in the presence of an actual Home Rule Bill. The electors in the provincial towns and in the counties recognise the failure of the system under which Ireland has been governed since the Union, and they do not recognise that success on the part of Mr. Balfour which is so loudly claimed for him by his friends. But even if it were otherwise the fact would remain that the Liberal party has pledged its honour that it will make the Irish cause its own. From that pledge it cannot depart. Whenever the General Election comes, the Home Rule flag will tower above all other ensigns in the Liberal ranks.

This naturally leads us to another delusion on the part of our opponents. That is that a reunion of the two sections of the Liberal party is at hand. Mr. Chamberlain, we believe, indulges in dreams a thousand times more arrogant than those of his Biblical namesake. He sees his own sheaf exalted above the sheaves of all other sections of the Liberal party; he imagines himself standing erect whilst such men as Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley, Sir William Harcourt and Lord Spencer, and even Lord Hartington and Sir Henry James, bow before him. Lord Hartington's dream is not so extravagantly preposterous. He only asks that there shall be reunion on the basis of the abandonment of Home Rule by the Liberal party. But if Lord Hartington is not so offensive personally as Mr. Chamberlain, he is not less hopelessly impracticable. The condition he names means, first, that the majority of the party—a great and ever-growing majority—shall submit itself to the minority; and, secondly, that for the sake of obtaining office, the leaders of that majority shall allow themselves to be stamped in the eyes of the world either as simpletons or hypocrites. Once again we must assure our opponents that they are labouring under a woeful delusion. Reunion, however much men may talk about it at St. Stephen's or in Pall Mall, can never be accomplished except upon one basis, and that is the submission of the minority of the party to the majority, and the adoption by both sections of the principle of self-government for Ireland. It is far better that we should bluntly state this fact, at the risk of discouraging some of those who are trying to find some excuse for returning to our ranks, than that by keeping silence we should give any support to the notion that we are about to purchase our return to power by a base and dishonourable pact with the Liberal Unionists. The Liberal party believes that it is already on the direct road to power; in all the political conditions of the hour it sees reason for confirming itself in that belief. But it is resolved that the cause for which it has already sacrificed so much shall not be abandoned at the very moment of victory. The Home Rule flag is indeed, as Mr. Haldane says, "nailed to the mast," and woe be to the man who, on any pretext whatever, attempts to tear it down.

### MR. BALFOUR'S SPEECH.

MR. BALFOUR'S attack upon the Nonconformist conscience in his speech on Wednesday will hardly hurt those against whom it was directed. When he talked of the action of the English Dissenters regarding Ireland as "a dark stain" upon their history, he showed a lack of intelligent comprehension which is curious in a man of his undoubted ability. The fault for which he condemns

the English Nonconformists is their failure to stand by the Ulster Presbyterians in their attempt to prevent the majority of the Irish people from securing those liberties which in other countries are already fully accorded to majorities. In other words, he thinks it a dark stain upon the Nonconformists and a renunciation of their principles that they should have preferred the liberties of a nation to the interests of a sect. Now Home Rule may be wise and right in itself or the reverse; but it is at least clear that it is not a question to be decided upon any but the broadest possible grounds; and yet Mr. Balfour positively charges as a crime against the Nonconformists their refusal to consider the subject on any other ground than that of the general welfare of the Irish people. To us it seems that in their sturdy refusal to be led astray by the "No Popery" cry, and in their resolute determination to put aside any thought of their own denominational interests when dealing with a question which affects not a sect but a nation, the Nonconformists of Great Britain have given fresh proof of the fact that their political convictions are founded upon a real love of principle, and that they themselves are patriots first and Nonconformists afterwards. But it was not merely in his reference to the Nonconformists that Mr. Balfour fell into serious error in his speech of Wednesday. We have dealt elsewhere with the notion, which is so industriously fostered in certain quarters, that Home Rule is dead. It is unnecessary here to follow Mr. Balfour in his description of the limited successes he has had during his tenure of office in Ireland. The successes are, at the best, small enough in themselves; and they do not in the slightest degree affect the all-important fact that the Irish Question still remains unsolved. It "holds the field," as every night that is spent in the House of Commons makes clear to the world at large; and it will continue to hold it—no matter how skilfully Dublin Castle may do its work—until the four-score representatives of Nationalist opinion in the British Parliament have either been expelled from that assembly or have won their cause. It is when we think of this pregnant fact that we see how ridiculous is the exultation of the Ministerial scribes over the little triumph which they claim for Mr. Balfour's rule. Alas! we have heard these assurances of victory at any time during the past half-century. There has hardly been an Irish Secretary who has not been able to flatter himself that in his hands the "cause of law and order" has triumphed. And it is after fifty, seventy, ninety years of triumphs of this kind that we find ourselves where we are, with the Irish sphinx still staring us in the face and imperiously demanding that we should solve its riddle.

We need not trouble ourselves, therefore, with the victories for "law and order"—to adopt the usual Coercionist phrase both in Russia and in Ireland—which Mr. Balfour claims for himself. But it is worth while considering for a moment the curious position which Mr. Balfour occupied when he went out of his way to denounce the Liberal party for the pledges it has given to the rural voters. We are not aware that in the matter of pledges the Tories have any reason to shrink from comparison with their opponents. We are under the impression indeed that, upon the whole, the promises which the Ministerialists have made—and are making—to the electors are far in excess of those which are being offered to them by the Liberals. It would have been very interesting if Mr. Balfour, when he was touching upon this theme, had said something about former Conservative declarations on the subject of Free Education, and had contrasted them with the Bill the

nature of which is to be revealed to us on Monday next. But we cannot pretend to be surprised at his evident soreness with regard to the Liberal promises to the rural electors; for it is unquestionably true that the villagers appear to have faith in those promises, whilst they put none whatever in the pledges which are still most freely lavished upon them by the Tory party. But though this fact may irritate, it ought not to surprise, Mr. Balfour; for if ever there was a Ministry of broken pledges, it is that which now holds office. Its whole course, from the day when the last appeal was made to the nation down to the present hour, has been one of open and systematic disregard of its own promises. The present majority of the House came into power by virtue of a cry raised against the pledging of English credit for the purchase of Irish land. Everybody knows now what has become of that pledge. There was to be no more Coercion of Ireland; Lord Salisbury and his friends, by some magic charm of their own, were to govern Ireland without a resort to the evil methods which so many Governments had pursued in turn, with so unhappy a result. We have got a perpetual Coercion Act in redemption of this pledge, and it is only now, when Mr. Balfour knows that we are within sight of a General Election, that he talks of modifying even its most stringent application. Irishmen were to have the same laws as Englishmen; and they have had instead a system of police prosecution and persecution without the safeguards afforded either by trial by jury, or by the appointment of judges independent of the Executive. Above all, though no Home Rule was to be granted, a great measure of local government was to be applied to Ireland, whereby the wants of all reasonable Irishmen would be satisfied. That was promised in 1886; and everybody knows how absolutely the promise has been disregarded.

Is it surprising in these circumstances that the rural electors of England decline to be caught by the new pledges which are being offered to them by these notorious and systematic pledge-breakers? Mr. Balfour may gird as he pleases at the Nonconformist conscience; he may plume himself as much as he likes upon the wonderful successes attained by his policemen—sitting on the bench, or marching at the head of armed patrols—in their encounters with individual Nationalists; and he, the member of a Tory Government which has suddenly adopted Free Education as an electioneering cry, may be as sarcastic as he can be over the steps which the Liberal party has taken to win the support of the rural electors. But there is one unpleasant fact which he cannot ignore. That is, the fact that, after five years of the undisputed possession of power, he and his colleagues have lost the confidence of the country, and cannot even induce the villagers of England to believe that they are in earnest when they are offering them a boon so greatly coveted as Free Schools. Naturally it has given a great shock to the self-confidence of Ministers to learn that this is the case; and the result is that for the moment they seem to be completely demoralised. Mr. Balfour himself, doubtless under strong pressure from his colleagues, hints that the time is at hand when the iron rule of Coercion may be relaxed in Ireland, and in the House of Commons he assents to amendments to the Land Bill which he would have rejected with indignant contempt if they had been proposed a few weeks ago. As for his colleagues, they seem to be unable to make up their minds about anything, even about the course to be taken with their Free Schools Bill. Probably the one subject that now really engrosses their attention is the time of the dissolution and the pretext on which it is to take place.



## VILLAGE PARLIAMENTS.

IT has not been without its advantages that an appreciable proportion of the Liberal members of Parliament have, since Mr. Acland's resolution on Parish Councils, been engaged in stumping rural constituencies. We could wish that the Front Opposition Bench had had the same experience. The plunge which the party not unwillingly took under Mr. Acland's guidance in voting for Parish Councils has received the warm endorsement of those who actually come in contact with the rural elector, and the Liberal scheme of Local Government Reform has been getting itself worked out at the enthusiastic village meetings in Suffolk and Dorset, Leicester and Bucks.

Unhappily, the Liberal leaders have taken little part in this work, and there is some evidence that they do not yet realise what is going on. They are still to be found mentioning District Councils as if these had not been tacitly abandoned for Parish Councils, and very little light or leading is to be obtained from them as to the functions of the new local parliaments with which England is to be endowed. Here, for instance, we have Mr. Stansfeld, in what is evidently meant for a drastic rural programme, still talking as if the district were to be the area for sanitary matters. Surely this is to ignore all the advance of the present summer, and to stultify all professions of faith in the Parish Council. If the village is not to look after its own pump and its own muck heaps, what do we mean by Village Councils?

Now it is high time that we made up our minds upon the situation. What the agricultural labourers want, and what they are being promised in the name of Mr. Gladstone, is a really independent democratically elected council in every village that is more than a mere cluster of houses. A District Council, meeting at the little town ten or twenty miles off, is of no more use to Hodge than the County Council. As has been aptly pointed out by a correspondent in our columns, the distinction between District and Parish Councils is that between Toryism and Liberalism. The time has gone by for any mere middle-class enfranchisement, for any local institutions so devised as to fall into the hands of the farmer or the little shopkeeper. What is now to come is a representative body on which the labourer himself shall sit, and probably form a majority of the board as he will of its electors.

It would of course be difficult for any Act of Parliament or for any Government Department to deal with the special circumstances of each of the 14,827 parishes of England and Wales. Probably the best course would be for the new Local Government Bill to lay down the principles upon which the Village Councils are to be created, and then to call upon each County Council to prepare a scheme for submission to the Local Government Board, dealing with the parishes within the county. All that need be insisted upon is that every parish containing say 500 inhabitants should have its own Council; that parishes below this population should be grouped with such of their nearest neighbours as local convenience may dictate; and that, where any single centre of population lies in more than one parish, provision should be made for uniting these into a single Council, just as if the little town were being incorporated into a borough.

As regards the authority to be given to these village communes, it cannot be too strongly insisted upon that the statesmanlike policy will be to grant them the fullest possible powers over and responsibility for all the collective functions of village life. The mention in the Liberal programme of District,

as distinguished from Parish Councils, must now probably be taken to refer only to the metropolis. We are not, indeed, enamoured of the vague proposals made by Mr. Morley and Mr. Stansfeld for throwing upon the village the management and maintenance of its own poor. The whole tendency of the present day is rather to regard the collective provision for our poorer citizens as a national charge, and we look to see the present outdoor relief to the aged superseded by a simple system of public superannuation allowances. The Poor Law Union, with its buildings, debts, and officers, has too many roots to be lightly disturbed, and it will probably be found better to deal with Poor Law Reform quite independently of the establishment of Village Councils.

The Village Council should, indeed, be regarded rather as the rural analogue of the Town Council than as a fractional part of the existing Board of Guardians. It would naturally receive within its own domain all the sanitary and other powers of the present sanitary authorities, rural or urban. The enforcement of the Public Health Acts, the prevention of overcrowding, and the provision of drainage, will certainly form the nucleus of its duties. But some special powers will be necessary. Every Village Council must be able to provide and maintain an adequate water supply. Every Village Council must be able to acquire land and let it out (not sell it) for allotments or small holdings. And, more important than all, every Village Council must have power, like the Boards of Guardians in Ireland, to build and maintain dwellings to be let (not sold) to the labourers now being slowly driven to the towns by the landowners' disinclination to embark in the unremunerative enterprise of cottage building.

All this will cost money, and mean an increase in local indebtedness. There must be some control over the borrowing powers of Village Councils, and this, it may be suggested, might be best provided by requiring the approval of the local County Council for all village loans. But the Village Council must be allowed to make its own rates, subject, it may be, to limits fixed in the Act, and varying according to the population of the village.

Where there is no School Board, the Village Council would, of course, take over the duties of the school management committee, and be granted all powers incidental to the enforcement of the Education Acts. Whatever local public control over voluntary schools is established will in such cases almost necessarily fall to the Village Council, and it may be suggested that the most effective form of this control would be the appointment, by combinations of villages, of local education inspectors similar in function to those who have been of such inestimable value to the more successful of our urban school boards. The control and supervision provided by the annual visits of "Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools" is quite insufficient to raise the *morale* of the school and improve the *technique* of the teacher's work, and this can only be done by the constant criticism of a skilled peripatetic inspector free from proprietary or clerical influence.

The officers of the Village Council will, indeed, doubtless often act for more than one village. The Clerk to the Council may be sometimes the local schoolmaster, sometimes an official devoting his time to performing the clerical duties of several neighbouring Councils. The Council's officers of health will doubtless serve more than one master. In all these cases it may be well to adopt the existing practice of paying half the salary from county funds, giving the County Council an approval on the appointment, a veto on dismissal, and some concurrent powers of action in case of default.

Another difficulty to be overcome is the place of meeting of the Village Council. Nine-tenths of our villages have no public hall or room of any kind, unless we count as such the church or the school over which the parson presides. Five hundred years ago the Village Council would have met in the church as a matter of course. To-day this would, we presume, be deemed irreverent, if not sacrilegious. The schoolroom is the only alternative immediately practicable, and this has the incidental advantage of ensuring evening meetings. But Village Councils might well provide public halls for the use of themselves and the village, for use also as public libraries, reading rooms, and lecture halls. It is a ghastly thought that the beershop is now usually the villager's only "public" house.

We make no apology for thus dwelling, even to weariness, upon the details of the Local Government Bill. Only by such details can we make clear to our leaders and ourselves what it is that we are now promising to the rural elector. The importance of this forthcoming rural revolution can scarcely be overrated. It may well be that Hodge at first will fail to make good use of the new powers of local administration. But in exercising them, however inefficiently, he can hardly avoid improving himself. If a Village Council here and there neglects its duties, abandons its powers, and fails generally to improve the village, we may rely upon it that this very fact of failure, emphasised by the criticisms of the County Council, will be in itself of no small educational effect on its constituents. The main object of our endeavour is, indeed, not so much to make model villages as model villagers, and the election, criticism, and dismissal, of successive councils of village politicians may be the very best means to this desirable end.

#### THE LONDON BUDGET.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK has managed to invest with a certain amount of new interest the annual statement by the Chairman of the London County Council, which we have come to look upon as the London Budget. His statistics as to the expenditure and debt of the metropolis, compared with those of other great cities, proved an interesting addition to an address which it is not easy to enliven. It is consoling to learn that London spends much less per head than Manchester or Vienna, and that its debt is trifling compared with the monstrous load of Haussmannised Paris. We pay, indeed, to the landlords of London every year, for mere permission to inhabit it, as much as the whole outstanding cost of all our schools, drains, embankments, bridges, and magnificent street improvements. The total public income of London is, indeed, only three months of its rental, but it reaches ten millions sterling. No other city in the world has such a revenue, except heavily-burdened Paris; no British Colony comes within millions of its total; and outside the six Great Powers, and such Empires as the United States, China, and India, there are in the whole world not half a dozen kingdoms which exceed it.

But great as this revenue is, it is neither sufficient for London's urgent needs, nor worthy of London's private wealth. This note was, indeed, sounded all throughout Sir John Lubbock's speech. It is not that the County-Council has plunged into any new extravagances. On this head its vindication is complete. The fact that it needed this year less than a shilling rate came as a grief and a wonder to the Baumanns and Bartleys, who for some occult reason

spend their time in its abuse. Sir John Lubbock was able to show that new charges, equal to 4½d. in the £, had been thrown on the Council by the Government, whose payments in lieu of grants only came to 2½d.

This new charge it is—a relief to the Imperial Budget—and not any special wickedness inherent in a "Progressive" Council, which makes the rate exceed by 2d. that levied by the Metropolitan Board of Works. The Council cannot even take credit for the abolition of the coal dues, though much will be said at the ensuing election about this piece of Cobden Club-ism. Parliament and the Metropolitan Board of Works—really, that is to say, Mr. Goschen and the Treasury clerks—are responsible for this act of fiscal virtue, which was completed long before the London County Council came into existence.

What the first London County Council has done in the two and a quarter years of its existence, has been, not so much to embark in magnificent enterprises, or indulge in financial extravagances, as to put a new spirit into London government. The record of these two years' work is to be sought neither in gorgeous buildings nor in expensive vistas of improved thoroughfares, but in an almost complete reorganisation of London's public administration on a democratic basis. Other Councils in future years may boast of finding London of brick, and leaving it of marble. Sir John Lubbock's colleagues will go back to their constituents with reports of swings and seats and free gymnasia in the parks; of improved bathing-ponds for London's apprentices, of pitches found for one hundred and fifty football clubs and over one thousand cricket clubs; of a really momentous revolution in the supply of refreshments for the thousands who every summer Sunday flock the outer parks; of the successful working of a free line of ferry steamers, which has made coal a shilling a ton cheaper in the crowded slums of Woolwich, and proved a boon to half a million East Enders; of lunatic asylums and industrial schools brought to a high pitch of humane administration; of obstructive bolts and bars in public highways condemned and about to be removed; of the exposure and punishment of those pilferers of the poor, the sellers of short-weight coal; of abundant new fire-escapes for the more crowded districts; of a new common lodging-house for the redemption of Shelton Street, Drury Lane; of hours of labour reduced for all the Council's own staff, and of attempts to secure a similar boon for the over-worked tramway servants; and—perhaps most important of all—of the establishment of the principle of a "moral minimum" wage and "moral maximum" day, by the insertion in all the Council's contracts of those revolutionary clauses which Mr. Sydney Buxton's persistence was subsequently able to force upon Her Majesty's Government.

All this may seem a very small matter to the loungers in Pall Mall and the Tory witlings of the House of Commons, but the Councillors feel rightly that such a record is one not unworthy even of the Council of the capital of the Empire. What London needs at this moment is a great deal more of this attention to the details which make up the lives of the poor. We have had, for some time to come, enough of the provision for the needs of the middle-class ratepayer, and of the improvement of the West End. London's municipal government has now got to become an instrument for lifting out of their slough of despond the "Devil's Tithe" of the richest city in the world—the 300,000 of its pauper class, the 30,000 denizens of its ghastly 982 common lodging-houses, and the 34 per cent. of its citizens whom Mr. Charles Booth's careful statistics show to be "in chronic want" of the bare necessities of life.



No Council before has ever had such a problem set to it, and the most encouraging feature in the record of the body over which Sir John Lubbock presides is the appreciation which it has generally shown of the character of its task, and the determination with which it has begun to grapple with it. In the Housing of the Poor, and in Improved Sanitation; in the vexed question of a New Water Supply, and the provision of Open Spaces, the Council has nearly always had fairly before its eyes the problem of how to regenerate the slums. London municipal administration is no mere matter of police and drains; it is the cleansing of an Augean stable of poverty and physical and moral degradation.

But the Council cannot go on far with its work unless some further resources are entrusted to it. The occupier naturally resents any increase in the burden which any number of successive authorities—from John Stuart Mill to Mr. Goschen—have declared ought not to fall upon him. It cannot be expected that the metropolis is to be for ever improved to the advantage of the ground landlords, without their making some special contribution in respect of this unearned increment. The division of the rates between the occupier and the various persons interested in the ownership of the premises would go far to allay the public discontent, without, however, actually increasing the revenue. A small Municipal Duty on London Immovables passing by death is, perhaps, the fairest way at getting at the annual increment of four and a half millions sterling which each year adds to their value. Some such addition to London's public revenues has become absolutely necessary, and the sooner it is granted the less the work now before the London County Council will fall further into arrear.

#### THE CZAR AND THE JEWS.

THERE seems to be very small foundation for the charitable hope that the Czar is not cognisant of the acts of barbarism which are done in his name by the administrators charged with the ordinances against the Jews. That the Russian autocrat is ignorant of the deeds which have scandalised Europe is an idea which springs from our imperfect acquaintance with Russian habits. We are constantly warned by those who are privileged to explain the Czar's policy to an unsympathetic world against the assumption that Western conceptions must govern the mind of the Muscovite ruler. It is natural for people who have not grasped the individuality of Russia to assume that a humane man, with considerable pretensions to a Christian character, must be entirely misinformed about the execution of the decrees enforced by his authority against some millions of his subjects. That the Jews in Russia are being persecuted with a rigour which recalls the zeal of mediæval Christianity is not disputed. Madame Novikoff does not tell us that these things are invented by the enemies of her Sovereign; she merely assures us that we misunderstand them because we are steeped in Western superstition about liberty. What Englishmen call intolerable despotism, Madame Novikoff regards as the exercise of enlightened authority. The Jews are the enemies of the public weal in Russia simply because they are Jews. The Czar is reported to have said that every subversive movement in his dominions sprang from this detested race, and this alone is a sufficient reason why Western prejudices in favour of toleration cannot be expected to affect a mind animated by a wholesome dread of dynamite. The Jews are obnoxious to the Orthodox Church: it follows that they are conspirators against the life

of the august monarch who makes a railway journey between two unbroken lines of troops. To demur to this reasoning is to show the incurable incapacity of the Western critic to appreciate the social conditions of Russia. Parliamentary Government, as Madame Novikoff has repeatedly shown us, would be a mockery in the Russian Empire. The White Czar, the "Little Father" of the Russian peasant, is the only man who can understand the needs of his country. Western criticisms of his judgment are as irrelevant as Western institutions; and having convinced himself that the only safeguard against Nihilism is to ruin the Jews, the Czar has nothing to learn from contemporary mankind.

This being the philosophy of Russian government, the rumour that the Czar proposes to live in Moscow is not incredible. The traditions of that city harmonise admirably with the native complexion of his mind. He is in no danger there of coming under the pernicious influence of Western heresies. If there be any orthodoxy more superlative than that which already distinguishes him, he will be invested with its innermost sanctity in Moscow. St. Petersburg society may seem to him after a time a pestilential congregation of Western vapours. From Moscow we may expect ukases which will make it more manifest than ever that Muscovite Christianity and politics are absolutely divorced from the standards which are erroneously supposed to be civilised. To a Western observer the trouble of this policy is that it does not appear to be successful. Autocracy might justify itself if it could only crush its enemies. But when the autocrat goes shivering into his ancient capital surrounded by moving walls of steel, and when even a triumphal arch is removed by the police because the arch is supposed to have a Jew or a dynamite bomb in it, the disinterested bystander may cherish misgivings about the system which produces this display of popularity. This is where the incorrigible Western error creeps in. Popularity, as we understand it, is alien to Russian institutions. The Czar is the "Little Father" of his people, but he has a fatherly suspicion of their arches. The real triumph of a Russian triumphal arch is to clear away every part of the structure which may conceal a Hebrew dynamiter, and leave the upright poles to testify to the popular joy. No one doubts that the Czar's police have excellent reasons to take such precautions. There is not the smallest sign of any relaxation in the activity of the Nihilists. They are quite capable of hurling death at the Czar even from a floral trophy erected to celebrate his entrance into the city of his fathers. Encompassed by unseen foes, who may surprise him at any moment, he is little better than a prisoner. The majesty of his office is dwarfed by the nervous dread of his guards. His person is hedged, not by divinity, but by terror. The autocrat trembling at his shadow is the picture of colossal failure. It is a sign of weakness and not strength to order thousands of Jews to be driven from their homes because some Jews are supposed to be Nihilists. The despotism which acts strongly may be brutal, but it knows how to adapt means to ends. It is mere delirium, however, to make war on four or five millions of people in order to cope with the disaffection which leads to murderous conspiracy.

The common charge that the Russian Jew is a bad citizen is, as Lady Desart shows in the *Nineteenth Century*, a very poor device. It is asserted that the Jewish middlemen devour the substance of the Russian farmers, but are themselves incapable of agricultural industry. Here the natural prejudice of the Western mind suggests the inquiry whether the Jews have been encouraged by the laws in the pursuit of agriculture. The answer is that they are

debarred from holding any interest in land. They are not allowed to own the soil, to send more than a small percentage of their children to the schools, to hold commissions in the army, or to dwell where they please. They are accused by Russian controversialists of isolating themselves from the national life, of evading military service, and of breaking the laws. To carry on such a system of repression for many generations, and then reproach the victims with being bad citizens, is an excellent specimen of the logic which owes nothing to Western methods. It is equally rational to direct the extreme severity of the persecution against the poorest classes of Jews. The well-to-do members of the obnoxious community are apparently able to relax the rigours of orthodoxy by greasing the palms of pious bureaucrats. But their less fortunate co-religionists are exposed to outrage, and expelled from their homes. They cannot emigrate in any considerable numbers, for passports are not to be had for the asking; and it seems to be the object of a sagacious Government to drive them inland, and not towards the frontier. What this erratic barbarism is expected to achieve is not at all clear, unless it is hoped that by herding the Jews together under conditions which make life impossible, the process of extermination may be agreeably prolonged. But the Czar's policy does not bear even the semblance of a coherent purpose; and its admirers must content themselves with the reflection that it has no parallel in blind inhumanity.

#### BACCARAT IN COURT.

PERHAPS the most noteworthy feature about the baccarat trial has been the curious commonness of its atmosphere. Not the abiding presence of a prince of the blood, not the most dignified of judges, not a perfect shower of titles and dignitaries, not an audience of exquisites in unwrinkled frock-coats and maddening bonnets, and, above all, not the elaborate attempts to try the case by the code of "honour," on which Sir William Gordon Cumming elects to stand or fall, have saved it from hopeless vulgarity. Sir Edward Clarke's appeal to the jury to send his client ("his sword unstained save by the blood of his country's foes") back to—baccarat, Sir Charles Russell's effort to surround the doings at Tranby Croft with a glamour of chivalry, have left the spectator unmoved, the play unsweetened. It has been a ludicrous waste of force throughout. The most distinguished counsel at the bar, the chief justiciar of England, a cloud of witnesses, a much-suffering jury—all haled up to decide the momentous question whether Sir William Cumming is to end his career in the Guards or after the fashion of the late lamented Mr. Deuceace. From another point of view the case may have been more useful. There has been no sensational object-lesson in plutocratic pleasure-taking—no pretty play on the exciting theme of "*Le Prince s'amuse*." The blinds have been discreetly checked at the point where public curiosity might have become a trifle inconvenient. Sir Edward took early opportunity to assure the Court that the game at Tranby Croft was a trifling family affair; Sir Charles pronounced it the most innocent of recreations; both agreed that it was a little stupid. It turned out later that the counters were the Prince's, and Mr. Gill, in the only effective piece of work which was put in for Sir W. Gordon Cumming, rather sniffed at the tea-table version of the scene. One has seen, too, how "Society," as interpreted through the lips of Mr. "Jack" Wilson, spends a good deal of its time; how "a man" of twenty-two deports himself; some things which it is proper to

do before the Prince of Wales, and other things which it is not. The one point established, however, has been the amazing insipidity of baccarat. Only three people even handle cards; their single calculation is whether the card they hold is near enough to eight or nine. All the rest of the players are mere animated betting machines, following their side or tableau with blind devotion.

Sir William Gordon Cumming's fight for his social life has no doubt been interesting. It is not an easy thing to face a great counsel like Sir Charles Russell, who, commanding every intellectual resource that an advocate needs—appalling swiftness of thrust, sudden back-cuts, sword-play as dazzlingly brilliant as that of Sergeant Troy—stands easily first among the great legal combatants. Yet it would have been difficult to imagine a better witness than Sir William Cumming, a steadier hand and eye, a cooler guard. Handsome, his manner correct and cold, dressed with faultless neatness, his face set, a trifle hard-bitten, and tanned by his travels and soldiering to a deep brick-red, his one nervous gesture a rapid stroking of his moustache—the man was a picture in his way, contrasting not unfavourably with the much commoner stamp of his accusers, with their look of "new" folk, sharp, clear, but utterly undistinguished. On the baccarat point, his defence was that instead of dishonestly increasing a stake before payment by the banker, he had simply pursued the old gambler's trick of backing a successful *coup*, by leaving his winnings on the table and adding to them from his store of counters. To this he adhered, and was not turned from it. A more vulnerable point was the signature of the compromising document, which put Sir William at arm's length with the friends and the pursuits of his life-time. Here a partial parry was all that was humanly possible. The face in the witness-box was pathetically drawn while the encounter went on, but it never once lost its hard firm lines, and the clear steady outlook of the eyes.

His Royal Highness's appearance in the witness box was a disappointment. He was at least one of the most important personages in the case. He was, first, the banker—i.e., the person whom it was said that Sir William Cumming had cheated—and also the owner of the counters, which he habitually used, though he was not interrogated on the point. He was, secondly, as an old intimate of the plaintiff's, the real head of the informal court of honour which sat on the case at Tranby Croft. He was, thirdly, the man who pronounced the formal sentence of social exile. But both counsel had apparently agreed that his evidence should be restricted to the sheer husk of the case. The result was that half an hour's timid and highly deferential questioning left the Court practically in the dark as to the two vital points at issue—first, the Prince's personal view of Sir William's play at the table, and, secondly, his opinion of the charge of cheating. From this very ludicrous dilemma the Court was rescued by the happy audacity of a British juryman, who dropped his "h's" freely, but picked up the lost threads of the case with surprising vigour. The Court held its breath in sheer amazement when an acrid voice from the back of the jury box recalled the retreating Prince with peremptory sharpness. "*Hex-cuse me, your R'yal 'Ighness; I've a question or two to ask you.*" Happily, the heir to the throne is possessed in a supreme degree of the saving virtue of tact, never more necessary than in the democratic atmosphere of a Law Court. He faced his future subject, bowed, and smiled, and in his *grosse voix*, to which the German accent still hangs obstinately, stirring half-comic memories of elder members of his house, made full and valuable answers to the two very pertinent questions that were put to him. The interpellation gave a decisive



complexion to the Prince's evidence, and was the one refreshing stamp of unconventional honesty which has hitherto redeemed an intricate and cloudy affair.

Hardly so pleasant was the view of latter-day masherdom (*nouveau jeu*) in the dapper person of Mr. A. S. Wilson. Somehow, looking from this young gentleman to Sir William Gordon Cumming, one fancied that one traced at once the copy and the exemplar, the fine mould and the rougher reproduction of the "Johnny" as we know and love him. This "Johnny" of twenty-two (long may Mr. George Lewis watch over such as tutelar, and never as avenging, deity!), who had spent one year at Cambridge, and one black month out of many white nights of masherdom in his father's office, who had noted with pitiless observation the movements of his father's guest at the baccarat table, told his story with an amazing confidence, which Sir Edward Clarke was not in the least degree able to shake. His evidence was not simply given; it was declaimed—a dramatic reproduction of masherdom at play. Deep answered to deep; Johnny whispered to Johnny; "old chap" murmured to "my dear fellow" in the dialect of Piccadilly. Nothing more atrociously banal has ever been related than the whispered talk between young Mr. Levett and young Mr. Wilson when Sir William's fingers were first the subject of observation; yet, in Mr. "Jack" Wilson's rendering, it was delicious. Perhaps it was not quite equal to the after-scene in the bedroom, when the "men" talked it all out again, and Mr. Levett exclaimed, "My God, to think of it! Lieutenant-Colonel Sir William Gordon Cumming, Baronet, found cheating at cards!" Decidedly it was, as Mr. Levett (in another place) remarked, "too hot." Happily for posterity, in the clear medium of Mr. Wilson's imagination, it has all crystallised itself as art. Perhaps, however, the most characteristic "note" was that of Mr. Lycett Green. Mr. Green had been greatly stirred at what he saw, or thought he saw, at the baccarat table. He was at first moved to protest openly. But he "remembered in whose presence he was," and withdrew. For the moment the Court had before it a mental vision of Mr. Lycett Green as a "pard" at Los Angeles, drawing at sight on Sir William Gordon Cumming. It took at least a minute to realise that he was in Tranby Croft, and before A Presence.

#### CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THIS week there is a kind of lull in foreign politics, though it cannot be said that the political outlook is at all clearer or more favourable in consequence. Explicit assurances have come in from Berlin, Vienna, and Rome, that the renewal of the Triple Alliance has been definitely secured. A report has been published, on the authority of the late Prince Napoleon, as to the engagements undertaken by England in connection with it which has created great excitement in France. We refer to it more in detail elsewhere. Nor can it be said that the renewal in any way relaxes the tension of the situation. Apart from these rumours, and from the continued apprehensions of some great catastrophe in Russia, which are only intensified by the extreme uncertainty as to what may really be taking place in that country, the troubles this week are mainly economic. There has been a new and more serious financial crisis in Argentina, and at least four banks in Buenos Ayres have suspended payment; the English banks, however, are unharmed; labour troubles are breaking out again sporadically in Spain, and cavalry charges have been necessary to restore order at Bilbao; and the German Government has somewhat unexpectedly declined to reduce

the duties on grain, and so anticipate the operation of the new commercial treaty with Austria. General Caprivi's announcement to this effect—made in the Prussian Landtag on Monday—took probably far too optimistic a view of the prospect, and dwelt on the danger to the home producer that would result from glutting the home market just before harvest, and, on the probability that the person chiefly benefited by the reduction would be the foreign producer. All parties seem to condemn the action of the Government, and as the Liberals and Socialists are organising an agitation in favour of the abolition, and as the prospects of the harvest are extremely uncertain, the reduction may very likely come in the end, to the benefit primarily, it is to be feared, of the speculator in "futures." Meanwhile the Chancellor's speech sent up wheat and rye instantly.

Both the Liberal and National Liberal parties of Germany held meetings on Sunday—the former at Frankfurt; the latter at Berlin. The Liberal meeting did little beyond passing a resolution for the immediate abolition of the grain duties, which received a prompt answer from the Chancellor on Monday. The speeches by Herr Bamberger and Herr Eugen Richter seem to have been largely devoted to personal reminiscence. The National Liberals, however, did less; they merely, in fact, formulated the negation of a programme. They resolved—(1) that it was desirable the party should maintain its independence and its old Liberal principles (of which the present generation has received no details); (2) that in reference to the social question, the time had arrived to rest and review the situation; (3) that on economic questions, such as the grain duties and the Austro-German Commercial Treaty, the members were free to act as they pleased; (4) that Prince Bismarck's health should be drunk at the dinner which closed the proceedings. The fact is, that the members of the party belonging to the South and West are strongly Bismarckian, and the advent of the Prince will probably make a definite breach in its ranks. All that the party has done of late is to oppose on Tuesday the restitution to the Catholic priesthood of the Sperrgelder, the salaries withheld during the Culturkampf (or, rather, of a lump sum in their stead), but without effect.

In the discussion on the French tariff this week there has, at least, been one satisfactory feature—the definite refusal of the Government and the Chamber to impose duties upon raw materials. Raw hides and raw wool have been admitted free by overwhelming majorities; and a very strong deputation of silk-weavers, members of Chambers of Commerce in the silk manufacturing districts, and other interested persons, has waited on M. de Freycinet, and received a promise from him that the Government will be prepared to support a similar exemption in the case of silk. It will be interesting to see whether this will in any way affect the steady support afforded by the agricultural districts to the present régime, which was again evinced last Sunday in two bye-elections to the Senate and Chamber respectively. It is curious that in the latter (in the Côte d'Or) the unsuccessful candidate was a Socialist, and was only defeated by a narrow majority.

Next week the French Chamber will have before it a comprehensive scheme of national insurance for workmen, proposed by the Government, and apparently somewhat on the principle of the endowment policies which are so conspicuous a feature of the business of the more modern insurance companies. Weekly payments for thirty years will ensure an annual pension of 300 francs to 600 francs per annum; and provision is made for all sorts of contingencies, including illness and strikes. The scheme is not so novel as some of the Paris correspondents think; since, apart from the plans put out some fifteen years ago by Canon Blackley, and more recently by Mr. Chamberlain, something of the kind is now under discussion in Denmark. The State is to assist to the extent of four millions sterling annually; and the benefit is to be strictly confined to native workmen. Indeed, foreign

workmen are to be taxed in its support. It must of course be remembered that in France there is no system of poor relief, beyond the grants made by the local *bureaux de bienfaisance*, chiefly out of the tax on theatre tickets. The twelve hours' day for railway employés has been extended to tram, omnibus, and steamboat men. The betting question has been settled as was expected. The *pari-mutuel* is to be authorised, and taxed for the benefit of the local charities and the encouragement of horse breeding; and racecourses are to be licensed by the Ministry of the Interior, which will at least check the suburban gate-money meetings.

The Italian public has been the subject of a practical joke. Rumours had come from Abyssinia that the Commission of Inquiry had been exceeding its powers, by attempting not only suggestions but actual negotiation with native chiefs, and that consequently a good deal of friction had arisen between its members, the Commandant (General Gandolfi) and the Home Government. On Friday the *Fanfulla* of Rome gravely announced that the whole of the Commission, having advanced beyond Mareb to discuss the delimitation of the frontier with Ras Alula, had been seized by that chief and were held as hostages in fear that their negotiations might be merely the prelude to the advent of a strong Italian force. A short paragraph in another page indicated that this was a joke: but nobody read it, and the excitement was considerable. The incident shows how the Commission is regarded by the "Forward" party. It is clear that there has been some friction between the Commission and the Governor, if not with the Home Government as well: and it seems from the declarations of the Premier on Saturday that Ras Alula did wish to interview the Commission, that General Gandolfi stopped them, and that the Government finds their activity inconvenient. Their return will produce fresh complications in the situation.

The Servian troubles seem quite over for the present. At the municipal election at Belgrade on Sunday, the Government candidate for mayor was returned by a large majority, a result which would be more significant if Western Europe were informed why so small a proportion of the population recorded their votes.

A sensational capture of German tourists by Turkish, or rather Greek, brigands was reported on Tuesday. The latter—whose leader, at any rate, is a Greek—tore up the rails at a point midway between Constantinople and Adrianople, and awaited results. They seem to have expected the Orient express. Happily they only captured an ordinary train, seized four tourists, and despatched one of their number, Herr Israel, to obtain £8,000 as ransom. The German embassy furnished it, and he returned to free his companions—to be followed, of course, at no distant date by Turkish troops charged to capture the brigands.

The Session of the Swiss Chambers opened on Monday. M. Lachenal, of Geneva, was elected President of the National Assembly.

The three Balmacedist torpedo boats which destroyed the *Blanco Encalada* have been badly beaten off Chañaral by the Parliamentary cruiser *Magellanes*. The greatest sufferer was a neutral barque, which was sunk by a stray torpedo intended for the insurgent cruiser. The fight was very spirited, and shows that there is still plenty of room left in naval warfare for seamanship. The *Itata* has kept out of the way—it is said she has gone to Australia to avoid seizure by the United States or cession by the insurgents. This strengthens the suspicion that she is the property of foreign capitalists—among whom, however, Colonel North is not to be included. The *Times* of Saturday published a formal denial from him that he had rendered assistance to either party. Bolivia has formally recognised the Parliamentary party as belligerents in a sort of apologetic manner, as they hold the provinces in which she is most concerned. But it is said that she is prepared to cede territory to them

in return for the cancellation of the debt she owes to Chili under the treaty made in 1883. Order reigns in Valparaiso, as it does in Warsaw. But the French Government has definitely checked the departure of the two vessels which are being prepared for the Balmacedists at Toulon.

#### THE ORIENTATION OF EGYPTIAN TEMPLES.

IT chanced that in March last year, during a brief holiday, I went to the Levant. I went with a good friend, who, one day when we were visiting the ruins of the Parthenon, and again when we found ourselves at the temple at Eleusis, lent me his pocket-compass. The many changes of direction in the foundations at Eleusis revealed by the French excavations were so very striking and suggestive, that I thought it worth while to take bearings to see whether or no there was any possible astronomical origin for the direction of the temple and the various changes in direction to which I have referred. Everybody is familiar with the statement that in England the chancel windows of churches face generally—if they are properly constructed—to the place of sunrising on the birthday of the patron saint; this is why, for instance, the churches of St. John face very nearly north-east. This direction towards the sunrising is the origin of the general use of the term *orientation*, which is applied just as frequently to other buildings the direction of which is towards the west or north or south. When I came home I endeavoured to find out whether this subject, which might be one of considerable interest if astronomy had anything to do with it, had been worked out at all. I am afraid I was a nuisance to many of my archaeological friends, and I made as much inquiry as I could by looking into books. I found, both from my friends and from the books, that this question had not been discussed in relation to ancient temples, scarcely even with regard to churches outside England or Germany; a few researches had been made in Italy, but there it was found that the churches had no special law of orientation at all.\*

It struck me that, since nothing was known, an inquiry into the subject—provided an inquiry was possible for a stay-at-home—might help the matter forward to a certain extent. So, as it was well known that the temples in Egypt had been most carefully examined and oriented both by the French in 1798, and by the Prussians in 1844, I determined to see whether it was possible to get any information on the general question from them, as it was extremely likely that the temple at Eleusis was more or less connected with Egyptian ideas. I soon found that, although neither the French nor the Germans apparently paid any heed to the possible astronomical ideas of the temple founders, there was little doubt that astronomical considerations had a great deal to do with the direction towards which these temples faced. In a series of lectures given at the "School of Mines" last November, I took the opportunity of pointing out that in this way astronomy might possibly repay that vast debt which she owes to her sister sciences, by enabling archaeologists and others to arrive at certain dates in regard to the foundation of temples, and in several other directions.

After my lectures were over, I received a very kind letter from one of my audience, pointing out to me that, although he had not seen them himself, a friend had informed him that Herr Nissen, in Germany, had published some papers on the orientation of ancient temples. I at once ordered them. Before I received them I went to Egypt to make some inquiries on the spot with reference

\* On this point I gather the following information from the article, "Orientation," in the *Grand Dictionnaire Universel du 19 Siècle*, par M. Pierre Larousse:—"From the fifth century to the time of the Renaissance, the orientation of churches was generally carried out. The mystical reasons furnished by the sacred writers—according to St. John, of Damascus, and Cassiodorus—were that Jesus on the cross had His face turned towards the West, hence Christians during prayer must turn to the East to see it. Further, in the sacred writings Jesus is called the East (*Oriens ex alto*). Again, Christians hope to see Christ descending in the East on the last day. Finally, the faithful when turning to the East during prayer establish a difference between themselves and the Jews and heretics, for the Jews when praying turn West, and certain heretics South, and others North, hence the heathen said they were sun-worshippers." In the ninth century there was a strong protest against orientation. Catholic churches were built anyway, and it was said, "*Nunc oremus ad omnem partem quia deus ubique est.*"



to certain points which it was necessary to investigate; for the reason that when the orientations were observed and recorded, it was not known what use would be made of them, and certain data required for my special inquiry were wanting. In Cairo I also worried my archaeological friends. I was told that the question had not been discussed; that, so far as they knew, the idea was new; and I also gathered a suspicion that they did not think much of it. However, one of them, Brugsch Bey, took much interest in the matter, and was good enough to look up some of the old inscriptions, and one day he told me he had found a very interesting one concerning the foundation of the temple at Edfou. It describes what happened when the temple was founded. The king gives the account; it runs that the god told him to take with him a wooden stake, a heavy mallet, and a cord; and being thus furnished they went together some little distance from the river. Then the inscription goes on to say:—"I drove in the wooden stake with the heavy hammer, I stretched the cord. My glance followed the course of the star, my eye being directed to the Great Bear. In this way I laid the corner of thy holy temple." The idea, then, was not new; it was possibly six thousand years old. Afterwards I went up the river, and made some observations which seemed to carry conviction with them, and certainly strengthened the idea in my mind that for the orientation not only of Edfou, but of all the larger temples which I examined, there was an astronomical basis. I returned at the beginning of March, and within a few days of landing received Herr Nissen's papers. I have thought it right to give this personal narrative, because, while it indicates the relation of my work to Herr Nissen's, it enables me to make the acknowledgment that the credit of having first made the suggestion belongs, so far as I know, solely to him.

I propose in the present article to state some illustrations of the principles referred to; what the general inquiry really is; and, finally, to refer very briefly to certain results I have recently obtained in Egypt itself. With regard to all the temples of the ancient world, whether they are located in Egypt or elsewhere, we must never forget that in the majority of cases we have to deal with the observations of the rising or setting of the heavenly bodies; whereas the modern astronomer cares little for these risings or settings, but deals only with them on the meridian. The place of rising or setting is connected with the temple by the direction of the temple's axis. That being so, we may begin matters by referring to the temple axis at Karnak. In the majestic ruins of that temple there is a sort of stone avenue in the centre, giving a view towards the north-west, and this axis is something like five hundred yards in length. The whole object of the builder of the great temple at Karnak—one of the most soul-stirring temples which has ever been conceived or built by man—was to preserve that axis absolutely open; and all the wonderful halls of columns and the like, as seen on one side or other of the axis, are merely details, the point being that the axis should be absolutely open, straight, and true. The axis was directed towards the hills on the west side of the Nile, in which are the tombs of the kings. From the external pylon the present eastern outlook over the ruins shows the whole length of the temple, and we see at the very extremity of the central line a gateway nearly six hundred yards away. This belonged to a temple pointing towards the south-east. There were really two temples in the same line back to back. Passing from the temple at Karnak to others in a better state of preservation, we can gather that the part of the axis furthest from the entrance was covered, so that in the *penetralia* there was only a dim religious light. The entrance is also, as it were, guarded by a massive exterior pylon, as in the more or less modern temple of Edfou. This, again, reduces the light in the interior. The point in all the temples was to provide an axis open at one end and absolutely closed at the other, the open courts being only found towards that end towards which the temple opened, the other end being all but absolutely dark and quite blocked up at the extremity.

Now, the directions in which the temples point, whether in Egypt or elsewhere, can be astronomically expressed by what are termed "amplitudes"—that is, the distance in degrees from the east or west point of the horizon. For instance, a temple facing east would have an amplitude of zero from the east point. If we suppose a temple oriented

to the north, it would have an amplitude of  $90^\circ$ ; if half-way between the east and north, the amplitude would be  $45^\circ$  north of east, and so on. So that it is possible to express the amplitude of a temple in such a way that the temples in the same or different countries, with the same or equivalent amplitudes, may be classified; and the more temples which can be thus brought together, the more likely is any law relating to their structure to come out. This being so, it will be understood why in an inquiry of this kind it is obviously desirable to begin with a region in which the number of temples is considerable. Such a condition we have in the region of Thebes; and the directions of the axes of the different temples—that is, the orientation of each of them, or, in other words, the amplitude of the direction in which each temple points—have all been tabulated. Chief among these we have the large temple of Karnak, showing that the amplitude of its orientation is  $26^\circ$  north of west, and the temple of Maut, showing that its orientation is  $71^\circ$  north of east. There is a temple at right angles to the temple at Karnak, and again another with an amplitude of  $63^\circ$  south of west, and so on.

Now, why is it so important to get the directions of these axes—important, I mean, from the astronomical point of view? This is the reason. Every celestial body, whether we deal with the sun, moon, planet, or star, occupies at any moment a certain place in the sky partly, though not wholly, defined by what we term its declination, *i.e.*, its distance from the celestial equator. This declination is one of the two co-ordinates which are essential for enabling us to state accurately the position of any body on the celestial vault; and we must quite understand that if all these bodies rise and set, and rise and set visibly, the amplitude of their place of rising or setting must be very closely connected with their declination. Bodies with the same declination will rise in the same amplitudes. When the declination changes, of course the body will rise and set in a different place, and therefore the amplitude of the place of rising or setting will be different. Hence when we get a temple with an amplitude which has been measured, and which is therefore known, we can determine from that amplitude the exact declination of the body the temple was intended to observe, supposing, of course, that the temple was oriented upon any astronomical considerations at all.

But it is necessary to make one or two corrections to the original investigation. Ordinarily we should determine that the amplitude being so and so, the declination of the body which rose or set with that amplitude would be so and so, taking the horizon to be an all-round horizon like a sea one. But that would not be quite true, because we generally see the sun, to take an instance, some little time before it really rises and after it has set, owing to refraction. So that if we see the sun setting, say, north of west, we know that when we see it setting it appears really a little further to the north than it actually is, because refraction gives us the position of the sun just below the true horizon. That is one point that we have to bear in mind. Another is that, of course, we as a rule do not deal with sea horizons. Here we find a hill, there some other obstacle; so that it is necessary to make a correction depending upon the height of the hill or other obstacle above the sea—or true—horizon at that place. When we take these things completely into consideration, we have an opportunity of determining absolutely the declination, or distance from the celestial equator, of the body which the temple was meant to observe at the moment of rising or setting. It is important to point out that these corrections vary very considerably in importance according to the declination of the star with which we have to deal. With a high declination the amplitude increases very rapidly, and the more it increases the greater the corrections for refraction and elevation above the true horizon to which I have referred become of importance. In all cases the correction has to be made so that the amplitude will be increased or decreased from the true amplitude by this effect of refraction, according as the body—whether sun or star—is seen to the north or south of the equator.

These things, then, being considered, we can, to begin with, if we find out the amplitude conditions at Karnak, determine whether there is any truth in the old view that these temples faced the river. We see at once that this idea cannot be true, because we have the chief temples facing in four directions, and the Nile flows only on one

side of the site. Having this idea of amplitude well in our minds, we can then, by means of a little intellectual analysis, bring the thing down to some very definite results. In the first place, no one would think of orienting a temple to the moon, as there is so little constancy about its path in the sky, and, therefore, in its place of rising or setting; if the temple caught it each month, the intervals between which this occurrence takes place would vary very considerably, and in early times would have been impossible to predict. Similarly it would not be worth while to orient temples to the planets. But when we come to the stars themselves, or to the sun at a solstice, the thing is put on a different footing. As a matter of fact, we find that at Thebes the sun, when it is furthest from the equator and has arrived at its greatest northing or greatest southing, or, as we now say, at the solstices, with a declination of  $23\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , has at Thebes an amplitude of  $26^{\circ}$ , so that a temple having an amplitude of  $26^{\circ}$  would be very likely to be oriented to the sun at the moment that it was as far from the equator as it could be—i.e., at the time of the longest day of the year—in which case we should be dealing with the summer or northern solstice; or of the shortest day of the year if dealing with the winter or southern solstice. To anticipate matters a little, some of the temples at Thebes have an amplitude of  $26^{\circ}$  north of west and  $26^{\circ}$  south of east; but the point to which I particularly wish to draw attention now is that, seeing that the highest angle at which the sunlight, either at sunrise or sunset, can be made to fall along the temple's axis is  $26^{\circ}$ , any temple with an amplitude greater than  $26^{\circ}$ , if built towards any celestial body at all, must have been built to a star and not to the sun.

J. NORMAN LOCKYER.

(To be continued.)

#### CHARLOTTE BRONTË AND HER PUBLISHERS.

IT seems as though we were about to have another series of Brontë letters and reminiscences. A chance allusion in the recently published "Life of Lord Houghton" to Thackeray's meeting with the author of "Jane Eyre" led Mrs. Richmond Ritchie to tell the story of the evening party at Young Street when Miss Brontë figured as the lioness at Thackeray's table, and now Mrs. Richmond Ritchie in her turn has provoked Mrs. Williams to publish some of the letters addressed by the Yorkshire authoress to the late Mr. Smith Williams. The letters will be found in the June number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, where they are certain to be read by every lover of the Brontës. There is little that is new in them, but they are characteristic of their writer, and it is well that they have been printed. Mr. Williams, as Charlotte Brontë herself said, was her "first favourable critic." He was at that time acting as literary adviser to the firm of Smith, Elder & Co. This firm, as the world now knows, consisted of Mrs. Smith and her son, the present head of the house. Both were persons of distinguished ability, fine character, and liberal disposition. Publishing in their hands was not a mere trade. They had their own tastes in literature, and a strong feeling of sympathy with the guild of authors. It was a fortunate day for Charlotte Brontë when her first novel fell into the hands of Smith, Elder & Co. It was not accepted. "The Professor," powerful as it undoubtedly was, did not commend itself as a first work to the sagacious publishing firm. But when it was returned to Haworth Parsonage, it was accompanied by a letter which spoke highly of its merits, and explained the special reasons why it was not acceptable. Those were the days of long novels. The reader expected three full volumes at least when he sat down to a work of fiction; and one weighty reason for the rejection of "The Professor" was that it was not long enough. But Charlotte had begun to write "Jane Eyre" only a day or two after the manuscript of "The Professor" had been sent on its travels among the London publishers; and "Jane Eyre"

was of the orthodox length. It was nearly completed when Smith, Elder's letter was received. It was natural in these circumstances that the three volume novel should be sent in the first place to the publishers who had been at least courteous and friendly in their refusal of the shorter story.

Everybody knows what followed. On August 24th, 1847, the manuscript of "Jane Eyre" was sent to Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. at their publishing house in Cornhill. In October it was published. The first person to read it in manuscript was Mr. Williams. The tradition is that he sat up nearly all night in order to finish the book, the extraordinary power and freshness of which he at once felt. Then Mr. George Smith, who was inclined to laugh at his "reader's" enthusiasm, himself read it, and marvelled at it as much as Mr. Williams had done. The book was instantly accepted, and a very considerable sum (we believe £500) paid for it. There is no need to dwell further here on the public success of the author; but the story of her personal relations with Smith, Elder & Co.—including in the Company the leading people in the firm—is of itself of sufficient interest to deserve fuller attention than it has yet received from Charlotte Brontë's biographers.

With Mr. Williams a friendship which lasted during life began at once. For some time he was the sole link between Miss Brontë and the great world of literature in London. It was to him that she applied for information about the men and women who up to that moment had been only names to her. It was from him that she learned particulars of Thackeray, George Lewis, and the other leaders in the critical world upon whom hitherto she had only looked from a distance. The letters in *Macmillan's Magazine* show something of the freedom and fulness with which she was in the habit of writing to Mr. Williams. Still more will be learned from her confidential letters to Miss Nussey and other friends. Mr. Williams was her first favourite in Smith, Elder & Co.'s house. It was he who had ushered her across the threshold of the temple of letters. She always liked and trusted him, and clung to him more closely than to her other publishing acquaintances. Indeed her letters bear testimony to the fact that she grew impatient if she did not hear from him frequently, and that it was to his judgment that she trusted most implicitly when she had produced anything fresh. The man who stood in such a relationship as this to Charlotte Brontë would not have lived in vain even if he had possessed no other claim upon our gratitude.

With Mr. Williams Charlotte Brontë felt at home almost from the first. But it was different with Mrs. Smith, and even with her son. Painfully shy and nervous, the authoress was dazzled by the brilliancy of the life led by these friends of hers. To Mrs. Smith's kindness she bore grateful testimony when writing to her friends at home. But she was never quite at ease with that lady, kind-hearted and hospitable as she was. There is no reason to imagine that this arose from any fault on Mrs. Smith's side. The peculiar disposition of Charlotte Brontë herself, and her hopeless inability to shine in general society, are quite sufficient to account for it. Mr. George Smith filled the Yorkshire parson's daughter with wonder and admiration. He was young, handsome, high-spirited. To Charlotte Brontë he seemed to be altogether the most brilliant and imposing young man she had yet met. That she was greatly attracted by him, and learned to like and trust him not merely as a man of business but as a friend, is made evident by her correspondence, both published and unpublished. At one time some of her acquaintances suggested the possibility of her marrying him. She put the suggestion aside at once and decisively, though she did so chiefly on the ground of "the wide breach time had made between them" (he was six or eight years her junior) and of his superior brightness and hopefulness of spirit, which contrasted so strongly with her own shyness and depression.



It is not generally known that the kind publisher who introduced her to so many writers and persons of distinction in London, escorted her to Edinburgh on the occasion of her only visit to the Scottish capital. She went in the company of Mr. Smith and one of his sisters. When "Villette" appeared—and "Villette," it need hardly be said, contains the best portrait of Charlotte Brontë herself which has yet been painted—its author revealed to a friend the fact that there were other portraits in the book beside her own. Among them were those of "Dr. John" and his mother. She had sketched these characters, in outline at least, from Mr. George Smith and Mrs. Smith. Her anxiety was great whilst she waited to hear Mr. Smith's verdict on the book, and equally great was her relief when she found that he had not detected the fact that he had himself served as a model for one of the principal figures in the story.

There remains for brief mention a fourth member of the publishing house whose connection with Charlotte Brontë might, but for one of those strokes of fate which we call accident, have been much closer than that of any of his colleagues. This was one of the business managers, who, in one of Charlotte's memoirs, is referred to as X. He made her acquaintance when she came to London and revealed her identity to the firm, and he was immediately struck by her as none of the other members of the house were. In plain English, he fell in love with her, and wished to marry her. Charlotte discusses his character at length in her correspondence with her confidential friend—discusses it as critically as though he were one of the children of her own fancy. "Abilities he has, for he rules his firm and keeps forty young men under strict control by his iron will. His young superior likes him, which, to speak the truth, is more than I do at present. In fact, I suspect that he is of the Helston order of men—rigid, despotic, and self-willed. He tries to be very kind, and even to express sympathy sometimes, and he does not manage it. He has a determined, dreadful nose in the middle of his face, which, when poked into my countenance, cuts into my soul like iron. Still he is horribly intelligent, quick, searching, sagacious, and with a memory of relentless tenacity." This is hardly the picture a man would care to see drawn of himself by the woman he wishes to marry. But there is evidence that by-and-by Charlotte modified her opinion of Mr. X. That she ever reciprocated his feeling for her there is no evidence to show. But she learned to respect and even to like him, and when he went—as he did—to Haworth, to see her in her own home, he made a conquest of her father. How much further matters might have gone, none can say; for at this point Fate stepped in, and sent Mr. X. on a business commission to the other side of the world. His errand was to last five years. He urged Charlotte to marry him, and he wrote to her from his distant place of exile. She held out no hope to him, though she did not quite put aside the possibility of a change when the five years had elapsed. Alas! before they were at an end Charlotte Brontë had gone to her grave—and as the wife of another man. So ended the quaint romance which was interwoven with the story of her relations with her publishers.

#### THERE WAS A TIME FOR SPORT.

BOOKS which describe the holiday festivals of earlier England, and the "sports, games, pastimes, and customs" associated with them, read almost like the records of a foreign people. Ours is still, no doubt, the most sporting country in the world, but the term "sport" has acquired a restricted and special meaning, and is little concerned with the relaxations of those whom James I. called "the meaner sort of people." Old writers on English

sports and pastimes could go down into any hamlet, at well-nigh any season of the year, and find the matter for a merry chapter. But if Strutt or Stow were living now, what a long and heavy tramp would there be to glean enough to fill a page! What would be the feelings of either, were he to revisit the glimpses of the moon on May Day, the great rural festival of the year in the England that was then called "merry"? He would find no May-pole, with "the glory of flowers that crowned it," no morris-dancers circling about it, no procession of Robin Hood, Little John, May Queen, and hobby-horse through the village street where, in Herrick's day,

"Devotion gives each house a bough  
Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this  
An ark, a tabernacle is  
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove."

Should he choose another season—any season—his disappointment would be the same. For the rolling months no longer bring each one its customary festival to "the meaner sort of people." All, or nearly all, the "village customs" of England are extinct. Plough Monday, Shrove-tide, Palm Sunday, and "Shere" Thursday, the Easter customs, May-day, the Whitsun sports, Harvest Home, Fairs and "Wakes," Michaelmas feasting, Martinmas, and Christmas—here is the whole year epitomised in a few great festivals once peculiar (for the most part) to the labouring people; hailed with delight by them as month succeeded month, and honoured always in the observance. An England of regular and jolly festivals; some feast or pastime proper to every month; kings giving out edicts in recommendation or disapproval of this or the other sport, as healthful or hurtful to the people—such an England as this seems almost pre-historic to us. It is quite possible of course for the *laudator temporis acti* to overcharge his parable. "There were plenty of troubles in those days"; now and then the plague slew whole villages; food was often scarce; oppression was common; punishments (at various epochs) included burning, boiling, squeezing, and whipping to death. But the fact remains that the England in which the labouring population lived rather scantily and dirtily, and very ignorantly, in which the poor were "put in their places and kept there," and in which the laws were desperately cruel to the defenceless and the weak, was also the England which was "merriest" in those national pastimes that belonged to and were of the very life of the common people.

We can hardly realise in this, its sportive aspect, the England that glimmers cheerfully in the pages of a little volume on "Old English Sports" which the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield has just published through Messrs. Methuen & Co. It is a picture in little of the "ancient sports and pastimes," the "strange superstitions," and "curious customs" which "existed in the times of our forefathers." We follow Mr. Ditchfield from January to December, assist at the "bringing-in" of the New Year in the first chapter, and are present, in the last, at one of those wild Christmas gambols which, as Scott sang,

"... oft would cheer  
A poor man's heart through all the year."

The book is all songs and dances, pageants and "quaint observances"; the passing of the wassail-bowl, and custards, and fat capons; the echo of lusty laughter from the village green, the river, and the harvest-field; the swoop of the falcon, the rattle of the quarter-staff; the glint of arrows where the butts were set, the babble of the bowling-green.

These things are not in the England of our day, where it is oftener asked how the poor live than how the poor play. Over-driven England, rural and urban both, looks forward hungrily or weariedly to the brief *délassement* of the Bank Holiday. In the days recalled by Mr. Ditchfield, "every season of the year had its holiday customs"; there was "some merry fit" for mid-winter, as for the blithest days of June; if it were not the time of May-poles, it

was the time of hock-carts; if not of hock-carts, of wassails, fairs, or "wakes." Herrick sees "December turned to May," and the "chilling winter's morn smile like a field beset with corn." Bygone England numbered almost as many feast-days as the Palestine of the Old Testament, and kept them all. Nowadays, it does not ask too full a purse to do a little cheap-tripping on the Bank Holiday, and a Saturday-to-Monday outing should leave some change out of a five-pound note. Travel, at home or abroad, on the grand scale or on the simple, is easier and infinitely cheaper to-day than it was in the latest of the periods which Mr. Ditchfield glances at; but it fares poorly with those who cannot afford to travel at all. Through the many generations which the dozen chapters of this little volume embrace, no English hind had need to seek his pleasures beyond his village bounds. They came to him with the evening of the months: they came to his cottage-door. As poor a man as he was, he might be King of the Bean on Twelfth Night; he might dance with the Queen of the Pea. He knew that when the cuckoo called in the woods, there would be stool-ball and barley-brake. There would be the bounds to beat when the hawthorn blossomed; whistling and jingling matches in June; and cricket, with its parent club-ball, in the "golden evenings of July." Harvest might be good or bad, but the farmer would not forego the harvest-home. September would see the Michaelmas goose upon the spit. In October, he might gape at a Mystery play in the church; he might be clown or shepherd in a pastoral, acted for the pleasure of Royalty on a visit to the neighbouring lord. There were apples to be dived for on All-Hallow Eve. Three notable feasts were sacred to November: All Saints' Day, the Fifth, and Martinmas. "Drear December" was fairly packed with holidays. They began with St. Nicholas' Day, when "the children enjoyed a great treat"; and spent themselves riotously on New Year's Eve, when the moist log was lighted "with the last year's brand."

Mr. Ditchfield would revive these "winsome festivals." It is hardly to be done. The optimist, however, looks for a "merry England" of another sort, in a day of which the dawn is just perceptible (as John Bright said) beyond the hills of time. On all sides there is an expansion of life. Men and women who toil for wages are everywhere growing tired, as the Fabian Society puts it, "of being only working animals." It is to these toilers—when they shall have realised their new aspirations—that we must look for the making of the merry England of the future. We and England are in their hands.

#### CRICKET: THE BOY AND THE MAN.

TO some the scandal of the week is an affair of baccarat, to others the way Notts went down before M.C.C. I was at Lords on Monday all day (my conscience uncomfortable, for on my office door I had left a notice, "Back at two o'clock"), and for a time there sat in front of me a false little urchin of eight, who would like to kick the whole Notts team. I heard him say so to his sister, who is a head taller than himself, but such a muff that she thought the batsman scored one when he was caught. That boy began the day with an ardent and arrogant faith in Notts, but as the batsmen retired from the wickets as precipitately as the Caius of his Delectus fled from the city, he scorned them and flung off his allegiance and became bitter, and even told lies. He had bragged of what Flowers would do; and when Flowers did not do it, he said coolly, "I never thought Flowers up to much; you just watch Billy Gunn." At this moment the great Gunn was bowled by Rawlin. "Why is he going back so soon?" asked the girl. It was pathetic; the boy could not speak. "Never mind," he said bravely the next minute, "when Billy doesn't come off, Barnes always does." Out went Barnes for nothing. "Why didn't you

keep it low?" the boy cried to him reproachfully. H. B. Daft came—and went. "You ass!" cried the boy, "to spoon it into his hands; yah!" Mr. Redgate made three, and then three men added nothing between them. "Oh, the duffer," groaned the boy, "why didn't he take it to leg. Oh, you muddler! to lift that one. Call this cricket, you asses; I should like to kick the lot of you!" "But you said they were such tiptoppers," complained the girl. "Notts tiptoppers!" he answered scornfully, "why I could lick the lot of them off my own bat. Look here, lend me another penny, and I'll get some ginger-beer."

I must confess that, with the honour of an introduction to that boy, I should have been willing to "lend" him the penny, so thoroughly had he expressed my sentiments. I could recall (and so, doubtless, could he, for, as I have said, he looked eight years old) a time when Notts were invincible, when such a second-rate team of M.C.C. would have feared to look them in the face. And now four of them made fifteen runs, to which the fielding added six. The remaining seven players were all "ducks." Ultimately M.C.C. won by an innings. Oh, Notts! Notts! get Shrewsbury and Mr. Dixon to play for you henceforth; and if they cannot (or whether or no), get that little boy to coach you for your next match. Get him, too, to pick out promising colts for you. You let Sharpe and Lockwood and many another slip through your fingers, because you did not see the stuff that was in them. He would never have done that. I heard him tell his sister so.

The last remark I heard the boy make (he was on my toes at the time) was that Surrey was the eleven for his money. His money (for the ginger-beer is twopence-halfpenny) was only three-ha'pence, but again I admired him—this time for his penetration. Undoubtedly Surrey is the strongest county of the year, less, I think, because it is stronger than last year (though now it has more good men in reserve) than because the other counties are weaker. I hear literary men (elderly) saying that there are few young writers who seem fit to take the place of the old ones, and, on my word, I fear that can also be said of cricket. (I am an old boy myself.) Now, as "A.B." wrote, one can always fall back on the old books, but you cannot watch the play of the cricketers of the past (unless Mr. Edison has constructed a somethingophone for that purpose), and so young bowlers and batsmen are a necessity, while young writers are mere luxuries.

The Eighty Club, I see, were feasting at Cambridge the other day, and the undergraduates listened to the speeches. Well, politics are all very well, and chiefly so, I think, because public meetings seldom take place until after stumps are drawn. But I hope the Universities see clearly that, though their second duty may be to understand about the Land Bill, their first is to find a good medium-paced bowler. Mr. Jackson has been taking wickets at an average cost of one for twelve runs; but no other amateur has bowled this season as the boy told his sister amateurs should bowl—"so that the batsman misses, you know, and then he is a goner." Martin, Briggs, Wright, Attewell, Lohmann, Mold, Sharpe—why, there is nearly an eleven of professionals before we come to an amateur, and he is a colonial! I don't know what is to become of the Gentlemen this year when they take the field against the Players, whose leading bowlers, be it noted with alarm, are batsmen good enough to send in first wicket down. If Mold is in the Player team, the Gentlemen should wear two pads on each leg. Once the Players are in, I don't see how they are to be got out, unless "W. G." bowls for catches at a ruinous expense. May I be there to see ("Back at two o'clock") when the match takes place; and may the boy be in front of me, to tell how the doctor should have lifted that nice one to the "on" for six, and how Billy should have held W. W. with one hand ("by leaping in the air this way"), and how Lohmann should have caught and bowled Mr. Hornby when he had made two. For all these things the boy will know; and, ah, I wish I were he



## A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

## XLI.—THE INNER TEMPLE GARDENS.

IT was not very long ago that I wandered through the tents here and saw the flowers. There were orchids with their wicked beauty, looking as if they had just committed strange delicate sins and took a pleasure in them. A cluster of some wonderful calceolaria was like a little pile of ripe strawberries. There was a fruit tent where there were trees and temptations and policemen. Outside one heard the sweet music of the band; and the rain fell softly; and it was possible to buy refreshments. But on Monday evening all that was past. The Horticultural Society had folded its tents like the Arabs, and the Arabs of the Streets had taken its place. The gardens were thrown open to the children.

The Embankment has its attractions for a street child. The child loves to climb into just such a position that it combines the delight of seeing the Thames with the exciting possibility of being drowned in it. But the Embankment was not now, apparently, so popular as the Inner Temple Gardens. Admission is a great thing; the charm of feeling one's self admitted almost makes up for an absence of entertainment. Yet the shade of trees and the green grass might well seem attractive enough to those who have spent the day in hot, crowded, dusty streets. The children seemed to think so; they yelled a good deal, a practice that always seems to comfort them and rest them. There were more girls than boys; I saw there many feminine habits in the early stages of their formation. I noticed much which was absolutely inexplicable. I cannot, for instance, understand the conduct of personal combat between two girls. First, they look steadily and malignantly at one another; then they interchange expressions of hatred and contempt; and at last one of them strikes. She strikes always with the open hand and a loose wrist, and for preference aims either at the back or at one of the arms of her antagonist. She strikes impressively, dramatically, slowly; she gives her antagonist ample time to get out of the way, which is strange, and yet the antagonist never does get out of the way, which seems still more strange. Occasionally a little hair-pulling and face-scratching follow, but as a rule the contest is interrupted at this point. Nor do I know why the roughest and noisiest of these girls always have dresses so much too long and too loose for them; one can understand their not having boots, because one can understand their having too little of anything; it is the excess which is so inexplicable. There is not much fighting done; they mostly sit in groups and play the games that require no apparatus—nothing but the imitative instinct. They pretend to be in church or in school; they pretend to be intoxicated; they pretend to be dead. "Let's play at funerals" was a suggestion that I overheard. They are a queer contrast to the trim garden and the sombre buildings around it.

Where do the children come from? How is it that they know to the day and the hour the moment when these gates are thrown open and they are allowed to enter the paradise within? What do they talk about when they go back to the crowded alleys and tell the story of their brief visit to this land of green grass and shady trees? I have asked myself these questions year after year, for more years than I care to remember. Once I took to questioning the children as to their place of residence, and learned with wonder that most of them lived quite near to the Temple. There are a thousand nooks and corners under the shadow of the Law Courts where, unknown to the outer world, hundreds of families live as best they can, in narrow courts, in the garrets of ancient houses, in places so terrible that human life must at best be a burden to those who dwell in them. But the burden is laid aside to-day, and the cries of childish joy ring from side to side of the trim lawn, and echo not unpleasantly in the ears of the eminent

Q.C. whose windows overlook the scene. For the moment the little ones—and curiously enough they are all little, even the big sister who takes charge of a family of eight being the merest mite imaginable—are at peace, and are tasting the delight of living.

It is an excellent thing that there should be this pleasant playground for the children of the Strand, a place where, for a few hours, they may be absolutely natural and amuse themselves as they please—provided, of course, that they do no damage. The popularity of such open spaces must be fairly obvious to anyone who looks into the gardens of Leicester Square or Charing Cross on a fine summer evening; nor is it only with the children that they are popular. There are plenty of working men who would sooner smoke their evening pipe in the cool open air than in the heat and reek of a public-house bar. They want some place where they can be moderately quiet, and where they will not be bothered to improve themselves or to deteriorate themselves. It is a thousand pities that the example of the Inner Temple has not been more followed. If the use of such gardens is reserved during the day for the class that need them least, they might at any rate be thrown open on summer evenings. The point has been urged in the public press time after time. Nothing but the meanest selfishness and the silliest obstinacy prevents this improvement—an improvement which would add immensely to the welfare of the community at large, and involve little or no loss to any individual.

## THE LOUVRE REVISITED.

EVERYONE who finds himself in Paris in May, goes to the Salon and the Champ de Mars. In both places everyone walks and stares until his brain and legs give way, and he totters into the street a wreck, having been bored to distraction by mediocre paintings that, whatever may be our misfortunes we hope we may be spared from seeing again. And yet it never seems to occur to any of these picture lovers that they might with pleasure and profit leave their torture-chambers for a lordly pleasure-house not far distant called the Louvre.

Since the day when, broken-hearted, I laid down the brush for ever and took up the pen—henceforth to be my constant companion—I had not been to the Louvre. Like another I went every year to the Salon and—*puisque c'est mon métier*—wrote about the hopelessly uninteresting pictures that are exhibited there. But this year I was wiser; I said, I will spend as little time as may be in the Salon and Champ de Mars, and this May will be remembered by me for the many happy hours I spent in the Louvre.

In hot haste I hurried across the courtyard and, taking the first staircase, went up three steps at a time. Turning sharp to the right I found myself in a vast hall, covered with pictures from floor to ceiling, and, under my eye, quite a little collection of Dutch work. A set of charming Ostades, Isack and Adrian Ostade, a middling Dujardin, and what I fancy must be an excellent Brouwer, *Le Fumeur*. I do not think the National Gallery possesses an example of this painter's work. Then some indifferent Paters, and then a Franz Hals—*La Bohémienne*. A very uninteresting Hals, notwithstanding its reputation; the mere apotheosis of studio painting. I am more interested in a Chardin hung underneath it—a loaf of bread, some peaches, and a china sugar bowl. The brown of the loaf, the dull crimson of the peaches, the dainty white and pink of the bowl! was colour ever more charmingly rendered? It is too decorative to be Dutch—there is a spiritual sweetness in the painting which I have never met before. Close at hand there is another Chardin—*Ustensiles Divers*. Dear me, a great, great painter, and until to-day he was no more to me than a name! *Assemblée dans le Parc*, an exquisite Watteau. Evening sky, enclosing trees,

a little lake reflecting some of the sky's blue, figures in various coloured dress sitting and standing about the water's edge; the whole an incomparable expression of the ephemeral grace of mundane things steeped in the eternal poetry of the day's decline. Passing over a vulgar portrait of Marie de Medicis by Rubens we come upon what must be the finest Velasquez, *L'Enfante Marie Therèse*. The child's hair has been curled in some fabulous fashion till it stands out at least three inches on *each* side of the face. It looks like a lord chancellor's wig, maybe it is a wig, but so extraordinary is the charm of the face, modelled apparently with one tint of grey, its very essence, that one is not tempted to inquire whether the hair is a wig, or natural hair extravagantly arranged and curled. Through the grey tint of the face the light plays softly, lighting up the cheek-bones, where a high light in some miraculous way puts the whole face into its atmosphere. Behind the head there is a green curtain; hardly is it indicated and yet were you to take away that green note the charm of the picture would be gone. And not very far away is a Rembrandt. Shame to say, I am far less moved by this painter than by any other of the great ones. I suppose it is that mixture of dream and reality of which his pictures are generally composed which prevents me from appreciating him as I should. This picture *La Femme au Bain* is not nearly so celebrated as *Le Bon Samaritain* or the *Disciples d'Emmaüs*, but it moves me more. It is as plain a piece of realism as the great visionary of Amsterdam ever painted. True that the type is ugly, and he has attenuated no defect of form, but nothing is ugly for the eye that sees things beautiful. The motion of the body, is it not admirable! how indolently she sits, allowing her feet to be wiped! And if the drawing of the face and the arm on which she leans *draw* the attention, should we not be almost thankful that they do this? For when was the character of a face rendered with more amplitude, fervour, and gravity; and that arm and hand, how you feel that he has forgotten nothing. Rich and opulent to the eye is this painting; hardly any colour has been used, and yet the canvas is impregnated with gold. If the palette were analysed, it would be found to consist of molten gold!

On the opposite wall there hangs a charming Lancret. The chemise of the little woman who has sprung out of bed is cold and hard; Watteau would have treated it more skilfully, but the charm of the face and bosom and all the rest of the colour is beyond praise. And close at hand there is the most celebrated of all the Watteaus—the life-size Pierrot on the hilltop, all his white folly staring you in the face. This is the only Watteau I know which seems to me to have been painted direct from nature. No doubt the Pierrot is entirely successful, but are the heads that are just appearing over the hilltop quite perfect? For instance, the laughing face of the black Pierrot. Is not the handling everywhere except in the principal figure somewhat heavy—those black trees, for instance? Surely Watteau has treated landscape less laboriously? Surely the landscape is of very little interest? At the end of this room, beneath a picture labelled Watteau, but which the least expert in artistic matters could see was not by him, is a Terburg—one of the very finest. The painting is quite miraculous—there is no other word—and to look on such work must cause a modern painter's heart to die within him. It is called "The Reading Lesson." A large, fat woman, of the type of the late Mr. Bradlaugh, is represented in profile, half-length, upon a canvas about a foot and a half square. She is dressed in brown dress trimmed with fur, and she holds the book towards the child, who bends over it until the face is almost lost in the mass of red curls. *Une demie pâte* precisely rather than minutely applied, a flowing and yet penetrating execution. Examine the child, is not every shape of the head felt beneath that mass of red curls? I know not what price this picture

would fetch if it were put up for auction, but surely not more than a Meissonier, and yet everyone in the slightest degree acquainted with art knows that between this and Meissonier's finest work no comparison is possible. I have often wondered why the prices paid for works by fashionable modern painters approximate so closely to the sums for which old masters may be purchased. It must be that the brutal instinct of life forces us to honour with our attention and our money what our own day produces.

In the next *salle* I was attracted by Courbet's picture of a modern funeral. There are some splendid things in it, but somehow I failed to work up any special enthusiasm. In *Salle III*. I could look at nothing but the Gericaults. It is hard to imagine a more beautiful picture than *Les Courses d'Epsom*. The composition of the palette is most happy. The dark yellow green of the sward and a dark sky made of such simple greys as black and white would give. Between these two tones come the galloping horses, and how they do gallop, first a chestnut, and last a chestnut, between them a brown and a grey. Summary and somewhat coarse in the handling, but a *chef d'œuvre*. Hence I wandered into the *Galerie d'Apollo*, knowing that above my head was the famous ceiling by Delacroix. But to me, at least, it is impossible to enjoy a work of art, however fine, that has to be gazed at from such an angle of torture.

In the *Salle Carrée* there are "Les Noces de Cana," Titian's "Entombment of Christ," and the most beautiful picture Leonardo da Vinci ever painted, "The St. Anne." All these pictures I respect, just as I respect Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare; but they mean nothing in my life, and, full of a feeling of shame, I turn and lose myself in admiration of a Terburg, a picture that is perhaps even more wonderful than "The Reading Lesson." The scene represented is a gallant proposing money to a pretty, plump little woman, who seems lost in consideration of the value of the gold pieces that are offered her. The gallant is a large, ugly man of about forty, in military gear. Look at him in his cuirass, his buff pourpoint, his great sword, and his boots with huge flaps, his felt hat lying on the ground behind him. The ugly, unshaven face, moist with perspiration, the long greasy hair, the small eyes, in which there is a look of ridiculous hope and inquiry, the soft sensual hand, that offers the money—how astonishing! We examine the smooth, simple, and limpid execution, unable to discover an outline, an accent, nor does the painter seem to have taken anywhere a measurement. We are puzzled as by the mysterious beauty of a rose; we see but can explain nothing. And if the drawing is wonderful, is not the chiaroscuro, the modelling of round surfaces, the play of the light, "the quality," equally wonderful; in this picture all is mystery and perfection. And is not the next picture, *La Visite*, by Metz, equally beautiful? The same impersonal drawing that by virtue of its impersonality may adapt itself and render all characteristics. Nothing preconceived, a learning that in the presence of the model is replaced by a naïve observation of nature; the palette is richer, but the method is the same as in the Terburg. How did those Dutchmen study, how did their masters teach? If we only knew! In Meissonier we see the learning, the knowledge, that like a crutch bears him up, supports him in his observation of the model; but in the young man, slender, elegantly dressed, a fop of the period, who comes in bowing ceremoniously to the pale woman who holds a wine glass in her long nervous hand, it is impossible to detect the formulæ; instead of the wire-drawn, rigid execution of the Frenchman, you have a beautiful flowing execution, supple and decisive, precise without being minute, giving to every slightest object its right value.

A little further on is *La Femme Hydropatque*, by Gerard Dow—somewhat cold and harsh. I like better *La Ménagère Hollandaise* that I shall find in



the long gallery! But my eye is caught by a Velasquez—another *Infante*. The same flesh tones of silvery grey, and about the face falls some blonde hair, painted with an unparalleled grace and sweetness. Her gray dress is black embroidered, her chubby hand rests on a table, and the royal race of the child is in the gesture. But is it better painted than the Terburg? No one ever painted better than Terburg, and no one ever will. But it is as well painted, and it has a distinction and a grandeur that are wholly wanting in Terburg. It was painted by as great a painter and by a far greater soul. . . . But which picture would I prefer to sign? For the whole world's praise, the Velasquez; to satisfy the unreasoning querulous soul within me, the Terburg.

On the other side of the doorway I see the mystical Leonardo—the Virgin sitting on St. Anne's knees, leaning her arms to the child, and as I look from this picture to the Velasquez, I think how little it matters which we choose, pure realism or pure dream; only let us go to either one end or the other, the space that lies between is the happy hunting ground of the *bourgeois*. G. M.

### THE DRAMA.

THE simultaneous production of two Ibsen burlesques in London is a practical tribute to the influence of the "Scandinavian humbug." The thing had to be done; one only wonders that the inevitable has been delayed so long. If 'twere done when 'tis done, then 'twere well 'twere done quickly. So, at least, thinks Mr. J. M. Barrie, the author of *Ibsen's Ghost*, at Toole's, which is a brief half-hour a-playing, and is as bright as it is short—*merum sal*. Mr. Barrie supplies us with a fifth act for *Hedda Gabler*. George Tesman, still in the "cheap literary suit" and the legendary slippers of Mr. Scott Buist, is married to Thea, who has not yet cast off the little black jacket—"if jacket it can be called"—of Miss Marion Lea. George is as fatuous, Thea as explosive, as ever. The big stove, almost as prominent a property in the Ibsen drama as Mr. Crummles's pump in Nicholas Nickleby's play, is not forgotten. Thea burns George's love-letters in it, and then tells him point-blank that she is going to leave him. "Do, dear!" he soothingly replies. But she insists on explaining why. She is the victim of an uncontrollable desire to kiss every man she sees. More precisely, she cannot help looking at the men as though she would like to be kissed; "and then they do it." "Fancy that, now!" ejaculates the placid George. "I wonder who your next wife will be!" from Thea, only provokes the echo, "I wonder!" Two new personages are now introduced: Thea's grandpapa, Peter Terence, and his "doll-wife" Delia. When Peter learns Thea's guilty secret he can at first only express his emotion in pantomime. He is suffering from the effects of a visit to *L'Enfant Prodigue*. When at length he recovers his voice, it is the exclamation "Ghosts! Ghosts!" In his youth he, too, suffered from this osculatory mania, so that Thea's is one more case of heredity. A sudden lowering of the gas, and, hey presto! Thea has doffed Miss Lea's exiguous jacket and "yellow hair" for the black dinner-dress and fur boa of Miss Robins, while Peter reappears as Dr. Ibsen, with each particular hair standing on an end as in the photographs. Handing Peter a pop-gun, Thea—now Hedda—requests him to "do it beautifully," and feels him all over in order to find "a good place." In this she is assisted by Grandmamma Delia, who is anxious to escape from the thralldom of her husband. For, while he has been at *L'Enfant Prodigue*, she has been to see *A Doll's House*. Ultimately they all three execute a happy despatch with pop-guns, and George (who had gone out to write a letter to Aunt Julia) re-entering, remarks, placidly as ever, "somebody has been shooting rubbish here."

All this is very happily conceived, in the most genial spirit: a true *reductio ad absurdum*. Mr. Barrie has a light hand and the discretion to leave off at the right moment. The players, too, are clever parodists in their several ways. Mr. Toole labours under the disadvantage of never having seen an Ibsen play, and, on the first night, he was by no means perfect in his words; but his make-up was a really triumphant piece of caricature. Miss Irene Vanbrugh burlesques Miss Lea more successfully than she does Miss Robins. Mr. Skelton's ludicrous perversion of Mr. Scott Buist's Tesman is quite admirable.

The other Ibsen burlesque, *The Gifted Lady*, at the Avenue, is a dismal failure. To poke fun at Ibsen without being funny for a single moment would seem a difficult achievement; but Mr. Robert Buchanan has accomplished it. He lacks all the qualifications for parody which Mr. Barrie displays, and some others. He is long, when he ought to be short; spreading over three acts what at best could barely suffice for one. His vivacity is like that of the German baron in Boswell; his discretion like that of the other baron, the French one, in *Tricocoe et Cacolet*, who always *manquait de tact*. And though he has no humour, he has plenty of ill-humour. In short, he is the Robert Buchanan that we know—and wish we didn't. For his scheme he seems to have returned to the outworn formula of such pieces as *Un Mari à la Campagne*, and its English derivatives, *The Serious Family* and *The Colonel*. It was a very simple formula in its day. You started with a household all sixes and sevens, in which an easy-going husband, of the type *homme sensuel moyen*, was tyrannised over by a wife with a "fad"—pietism, say, or æstheticism. You surrounded the wife with a crew of ignoble parasites. You introduced a "Charles, his friend," who recommended the husband to turn the tables on his wife by exciting her feminine jealousy. The trick invariably succeeded, and the curtain descended upon a submissive wife and a "tag" celebrating the triumph of common-sense. This is the plan which Mr. Buchanan has tried to follow in *The Gifted Lady*. The wife's "fad" is now, of course, Ibsenism *plus* Tolstoism *plus* Schopenhauerism; in short, an amalgam of all the "isms" which happen to be the especial bugbears of Mr. Buchanan. The crew of parasites is composed of the various types of "modern young man" as pictured by Mr. Buchanan's morbid imagination—the pessimist poet, the French *décadent*, the anti-conventional critic. His notion of making them appear ridiculous is to bring them on the stage drunk, or to induce them to sit on fragile band-boxes containing bonnets, or to blacken their eyes by the fists of their "common-sense" opponents. Finally, when the wife, after an ineffectual attempt to elope with the poet, finds that her husband has adopted her own doctrine of "emancipation" and is putting it into practice with the maid-servant (rehearsing for the part of Pangloss to her Paquette in what Voltaire calls *leçons de physique élémentaire*), she comes to her senses, and the play to an end. Would-be comic perversions of Ibsen's catchwords and leading phrases occur *passim*. "I have been living all these years with a funny man," says Miss Fanny Brough (a clever actress whom one is sorry to see so unprofitably employed); "I had to do it, there was no other way," says Miss Cicely Richards; the "white horses" of *Rosmersholm* become "white donkeys," and Thea Elvsted's "yellow hair" is turned into "tow." Surely it is needless to give further specimens of Mr. Buchanan's elephantine humour? In the "author's note," without which no piece of Mr. Buchanan's would be complete, we are told that *The Gifted Lady* is a work of "colossal suburbanism." Dryden once discussed the nice question (in his preface to *The Maiden Queen*) whether an author can judge well of his own productions. In this instance, the answer, I think, is an emphatic affirmative.

At the Criterion, on Tuesday afternoon, Miss

Norreys essayed the part of Nora in *A Doll's House*, with only half success. She showed—but enough of Ibsen for one week!

A. B. W.

## THE WEEK.

THE Copyright Question is still in suspense, and there is in consequence not a little uneasiness on the part of English authors and publishers. Many arrangements have already been made on the faith of the passing of the Copyright Law in the United States; and there would be heavy loss and much confusion if, after all, no copyright were to be secured in America for English writers. Happily, as we said last week, it lies with our own Government to remove the "lion in the path" which has so suddenly confronted us, and nobody can doubt that, in this matter at least, Ministers will do their duty. If they failed to do so a hundred pens among their own political supporters would gladly write their epitaphs.

MR. ARTHUR CUTHBERT continues, in the columns of the *Standard*, to fight the battle of MR. HARRIS against MRS. OLIPHANT. The outer world would hardly, however, appreciate his attempts to vindicate a man whose course of action is so completely at variance with ordinary ideas of propriety and common sense. MR. HARRIS may have been perfectly honest in his dealings with LAURENCE OLIPHANT; but if he ceases to be a conscious impostor, it is only to fall into the position of a fanatic. MR. CUTHBERT's letters are, however, of marked psychological interest.

ARCHBISHOP TAIT's life is "the book of the week" and something more. It is a really valuable contribution to the public history of an important period in the life of the nation. TAIT was a great ecclesiastic in the sense of being even more of a statesman than of a theologian, and his services as a mediator between political parties were not slight. Incidentally the story of his life throws some light upon the position of the QUEEN in English politics. Her letter on the Irish Church Question has been published in all the papers, and has been widely commented upon. It is curious how little the outer world knows of the part taken by the QUEEN in political affairs. Nor is it likely to know, until long after all who now concern themselves with public events are dust.

FOUR years ago we first heard that MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON intended to write a story of the Southern seas. Occasional rumours of its progress have reached these shores since then, and now at last it is announced as nearly finished. But even when it is completed it will be some time before "The Wreckers" can rank as "practicable literature"—to borrow, re-apply, and emend a famous phrase—because it must first of all pass through the columns of a Sunday paper.

SINCE 1855 there has been no re-issue of MR. RUSKIN's Edinburgh "Lectures on Architecture and Painting," delivered in 1853. MR. ALLEN is now reprinting them, and the volume will be similar in style to the small edition of "The Seven Lamps of Architecture." There are four lectures in all, two on architecture, one on TURNER, and one on Pre-Raphaelitism. The fifteen full-page illustrations by the author, which in the edition of 1855 were placed together at the end of the book, will be distributed throughout the text in the neighbourhood of the matter which they illustrate. A special edition of two hundred and fifty copies will be printed on hand-made paper.

A NEW edition is announced by MR. J. C. NIMMO of the REV. F. O. MORRIS's popular works on Natural History. His "History of British Birds" has been revised and enlarged, the most important addition being descriptions of twenty-nine species new to Britain. New matter has also been added to the same author's "British Butterflies" and "British Moths."

IT is really somewhat of a reproach to English letters that the man of whom SWIFT said "He has more wit than we all have, and his humanity is equal to his wit," is not more widely known. Now, however, we are to have a scholarly life of DR. JOHN ARBUTHNOT, and a selection from his works, which will be the first serious attempt to give him his proper rank among the great wits of QUEEN ANNE's time. MR. G. A. AITKEN, known by his admirable "Life of Steele," is the author; and we understand the work is ready for the printer.

MR. CHARLES YRIARTE has added another volume to his writings on the BORGHIAS. "Autour des Borgia," an artistic publication worthy of the reputation of the publisher, M. JULES ROTHSCHILD, contains descriptions and illustrations of the memorials of the BORGHIAS, including drawings of those apartments in the Vatican which were decorated by order of ALEXANDER VI. There is also new matter concerning CÆSAR BORGIA's famous swords, and the portraits of CÆSAR and LUCRETIA and that of their unspeakable father.

WE note, by the way, that the last of the BORGHIAS has just died at Gnigl, near Salzburg. It was in 1730 that a BORGIA came to Vienna as Spanish ambassador. This Prince, DON ALBERTO CALISTO, settled in Austria, and his descendants gradually sank in the social scale, FRIEDRICH CALISTO, the last of them, having, before his death, failed as a photographer.

M. E. PLON, NOURRIT ET CIE. will publish shortly the first volume of the memoirs of GENERAL MARBOT, the main subject of which is the campaign of Austerlitz; and a study of CHANGARNIER by COUNT D'ANTIOCHE.

ONE of the most interesting enterprises in French publication is the Bibliothèque de Romans Historiques" of MM. ARMAND COLIN ET CIE. The idea of a series of historical romances of all times and of all countries by the best writers seems to us a very happy one; for the novel will, we expect, remain for many years to come the main source of popular historical knowledge. The latest additions to M. ARMAND COLIN's library are "Les Gens d'Épinal" by RICHARD AUVRAY, and "L'Élève de Garrick" by AUGUSTIN FILON. The former is a romance of the troublous times of civil strife which, in France, succeeded the death of JOAN OF ARC. The latter, as the title indicates, is a story of English manners in the end of last century.

MR. GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM, of MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, has compiled an important manual on the "Question of Copyright." It is a summary of the Copyright Laws at present in force in the chief countries of the world, together with a report of the legislation now pending in Great Britain, a sketch of the contest in the United States in behalf of International Copyright, and papers on the development of the conception of literary property, and on the probable effects of the New American law.

THE first edition of "The Calendar of Shakespearean Rarities" (LONGMANS) was printed for



private circulation only. Since the death of its author, MR. J. O. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPS, who was also the collector of the treasures catalogued, it has been found advisable to enlarge the volume with notes descriptive of the various items. Many of the books contain memoranda, written in them by their late owner, pointing out their special Shakespearian interest, and the reason of their inclusion in the collection. These memoranda, the editor of the second edition, MR. ERNEST E. BAKER, has copied almost in full, and he has also drawn largely on the seventh edition of MR. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPS'S "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare." The collection of varieties still lies in Chancery Lane awaiting a purchaser.

MISS SARAH ORNE JEWETT'S "Strangers and Wayfarers" (OSGOOD) comes to us with a recommendation from MR. RUSSELL LOWELL, which alone ought to secure for it our attention. The American poet describes his countrywoman's stories as properly prose idylls, the life they commemorate being as simple in its main elements, if not so picturesque in its setting, as that which has survived for us in THEOCRITUS—"Lenient in landscapes," "discreet in dialect," with gifts of "quiet pathos," and "subdued humour." MISS JEWETT is pronounced one of the "Little Masters." If her work is only half as good as MR. LOWELL says it is, we will be as glad of it here as they seem to be in America.

A SYMPOSIUM on "Woman's Work in America" (HOLT & Co.), edited by ANNIE NATHAN MEYER, with an introduction by JULIA WARD HOWE, is creating some stir in America just now. It is modelled upon MR. THEODORE STANTON'S "Woman Question in Europe," and contains eighteen chapters by as many different women on education, literature, journalism, medicine, the ministry, law, the State, industry and philanthropy. It is not very strong on its historical side, but the latter half of the volume, dealing with industry and charity—subjects requiring a minimum of research—is well-written. The writers are in earnest, and the Americans think it the best book on the work of women and their intellectual advancement which has appeared in their country.

THE delay in the appearance of MR. WALTER CRANE'S "Renascence" (MATHEWS) is accounted for by the illness of an engraver who had charge of some of the blocks of the head- and tail-pieces designed by MR. CRANE for his poems. The first part of the volume consists of pieces hitherto unpublished; the second part contains, among other poems that have appeared in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, "The Sirens Three," possibly MR. CRANE'S first effort. "Flora's Feast," originally issued by MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. as a Christmas book, is also among the reprinted pieces. We understand the large-paper edition is already exhausted.

WHAT evil genius has been whispering in the ear of MR. ALFRED AUSTIN in his villa at Careggi? We have seen many curious dedications, but never anything to equal the letter of recommendation addressed to SIR JOHN MILLAIS which is prefixed to MR. AUSTIN'S "Narrative Poems" (MACMILLAN). It reads exactly like a testimonial, and the writer even goes out of his way to defend SIR JOHN from the reproach that he deserted his first love, Pre-Raphaelitism.

THE "Riverside Edition" of MR. RUSSELL LOWELL'S writings (MACMILLAN) approaches completion. The third volume of the poetical works—the ninth and penultimate one of the whole series—is published this week. Its principal contents are the brilliant "Fable for Critics," and "Under the Willows, and Other Poems."

MR. W. G. HOLE, whose "Procris" hardly received all the attention it deserved, has published another volume of verse entitled "Amoris Imago" (KEGAN PAUL). There are also published this week, "Michael Villiers, Idealist, and Other Poems" (SMITH, ELDER), by MISS E. H. HICKEY; "Rhymes from the Russian" (KEGAN PAUL), by DR. JOHN POLLEN, of the Indian Civil Service; and "My Christ" (SIMPKIN, MARSHALL), by H. ELVET LEWIS, whose pseudonym is "Elfed."

A CHEAPER edition of MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co.'s "Golden Treasury Series" will be, in no hackneyed sense, a real boon to a very large public. As a library of select popular poetry it stands unrivalled. It is to be re-issued in monthly volumes at a net price of half-a-crown, the first two numbers being MR. F. T. PALGRAVE'S "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics," and MR. COVENTRY PATMORE'S "Children's Garland from the Best Poets."

LONDON is certainly a well-worn theme, as MR. W. J. LOFTIE says in the preface to "London City" (THE LEADENHALL PRESS); but it is not a theme, however well-worn it may be, at all likely to be worn out yet a while. The handsome volume which MR. LOFTIE has compiled, which MR. LUKER, JUN., has illustrated, and for which two thousand people had subscribed before its publication, is a timely proof of the interest there is in London itself, of course, and in any really good book about it. In compiling the book MR. LOFTIE has included the results of the latest researches and discoveries. The whole of the illustrations are from original drawings.

A COMPANION volume to "London City," to be called "London City Suburbs," is in preparation at THE LEADENHALL PRESS. MR. PERCY FITZGERALD will be responsible for the letterpress, and there will be three hundred illustrations by MR. WILLIAM LUKER, JUN., from the original drawings of the "residential belt of London." In order to secure the copyright of the title there has been issued a little black pamphlet called "London City Suburbs," containing a farrago of nonsense, which will doubtless be much sought after by collectors.

TWO books on Palestine are published this week: "Among Holy Places, a Pilgrimage through Palestine" (UNWIN), by the REV. JAMES KEAN; and "Buried Cities and Bible Countries" (KEGAN PAUL), by MR. GEORGE ST. CLAIR.

A BOOK with high pretensions is "Troglydyte's" "Riddles of the Sphinx" (SWAN SONNENSCHNEIN). Although the sub-title is "A Study in the Philosophy of Evolution," the author admits that his book is substantially a philosophy of evolution. He hides his identity because men's intolerance of innovation leads them "to stone the prophets," among whom he seems to class himself.

MR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE prophesies great things of a new "Treatise on Human Marriage," which MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. will publish immediately. It is the work of DR. EDWARD WESTERMARK, of the University of Helsingfors. The author has been led by careful investigation of facts to conclusions on the subject of his book widely different from those arrived at by DARWIN, MR. SPENCER, MR. TYLOR, and SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, and his arguments, MR. WALLACE asserts, will have to be taken into account in all future discussions of the origin of marriage.

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

MR. BRET HARTE's new story "A First Family of Tasajara" will run through six numbers of *Macmillan's Magazine*; and MR. RIDER HAGGARD'S "Nada the Lily," a story of Zululand, will be published serially in several provincial weeklies before appearing in book form.

To the "Minerva Library" (WARD, LOCK) has been added YONGE'S "Life of the Duke of Wellington;" MESSRS. LONGMANS publish "The History of St. Dominic," the founder of the Friars Preachers, by AUGUSTA F. DRANE; and MESSRS. SAMPSON, LOW & Co. send us a record of the twenty-five years' reign of CHARLES I. of Roumania, a French pamphlet, published at Bucharest and Paris.

#### THE AUSTRALASIAN "COMMONWEALTH" AND ITS SPONSORS.

IN continuation of his last letter concerning the Federation Convention, our Melbourne Correspondent writes:—

The private history of the Convention, which has not yet got into the papers, is more interesting, and perhaps more instructive, than the debates. Sir Henry Parkes, who, I regret to say, is sensibly aged by his late accident, has proved a very competent chairman, though he is a little peremptory in committee when he has a point to make. He has sided throughout with the Victorian leaders against constituting the Senate after the American model, and it will largely be due to his influence if the Constitution is carried in a practicable form. He and Sir George Grey are the Nestors of the Convention—friendly rivals in years, in recollections, in distinguished acquaintances, and in interesting monologue. Sir George, however, is incomparably less practical than Sir H. Parkes, and is virtually outside the Convention, discussing the anomaly of nominee councils, and the importance of reforming the Constitutions of the individual States before they federate. Mr. Playford, the Premier of South Australia, has distinguished himself by statesmanlike views and a disposition to consider the future rather than the present. Of his colleagues, Sir John Downer is staunchly Conservative, Mr. Kingston has been below expectation, and Dr. Cockburn and Mr. Gordon have given the impression that they do not heartily care for federation—not from any unworthy motive, but because they have certain Socialistic reforms at heart which they think more likely to be adopted in a single colony than by a Federal Parliament. Two of the Queensland representatives—Sir Samuel Griffith and Sir Thomas Mellwraith—have been the most prominent champions of particularism; their reason, as Sir Thomas Mellwraith candidly put it, being that if Queensland was to break up into three States, they were determined that each little province should count for as much as Victoria or New South Wales in the Federal Senate! Mr. Macrossan, who represents the party of disruption in Queensland, has, unfortunately, been too unwell to take a prominent part in the Convention's debates. The most scholarly speeches have been delivered by Mr. Clark, of Tasmania, and Mr. Hacket, of Western Australia. Mr. Clark is thoroughly well read in the constitutional history of the United States, but, for want of push and want of touch with his fellows, has not had the influence which his oratory may seem to deserve. Mr. Hacket, a Liberal in Victoria—to his professional ruin—has been transformed into a thoughtful Conservative by residence in a small colony, and went so far as to declare that "responsible government" was a phrase unknown to the British Constitution, and one which he wished could be abolished. Mr. Hacket, in fact, advocates the supremacy of a Senate in which each State however constituted shall have an equal voice, and apparently thinks of the Assembly only as a barometer by which the

currents of opinion in the fierce democracy may be gauged. It remains to speak of the Victorian delegates. Mr. Munro, our Premier, has been heavily weighted by having no colleagues of his own party. At first, the Opposition members proposed to act in complete concert with him. Unfortunately, our Attorney-General, Mr. Shiels, whose own party had declined to nominate him to the Convention, tried to get himself included in an informal way; and this provoked so much ill-feeling that the Premier has been practically isolated from the councils of the other Victorians. All our Assembly members, however, have united in opposing the scheme for giving the Senate the right to amend Money Bills. Mr. Munro had the advantage of speaking first on this side, and was sensible and fairly effective; Mr. Deakin's speech in support was one of his most brilliant efforts, versatile and eloquent, and attracted general admiration; Mr. Wrixon's speech was a fine specimen of Academical oratory, and the speaker—a Conservative by intellect and a Liberal by temperament—was able to make a congenial point by denouncing the proposed Constitution as novel. Mr. Gillies came late in the debate, and his very able speech, studiously disclaiming all sinister designs on the part of Victoria, will hardly be understood in England, except by those who have studied Australian politics sufficiently to know that Victorian statesmen enjoy the credit of being very far-sighted and unscrupulously ambitious. Altogether, Mr. Gillies, though never forcing himself into prominence, has been the real leader of the movement for limiting the power of the Senate, while Sir Samuel Griffith has been a very competent chief to the Small States party. The result will be known by telegram in England before this reaches you. If the Senate receives the right to alter Money Bills, Victoria and New South Wales will probably refuse to join the Federation; in the other event, Western Australia will stand aloof. The comparison is about as unequal as if it were a question between England and the Isle of Man.

April 20th.

When I last wrote it seemed a little doubtful whether the Federal Convention would be able to agree upon the outlines of a Federal Constitution. Happily, the Easter recess worked wonders. Members found that public opinion would not justify them in sacrificing national unity to State rights, and—when the heat of contest had subsided—perceived that they would look more than a little foolish if they separated having done nothing but talk for six weeks. Of course there was an extreme section, that would have sacrificed everything unless every State was guaranteed equal power; but Victoria and New South Wales were determined not to permit this; and Sir Samuel Griffith, who had led the Small States party, gave way sooner than imperil Federation. Accordingly, it is arranged that the Assembly, in which the States are represented according to population, is to have almost the complete control of finance; and the Senate, in which the States are equal, will resemble the English House of Lords rather than the American Senate. The triumph of the large Colonies is expressed to some extent in the title of "Commonwealth," which has been adopted for the coming union. There were practically three terms under discussion. "Dominion" was objected to because it had already been adopted by Canada. The word "Commonwealth" commended itself to those who wished the central government to be supreme in the new country, and the name "Federation" is as a rule preferred by those who would give up as little of local autonomy as they can. Some of these gentlemen have denounced "Commonwealth" as a term that has an unpleasant savour of Republicanism; but though its advocates admitted freely that they were not ashamed of the memories of Cromwell and Blake, they defended the word for its primary and Shakespearean use of "the body politic." To adopt South American phraseology, it



was a contest between Unitarians and Federalists, and the Unitarians prevailed.

The chief gains the new Constitution proposes to give us are the strength that results from union, a greater independence of Downing Street, and protection against British competition. We are taking power to appoint our own Governors, if the local Parliaments so will—though the appointment of the Governor-General is vested in the Crown. We are taking such powers in the matter of immigration as will enable us not only to exclude Chinamen and Hindoos, but British pauper immigration, such as Mr. Gladstone and General Booth have at various times threatened us with. Finally, there is no doubt that the Australian Parliament will be Protectionist. Indeed, the English manufacturer may esteem himself fortunate if it is the Victorian Tariff that is ultimately adopted. A calculation made for the Conference has shown that the Protection given all round in New South Wales is 5 per cent.; in Victoria, 11 per cent.; in Queensland and Tasmania, 18 per cent.; in South Australia, 21 per cent.; and in Western Australia 24 per cent.! Now, it is difficult to say that we ought to be denied the exercise of any one of these powers. As the local Parliaments are to communicate with the Crown through the Governor-General, there seems no reason why the State Governor should be appointed by the Queen. As to the control of immigration, the most loyal among us would separate sooner than see Northern Australia overrun with Chinamen as the Straits Settlements have been; and, though we are willing to take our fair share of European immigrants, we had rather not have the pauperism of the East End of London discharged upon our shores. The question of the tariff has long ago been fought and won; and Lord Grey's opinion that the Crown ought to preclude colonies from giving bounties or imposing Protective duties is now only very curious matter of history. Still, I am afraid the English enthusiasts for Federation will be rather dismayed at finding that its immediate effects are to make Australia more independent of English policy, and more determined than ever to exclude British manufactures.

#### THE SILHOUETTES.

THE small round gentleman who had come all the way to Gantick village from the extreme South of France, and had blown his flageolet all day in Gantick street without exciting its population in the least, was disgusted. Towards dusk he crossed the stile which divides Sanctuary Lane from the churchyard and pausing with a leg on each side of the bar, shook his fist back at the village, which lay below, its grey roofs and red chimneys just distinguishable, here and there, between a foamy sea of apple-blossom and a haze of bluish smoke. He could not very well shake its dust off his feet, for this was hardly separable from the dust of many other places on his boots, and also it was mostly mud. But his gesture betokened extreme malevolence.

"These Cor-rnishmen," he said, "are pigs all. There is not a Cor-rnishman that is not a big pig."

He lifted the second leg wearily over the bar.

"As for Art—phit! Moreover they shut up their churches."

This was really a serious matter: for he had not a penny-piece in his pocket—the last had gone to buy a loaf—and there was no lodging to be had in the village. The month was April, a bad time to sleep in the open: and though the night drew in tranquilly upon a day of broad sunshine, the earth had by no means sucked in the late heavy rains. The church-porch, however, had a broad bench on either side and faced the south, away from the prevailing wind. He had made a mental note of this, early in the day, being schooled to anticipate such straits as the present. As he passed up the narrow

path between the graves, with a gait like a limping hare's, he scanned his surroundings carefully.

The churchyard was narrow and surrounded by a high grey wall, mostly hidden by an inner belt of well-grown cypresses. At one point the ranks of these trees were broken for some forty feet, and here the back of a small dwelling-house abutted on the cemetery. There was one window only in the yellow-washed wall, and this window looked straight on the church-porch. The flageolet-player regarded it with suspicion: but the casement was shut and the blind drawn down. The aspect of the cottage, too, proclaimed that its inhabitants were very poor folk—not at all the sort to tell tales upon a casual tramp if they spied him bivouacking upon holy ground.

He limped into the porch and cast off the blue bag that was strapped upon his shoulders. Out of it he drew a sheep's-wool cape, worn very thin, and then turned the bag inside out, on the chance of discovering a forgotten crust. The search disappointed him, but he took it calmly,—being on the whole a sweet-tempered man and not easily angered except by an affront to his vanity. His violent indignation against the people of Gantick arose from their indifference to his playing. Had they even run out at their doors to listen and stare, he would not have minded their stinginess.

He that cannot eat had best sleep. The little man passed the flat of his hand, in the dusky light, over the two benches, and having chosen the one with fewest asperities on its surface, tossed his bag and flageolet upon the other, pulled off his boots, folded his cape to make a pillow, and stretched himself at length. In less than ten minutes he was sleeping dreamlessly.

Over his head there hung a board containing a list or two of the parish-ratepayers, and the usual notice of the spring training of the Royal Cornwall Rangers' Militia. This last placard had broken from two of its fastenings, and, towards midnight, was rustled by an eddy of the light wind so loudly as to wake the sleeper.

He sat upright and lowered his bare feet upon the pavement. Outside, the blue firmament was full of stars, sparkling unevenly, as though the wind were trying in sport to extinguish them. In the eaves of the porch he could hear the martins rustling in the crevices they had come back, but a few days since, to warm again. But what drew the man to the entrance was the window in the cottage over the wall.

The lattice was pushed back and the room inside very brightly lit. But a white sheet had been stretched right across the window between him and the lamp. And on this sheet two quick hands were weaving all kinds of clever shadows, shaping them, moving them and re-shaping them with the speed of lightning.

It was certainly a remarkable performance. The shadows took the form of rabbits, swans, foxes, elephants, fairies, sailors with wooden legs, old women who smoked pipes, ballet-girls who pirouetted, twirling harlequins and the profiles of eminent statesmen—and all made with two hands and, at the most, the help of a tiny stick or piece of string. They danced and capered, grew large and then small, with such odd turns and changes that the flageolet-player could scarcely hold his laughter. He remarked that the hands whenever they were disintwined for a moment appeared to be very small and plump.

After about ten minutes the display ceased and the shadow of a woman's head and neck crossed the sheet, which was presently drawn back at one corner.

"Is that any better?" asked a woman's voice, low but distinct.

The flageolet-player started and bent his eyes lower, across the graves and into the shadow beneath the window. For the first time he grew aware that a figure stood there, a little way out from the wall. As well as he could see, it was a young boy.

"That was beautiful, mother. You can't think how you've improved at it, this week."

"Any mistakes?"

"The harlequin and columbine seemed a little stiff: but that's the hardest of all, I know."

"Never mind: they've got to be perfect. We'll try them again."

She was about to drop the corner of the sheet when the listener sprang out towards the window, leaping with bare feet over the graves and waving his flageolet madly.

"Ah, no—no, madame!" he cried. "Wait one moment, the tiniest, and I shall inspire you!"

"Whoever is that?" cried the voice at the window, rising almost to a scream.

The youth beneath the wall faced round on the intruder. He had turned white and wanted to run, but mastered his voice to inquire gruffly—

"Who the devil are you?"

"I? I am an artist, and as such I salute madame and monsieur, her son. She is greater artist than I, but I shall help her. Her harlequin and columbine shall dance better this time. Why? Because they shall dance to my music, the music that I shall make, here, on this spot, under the stars. I shall play as if possessed—I feel that. I bet you. It is because I have found an artist—an artist in Gantick! O—my—good—Lor!"

He had pulled off his greasy hat, and stood bowing and smiling, showing his white teeth, and holding up his flageolet for the woman to see and convince herself.

"That's all very well," said the boy; "but my mother doesn't want it known yet that she practises at these shadows."

"Ha? It is perhaps forbidden by law."

"Since you have found us out, sir," said the woman, "I will tell you why we are behaving like this, and trust you to tell nobody. I have been left a widow, in great poverty and with this one son, who must be educated as well as his father was. Six months ago, when sadly perplexed, I found out by chance that this small gift of mine might earn me a good income at a—music-hall. Richard, of course, doesn't like my performing at such places, but agrees with me that he must be educated. So we are hiding it from everybody in the village, because we have always been respected here; and, as soon as I have practised enough, we mean to travel up to London. Of course I shall change my name, and nobody will—"

But the flageolet-player sat suddenly down upon a grave, and broke into hysterical laughter.

"Oh—oh—oh! Quick, madame! dance your pretty figures while yet I laugh and before I curse. O stars and planets, look down on this mad world and help me play! And, O monsieur, pardon me if I laugh; for that either you or I are mad is a cock-sure. Dance, madame—"

He put the flageolet to his lips and blew. In a moment or two harlequin and columbine appeared on the screen and began to caper nimbly, naturally, with the wildest grace. The tune was a merry reel and soon began to inspire the performer above. Her small dancers in a twinkling turned into a gambolling elephant, then to a couple of tripping fairies. A moment after they were flower and butterfly, then a jiggling donkey; then harlequin and columbine again. With each fantastic change the tune quickened and the dance grew wilder, till, tired out, the woman spread her hands wide against the sheet, as if imploring mercy.

The player tossed his flageolet over a headstone and rolled back on the grave in a paroxysm of laughter. Above him the rooks had poured out of their nests and were calling to each other.

"Monsieur," he gasped out at last, sitting up and wiping his eyes; "was it good this time?"

"It was quite different, I'll own."

"Then could you spare from the house one little crust of bread? For I am famished."

The youth returned, in a couple of minutes, with some bread and cold bacon.

"Of course," said he, "if you should meet either of us in the village to-morrow, you will not recognise us."

The little man bowed. "I agree," said he, "with your mother, monsieur, that you must be educated at all costs." Q.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### THE LIBERAL PARTY AND THE NEWFOUNDLAND BILL.

SIR,—The *Times* and *Spectator*, with other organs of the Government, were loud in denouncing the tone of the Opposition, led by Sir William Harcourt, against the second reading of the Newfoundland Bill in the House of Commons. It is to be regretted that journalistic interest so deep and concentrated could not include a survey of the earlier policy of the Government.

Whether the abandonment of the second reading of this Coercion Bill did, or did not, justify the Opposition, action on the part of Liberal members was called for, in the interest of our Colonial Empire, to mitigate the effects of Lord Salisbury's speeches in the House of Lords, and of that carping policy of the Colonial Office upon which further light has been thrown by the correspondence with the delegates.

Lord Salisbury showed himself impatient of Lord Herschell's contention that notice should have been given to Newfoundland before the Imperial Parliament was asked to legislate, and that the susceptibilities of the Colonies should not have been unnecessarily roused. He had been "unwilling that the Bill should be produced to the Legislature of Newfoundland before it was introduced here," and "could not see that the Colonists had any reason to complain on this ground." But the point raised was not whether the Bill should have been first produced to the Legislature of Newfoundland, it was, that, in common courtesy, intimation should have been given of the intention of the Imperial Government. Can it be doubted that in the case of one of the more powerful colonies, or had Newfoundland been incorporated with the Dominion, this notice would not have been given?

In Parliament, the Foreign Secretary readily embraced his opportunities to show distrust in the good faith of the Newfoundland Government, whose Legislature "preserved an absolute inaction," and "from whose Delegates we were in receipt of mere promises." To "the enlightened Government of France," on the other hand, every confidence was due, even to the extent of doubting "whether, in case of war, the French would take the trouble to invade Newfoundland."

If Lord Salisbury goes out of his way to show that he does not care twopence-halfpenny for the colony, are the French likely to show they care a sou?

Our object must be, besides due regard to international obligations, to rescue Newfoundland from the impossible position in which she was placed by treaty nearly two centuries ago, and to enable her to advance in freedom and welfare, in common with the other Anglo-Saxon communities of the New World.—I am, yours faithfully,

R. MUNRO FERGUSON.

House of Commons, June 3rd, 1891.

### THE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT.

SIR,—It is a mistake to speak of the capital of £13,000,000 saved by the Co-operative Societies as something extraordinary. Their members are about 1,000,000, and at five to a family this is about equivalent to the supply of the population of inner and outer London. Our great city, with the suburbs, contains some 40,000 retail shops, dealing in the classes of goods supplied by working men's stores. At a capital of £500 each these shops would represent a total amount at work of capital, or, in other words, of savings, of some £20,000,000. The Co-operative Societies are their own wholesale dealers, bankers, and manufacturers, and this (in addition to the capital employed by a corresponding number of retail traders to those in London) would probably in ordinary competitive trade represent a further capital of £10,000,000. On this basis the London trade corresponding to the workmen's co-operatives employs some £30,000,000 of capital. Far from being large, therefore, I hold that, if the Co-operative Societies have only put by £13,000,000 by dislodging a similar amount of retail distributors, that they have done badly and have wasted the national resources instead of adding to them.

My meaning is that the equivalent number of retail traders and those who supplied them would have saved quite double what the stores have done, presumably out of profits in both cases. As the working men's stores profess to sell at the same prices as the neighbouring shops, it follows that their profits must be less, either in the gross, or after paying expenses. As stores have to make no show, and avowedly employ poorer labour than the shopman class, it follows that it is their gross



profits that are less. This is only what might be expected, for they notoriously buy badly. Self-interest is still the most potent factor in life, and if it makes no difference to the buyer whether goods are well or ill bought, the store will buy badly, while the shop buys relatively well. This is quite apart from the usual rock on which store-buying splits, when it fails, and that is bribery.

The gist of the above is that the workmen's stores make less money than an equivalent number of shops would do, that this is not because they sell cheaply, but because they buy badly, and that distribution through the stores as at present constituted is an economic loss instead of a gain to the nation.

No doubt, so far as individual co-operators are concerned, they benefit by the compulsory form of saving which they familiarly call "divi." That is, they do so if they do not, as they often do, buy dearer goods at their stores than at shops. But if the stores buy worse than the shops, there is no reason why the "divi," to the same or even a greater amount, should not be given by the shopkeepers. In fact, some of them already offer this, but some classes of workmen, who really think that the principles of the equitable pioneers of Rochdale are going to reconstruct society on a new and happier basis, reject the benefit from individual retailers which they think is so invaluable and holy when offered by a retailer with a number of partners—in fact, by a co-operative store. The members, of course, do not work in their shops, but have to hire a manager, with whom, if they are wise, they divide a large portion of the gains. Any shopkeeper would gladly enough take people into partnership in a limited company on the same or similar terms.

The failure of co-operative production is another illustration of the fact that the co-operative system is a failure where skill and special knowledge are required. If Jack is as good as Tom, and if each are to get 30s. a week, whether they make bricks or conduct a large business, the fate of the latter cannot be doubtful, even if people on social grounds make believe that its products are cheap.

In my business we supply co-operators and shopkeepers, nor would it affect me if one or the other triumphed. With co-operation I have always had a warm sympathy, but recently I have come to see so much of its seamy side, that the recent pæans of praise over its apparent success as a social regenerator appears to me out of place. Are the goods supplied by stores better or cheaper than others? Are their workmen better paid? Are their charities and benevolent enterprises to be compared with those of the traders supplying any other 5,000,000 of the population? What of the suffering and loss of the 40,000 retail shopkeepers driven out of trade by the stores? What of their wives and families? Surely the £13,000,000 of capital the co-operative societies possess is tainted with some at least of the old evils of society. We all, more or less, prey on each other—co-operatives included!—I am, sir, yours faithfully.

London, May 27th, 1891.

MERCHANT.

#### "THE WAGES OF SIN."

SIR,—May I say that the last paragraph of your review of "The Wages of Sin" seems to me to do a little less than justice to that very powerful story? It has been called a "realistic" novel; but there are two kinds of realism. There is a realism, of which Zola's is an eminent example, which paints humanity in such utterly vile colours, making it altogether so bestial and disgusting, that one wishes for a deluge to destroy a race so irredeemably degrading. But there is another kind of realism which paints men and women as the average are; mixed characters with good and evil in pathetic conflict. You have not exaggerated the singular insight into human nature which Lucas Malet shows in her delineation of Colthurst's character. It is a very complex character, and one of the points which all the reviews that I have seen have missed is Colthurst's exaggerated self-accusations. There is no evidence of profligacy in his life except his relations with Jenny Parris, who was, after all, as much tempter as tempted. But when Colthurst is in a penitential mood he sees himself all black and describes himself accordingly, and shrinks from contact with stainless purity, as represented to him in the person of Mary Crookenden. That is a subtle touch of character portraiture which is thoroughly true to nature. Colthurst, remember, was brought up in the most forbidding form of Calvinism. This gave a twist to his nature from which it never recovered, and one of its effects was to drive him, in his remorseful moods, into unnecessary despondency and exaggerated self-accusations. The author's portrait of him is by no means of the Hogarth type. I venture to think that anyone who carefully studies his character will find the study a very interesting one. If he repels, he also attracts sympathy in his struggle against the evil tendencies of his nature and the effects of his early environment. His death in the moment of his final conquest over the flesh is open to your criticism. It is a pity the author did not keep him alive long enough to show in action the redeemed side of his nature. But perhaps her purpose was to show that for natures like Colthurst's death in the hour of self-conquest is the best solution; and for those who believe that the development of the human soul is not stopped by death there is some-

thing to be said for that view. Angelico's art may be "more potent for good than Hogarth's." But Colthurst's portrait belongs to neither. It is the portrait of a human soul struggling with circumstances and with its own evil propensities, and struggling successfully at last, from the author's point of view. Is not this more likely to be potent for good than a picture of faultless purity? At all events, Lucas Malet is entitled to her own opinion on that point.—I remain, etc.,

SCRUTATOR.

[THE writer of this review did not intend to compare "The Wages of Sin" to Hogarth's pictures of vice. That criticism was intended for such realism as Zola's. The fact is, the reviewer was obliged to curtail his article, after it was in type, for lack of space, and in doing so he overlooked the inference which might be drawn from the passage to which our correspondent has taken exception.—ED.]

#### A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, June 5th, 1891.

THE protest which I propose to make is directly caused by a book, the merits of which will not be discussed in this place. It is written by Mr. Henry Jones, professor of philosophy in the University College of North Wales, and is called "Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher."

To invoke posterity in the pages of a weekly review is desperate behaviour and slightly ridiculous. But, while convinced that my cause is just, I know very well that my voice is weak, and see no chance of persuading my contemporaries. As a last resource, therefore, I borrow a hint from the mysterious grandfather so frequent in old-fashioned romances. It may be that a descendant of mine, laudably curious about his family's history, shall discover that his great-grandfather once had the honour to write a *causerie* for THE SPEAKER, and shall hunt up this page in the British Museum. To this possible young man I address myself in the traditional way:—

"Son of my house—I flourished (as well as I could) about the end of the nineteenth century, and read a fair number of books: but suffered considerably because I could not enjoy them. I was young, eager, curious, by nature a worshipper of great men: but the great men of my day had begun to write in a new fashion. Books had hitherto been written for the reader, and therefore in language intelligible to the reader. In fact, it had been the aim of every great writer to express his thoughts in the simplest terms, to speak directly in a well-understood language, with more or less ornament according to his taste, but always intelligibly. It was, in fact, a tradition that unless an author could tell a reader what he meant, he had better not write at all.

"But in my time there sprang up a new order of books—of books which required a number of middlemen to parse their sentences and paraphrase them. Such books were not to be enjoyed by the reader beside his hearth, but in order to understand a work intimately he was forced to put on his overcoat and goloshes, and take it off to a Society which met (perhaps not oftener than once a fortnight, and then at a considerable distance from his house) for the purpose of explaining his difficulties. There were two giants in those days—two men who, by sheer intellect, overtopped their contemporaries by more than a cubit. Their names were Robert Browning and George Meredith. I worshipped these two men for their strength, but they wrote books of this kind. And the English language, which they injured, was dearer to me than two-score such men could have been. Therefore I desire you, on pain of my curse, to write down in the margin of this page (as soon as you can cheat the vigilance of the Museum's officers) what posterity says about Browning and Meredith."

My charge against them is this :—

(1) They have hurt the English language, by undoing (for a while, at least) all the purity and precision that the eighteenth century won for it, at great cost and pain.

(2) They have done this out of mere egoism—Browning maiming and torturing the delicate instrument to make it reproduce the processes of his thought, and Meredith distorting it for his adornment, as a fop before a looking-glass might pull a good tie this way and that until he crumples and spoils it in the attempt to look smarter than his fellows.

And I urge, in the first place, that though language may (and, indeed, must) help thought in the making, literature has not to express the process, but the product. Take this, for instance—

"My curls were crowned  
In youth with knowledge,—off, alas, crown slipped  
Next moment, pushed by better knowledge still  
Which no wise proved more constant : gain, to-day,  
Was toppling loss to-morrow, lay at last  
Knowledge, the golden?—lacquered ignorance!  
As gain—mistrust it! Not as means to gain;  
Lacquer we learn by: . . ."

A man in this year of grace 1891 will, of course, be laughed at if he declares the above to be neither poetry nor English. And yet with a weak voice in the wilderness I assert the extract—a very fair one—to be no more nor less than a piece of scamped work. A conscientious artist would have worked out the thought and compressed it into a single line. Worshippers of Browning speak of his condensation, and it is true that he gives colour to that delusion by omitting to articulate his sentences; but I ask how the thought in the above passage could be more diffusely expressed. An amiable versifier once wrote—

"As I walked by myself, I talked to myself, and thus to myself  
said I . . ."

and this pleasant line sums up the method.

Further, I urge that the first duty of every author is to his reader. I lay no stress on the fact that Dr. Furnivall belongs to the Browning Society; but merely argue that the very existence of societies, handbooks, etc., professing to explain any man's writings is a serious accusation against him.

Further, I urge that this accusation is more serious in Meredith's case than in Browning's; because the obligation to be lucid is stronger in prose than in verse. Nor is it any answer to say "Meredith is lucid enough, if only you had the wit to see." For the most exalted poets and philosophers have owned, in practice, that the obligation to be understood lay on their side, and have demanded the least of their readers. They have, in other words, admitted that before they can justly claim a hearing they must translate their thoughts into the speech of common men. After all—to put it on the lowest grounds—the reader buys the book.

Therefore I want to know what posterity will say. It is not, on the face of it, likely that a writer whose "message" (as the word goes) is barely intelligible to his own age will be treated with much consideration by another. Nor will the affectations of to-day appeal to our grandchildren. Lyly's Euphues goes unread, while everybody knows by heart his "Cupid and my Campaspe," because it happens to be one of the most carefully simple things in the language. On the other hand it is almost impossible to suppose that the men and women that Browning and Meredith have imagined can be forgotten. They are the most splendid and glittering inventions since Shakespeare died: and it is possible that, rather than lose them, posterity will take over the language in which their creators have clothed them.

It is possible. But it would be an immense pity. For obscurity in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred comes from carelessness: and if obscurity once becomes a tradition in our prose and verse, it will multiply bad work a thousandfold. Then not merely shall we have spoilt a magnificent language, but we shall be left with an army of fifth-rate artists to work in it, and a few thousand Dr. Furnivalls to explain their works. The question is—Will the next two generations be prepared to pay this price for two magnificent portrait galleries? C.

## REVIEWS.

### POEMS BY A POET'S SON.

STRAY VERSES, 1889-1890. Robert, Lord Houghton. London: John Murray, 1891.

TWO weeks ago we had the pleasure of greeting the promising *début* in the Republic of Letters of one of the late Lord Houghton's daughters. This week we have to welcome her brother, the present peer, among our poets. The volume of verses which he has just given to the world is full of promise. His verse is not only graceful and musical throughout; it is animated by true poetic feeling, and there is a vein of restrained thoughtfulness, a tender brooding over some of the deeper problems of human life, and a purity and refinement of sentiment which are very refreshing at a time when what Lord Houghton calls—

" . . . the fleshly school,  
The scribes of glorified adulteries,"

seem to think there can be no high art without some piquant sauce of gross salacity or prurient suggestiveness. The poems are dedicated to Lord Tennyson, and they naturally bear here and there traces of the Laureate's influence. In "Anna Karénina" there is a ring of Tennyson, not only in the verse and meditative musing, but also in "the larger hope" implied in "the chance retrieval elsewhere" of those who have erred here. In the poem entitled "Without a Name" we have a happy specimen of Lord Houghton's pondering mood. In a MS. family record in an old Prayer Book he finds the following incident: "A daughter, born the 3rd of October, 1637, about ten of the clock at night. *Nata et strata*. She lyes buried in church with this inscription: *In libro vite Tu me sine nomine scribas*." It is a curious and pathetic incident. Why "without a name"? The question suggests some thoughtful reflections, which Lord Houghton expresses in musical language. Epictetus's comparison of this world to a wayside inn, which the travellers find so pleasant that they abide in it instead of passing on to their own country, suggests some very pretty verses on which a preacher might found a striking sermon. The following short poem will give our readers an idea of the musical ring of Lord Houghton's verse :—

Here in the snow-land—crouch and shiver—  
A grey dead sky, and the world afreeze,  
Grinding ice in the brimful river,  
A shriek of wind in the starving trees:  
O for an hour of a reef-girt island,  
In the quivering noon of its tropic calm,  
Shell-strewn shore and untrodden highland,  
Dense mimosa and high-crowned palm!

There in the sun-land—tossing, turning—  
Fire-blown air and the glare of sand,  
A furnace-vault in the zenith burning,  
Heart out-wearied and failing hand;  
O for a breeze through the cordage sighing,  
Salt in your teeth of the cool sea-foam,  
A wrack of clouds and the pale sun dying—  
Face set straight for a northern home!

We quote this poem because it is short, but much better specimens of Lord Houghton's muse might be quoted if we could afford the space. A literary judge, writing to a weekly contemporary last Easter, took up his parable against the "superstition"



of the Easter dove in the Duomo of Florence. How much wiser is Lord Houghton's commentary on the same incident:—

We stood where choirs at twilight sang.  
We watched the flying dove's ignition—  
A famous peg on which to hang  
A grand discourse on superstition!—  
Perhaps those simple souls might teach  
Lessons as high as we could set them;  
And if they're striving heaven to reach  
Their own strange road—by all means let them.

But Lord Houghton can be gay as well as grave. We quote the last verse of his amusing poem on Marks's picture of "The Bookworm":—

But Fame, victorious maid, resists  
The doom for which gray Time intends us!  
Immortal titles crowd the lists  
Which Mr. Quaritch kindly sends us!  
'Twixt Drelincourt and Dryden thrust,  
What name confronts you, lone and chilling?  
*The works of Gilbert Dryadust,*  
*Quarto;—3 vols.; old calf—a shilling.*

The pretty and amusing verses "To Doris" are in the same vein; but we have no room for more quotations. It is a trite observation that genius is rarely hereditary. Lord Houghton bids fair to prove an exception. The second peer evidently inherits the literary and poetic talents of the first, and perhaps more than his father's aptitude for political life. Disraeli once said that the hope of England lay in her youthful aristocracy. It is probably no exaggeration to say that peers of the culture, political knowledge, tact, democratic sympathies, and pure and upright lives of men like Lord Rosebery and Lord Houghton, might still make even the House of Lords a power in the State. But it is useless to preach to deaf ears, and we fear that the majority of the House of Lords are past praying for. We hope to meet Lord Houghton soon again, either on the slopes of Parnassus or in some other region of the Republic of Letters.

#### FAITH AND UNFAITH.

FAITH AND UNFAITH, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By C. Kegan Paul. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

IN this volume Mr. Kegan Paul has collected some agreeable papers on various subjects, and of those which have a purely secular interest, there is little to be said that is in any way controversial. The essay on "English Prose Style" is perfectly acceptable in its judgments on some distinguished writers, and shows that Mr. Paul has a true appreciation of the best qualities of English diction. In describing the "Production and Life of Books," the author has a congenial topic. There is a full and interesting account of all the processes in the manufacture of a book, accompanied by many shrewd suggestions as to the value of different kinds of wares and the character of different markets. As a publisher, Mr. Paul naturally holds that not enough books are bought, and he says of the circulating library system, with only too much truth, that it has "fostered the growth and development of the second-rate novel, but has in no degree aided literature properly so-called." The main purpose of Mr. Paul's volume lies, however, in the essays which deal with religious themes. Of these "Faith and Unfaith" is the most significant, and may be taken to represent the basis of the convictions which have led the author to the Church of Rome. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Paul's reasons, nobody will deny that his writing is entirely free from the coarser elements of theological disputation. He is always temperate and candid, and it will need a very heated antagonist to quarrel even with the somewhat robust assertion that "the people at large" who belong to the Church of England are "longing for the time when Christendom once more shall be united, by which they mean when they themselves can see their way to joining the Church of Rome." Mr. Paul's faith is avowedly based on the Newman theory of miracles, stated in its most

extreme form. There is apparently no mediæval wonder too tremendous for this disciple. He argues from the Scriptural miracles to the ecclesiastical miracles and back again, with a firm conviction that if the bones of Elisha had a healing power, those of St. Walburga must have been equally miraculous, and that because the loaves and fishes were multiplied in Galilee, there must be a similar power of multiplication in "portions of the true cross." To a mind with this habit evidence must necessarily have only a secondary importance. Dr. Abbott contends that Newman had really very little regard for evidence, and the assumption about the "portions of the true cross" certainly suggests on Mr. Paul's part a greater eagerness to believe than to verify. "For some miraculous fragments," we are told, "the evidence that they are what they profess to be is overwhelming." But Mr. Paul's theory of the power of multiplication virtually dispenses with evidence, for if he believes in one relic, why should he not believe in the indefinite multiplication of relics of every kind without any testimony? To supply the lack of evidence for a particular relic by referring us to the loaves and fishes cannot be called convincing, especially as Mr. Paul apparently takes no account of the rational history of popular superstition. But in another part of the book there is a striking contrast to this reasoning. The story of Jean Calas is told by Mr. Paul with perfect impartiality and a clear perception of the enormity which excited the anger of Voltaire. Calas was condemned, tortured, and executed for an imaginary crime, simply because he was a Protestant and public opinion at Toulouse was Catholic. Nay, the judicial murder is justified by the Toulouse Catholics to this day. What Mr. Paul calls "the gossip of a provincial town" has become an established tradition, and those who accept it show "a strange misconception of the nature of evidence." But suppose some piece of wood at Toulouse had been proclaimed to be a fragment of "the true cross" by the people who believed in the guilt of Calas, would it not be an equally "strange misconception of the nature of evidence" to tell us that this provincial gossip must be credited because we read that the loaves and fishes were miraculously multiplied in Galilee?

#### FOREIGN PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE.

SUMMARY OF THE CONSTITUTION AND PROCEDURE OF FOREIGN PARLIAMENTS. Compiled by Reginald Dickinson, Barrister-at-Law, one of the Committee Clerks of the House of Commons. Second Edition. London: Vacher & Sons, and Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Limited. 1890.

THE materials for a treatise on the politics of modern Europe by some new Aristotle are gradually being collected and systematised by the co-operation of many workers. To this mass of material Mr. Dickinson has made a very valuable addition by the summary—careful and painstaking on the whole—which now lies before us. Its second edition has been very considerably expanded by the insertion, *inter alia*, of matter relating to Greece, the State Legislatures of the United States, the new rules of the House of Representatives in that country adopted last year, and that curious instance of a constitution which has been made, and has not grown—that of Japan. The author has been assisted in his work by a number of correspondents abroad, principally Secretaries of Legation and British Consuls, and in some cases members of foreign Legislatures. He has also drawn largely on original documents, and on the reports on Foreign Parliamentary Procedure which were presented to the House of Commons in 1881. Where these failed, he has had to content himself with authorities of (we should say) decidedly unequal value.

We notice, of course, several omissions and slips, some unavoidable, others less excusable. We miss a table of contents, though this is, to some extent, compensated for by the alphabetical arrangement adopted in each of the seven chapters. Still, one

does not want to have to read a book through in order to find out its plan. Then, not to speak of the better South American States, surely Servia, Bulgaria, and Roumania are at least as important as Japan. Again, in the account of the American State Legislatures—entirely new in this edition—though the author acknowledges his obligations to Mr. Bryce, there is apparently no mention of the provision for direct legislation by the people, in the form of amendments to the State Constitutions. Although, too, in the account of Switzerland, there is a very clear and concise account of the Referendum, the author has not touched the cantonal constitutions, and by consequence said nothing of the Initiative—that curious development of direct popular legislation which is so common in them, and just now so likely to find a place in the Federal Constitution also: and which might easily have been mentioned in the chapter on Petitions. Then, too, despite the acknowledgment of aid from the "Statesman's Year Book," Mr. Dickinson actually says that elections in France are at present carried on by *scrutin de liste*! Now it ought to be in the recollection of the most careless reader that *scrutin d'arrondissement* was reintroduced in the spring of 1889; but Mr. Dickinson in one place refers to the introduction of *scrutin de liste* as future—a change made in 1885. And there is a sketch of the history of parties in America (too long to quote) which ignores the fact that there were three Democratic parties, with different views on the extension of slavery, at the beginning of the War of Secession, transposes the names of the two great party leaders, leaps over a period of thirty years or thereabouts, and so omits all mention of the Whigs, and actually makes the Republican party with the Abolitionists! This kind of statement somewhat shakes one's faith in the rest of the book. But though now and then it may have to be used with caution, there is no doubt that it will prove a very serviceable work to the average newspaper reader confused by an account of a scene in the French Chamber, as well as to the serious student of politics, and Mr. Dickinson and his collaborators deserve our thanks for this edition, and will no doubt deserve them still more for the next.

#### THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF EQUITY.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE EQUITABLE JURISDICTION OF THE COURT OF CHANCERY. Being the Yorke Prize Essay of the University of Cambridge for 1889. By D. M. Kerly, M.A., LL.B., Fellow of St. John's College, etc. London: C. J. Clay & Sons.

THE Yorke Prize, as settled by a scheme which received the sanction of the Court of Chancery in the year 1875, is to be given for an essay on some branch of "the Law of Property, its Principles and History in various Ages and Countries." The subject selected for the Essay in the year 1889 may possibly fall within the meaning of the scheme. But if it does so, only a very small portion of the field of law is excluded from it. The intention of the scheme is surely that some limited and special subject should be chosen. Without undue expansion, the subject of this essay might be made to cover at least one-half the law of England.

Mr. Kerly has, however, with commendable prudence, compressed the subject of his essay within manageable bounds. His book is really a sketch of the origin and growth of the Court of Chancery, down to the time when Lord Eldon ceased to express in court his doubts on the cases argued before him and in the House of Lords his opposition to all Chancery Reform. It is a much-needed book. There is no other work on the same subject which is of any practical use to the student. Spence's "Equitable Jurisdiction" is a bulky volume which could be compressed into one-third of its size, and which wanders in an aimless and uncritical fashion down the centuries of legal history since the Conquest. Stray and scrappy chapters in Stephen's "Commentaries," Goldsmith's "Equity," and Haynes' "Outlines of

Equity," afford more or less information on a subject important enough to be a permanent part of the University of London's examination for its Law degree, and which is interesting to every student who considers some knowledge of legal history to be a necessary portion of general historical training. Mr. Kerly seems to us to have produced a book of the exact size and scope which is required. If the University examiners have exceeded their jurisdiction, law students will not be the sufferers.

Laymen, meaning thereby persons not lawyers, are for the most part of opinion that, as distinguished from law, equity means the enforcement of natural justice in each particular case which arises for adjudication. The fact that English equity is just as bound down by precedent and formula as law takes much repeating before it is appreciated. The error of the lay mind has, however, its root in a sound principle. Austin has endeavoured to prove that equity in both Roman and English law arose mainly from difficulties of procedure in the older legal system. He refuses to admit that there is anything necessary or of principle in equity as distinguished from law. Sir Henry Maine, in a work later than Austin's "Province of Jurisprudence," has re-established equity as one of the methods by which a new and better law is brought into existence. In Sir Henry Maine's mind, the common account of the origin of English equity was prominent. This account may be read in any of the ordinary text-books on equity. There was no redress for a man's wrong unless he could find a writ labelled with his complaint in the pigeon-holes of the Clerks of Chancery. These pigeon-holes were limited in number. There were, in short, many complaints for which the vendors of writs sold no cure. Remedies were tried, the chief of which was the statute *In consimili casu*, but without success. If, however, injured citizens could get no redress from courts of law, at least they could present their petitions direct to the kings. The king could refer them to his chancellor, and did so. The chancellor thus got his finger in the legal pie, and kept it there; and the ultimate result was the Court of Chancery.

There is no doubt much truth in this common account of the origin of equity. But Mr. Kerly's pages show that it is not the whole truth. The chancellor's jurisdiction was invoked in its infancy quite as often to enforce rights nominally acknowledged and protected by law as to give effect to rights unknown to the law. Strange as it may seem, Chancery was in its early days a refuge for the poor man against the tyranny of the rich. It acted as a sort of *quasi* criminal court, and brought to account men who were so powerful that the ordinary courts did not dare to beard them. Its jurisdiction in matters of this kind was inherited by the Court of Star Chamber. In so far, then, as equity simply enforced rights which were also acknowledged by law, and were only not enforced by the latter on account of its weakness or subserviency to powerful wrong-doers, it laid no claim to being a system based on a higher morality than law. In so far as from time to time it gathered out of the realm of the moral law rights and duties unrecognised by the ordinary courts, and enforced them, it was distinctly a system of a higher moral character than law. It is only, however, in nations which are gifted with a strong sense of law and order that equity is developed as a system distinct from law. Rome was, and England is, such a nation. In such nations the higher moral sense of its community is constantly being chafed by the restraints of law based on an earlier and less perfect morality. Order and progress are at warfare. The instincts of order forbid frequent legislative changes, even if they are possible by the machinery of the State. The promptings of progress will not be silenced. The result is the legislation of the Prætor Urbanus and the equitable jurisdiction of the Chancellor. On the other hand, in those nations in which the sense of law and order is not somewhat



exaggerated, equity mingles with and is a part of the ordinary system. In one of the most fascinating chapters of "Ancient Law" Sir Henry Maine has described that mobility of Greek intellect which rendered impossible the fixity of Greek law. The French are often called the modern Greeks, and the likeness is stronger in law than in anything else. Neither Greece nor France had law enough to develop a system of equity.

We must be excused for slightly neglecting our author in the interest excited by the subject of his book. The twofold roots of equity—its enforcement of ordinary law, and its creation of another and a higher law—are clearly traced by Mr. Kerly. The conflict by which courts of equity, with the assistance of James I., defeated Lord Coke and the common lawyers, is the subject of an interesting chapter, and is better told than in any other book with which we are acquainted. The chapter on the "Growth of Modern Equity" is the least satisfactory portion of the work. It is impossible in eighty pages to give a really useful historical survey of the development of modern equity. Such a survey, to be valuable, should be far more than a mere statement of decided cases. It should often take the shape of an analysis of the arguments of counsel and the judgments of the court, and should sometimes be accompanied by more general historical statement than is possible in a prize essay.

The development of equity from a system which was intended to protect the poor into one which was mainly designed to impoverish the rich is perhaps the most interesting, and is certainly the most melancholy, aspect from which it can be viewed. The delays, the cost, and the corruption of the Court of Chancery of 1800 A.D., have inspired the genius of the most popular novelist of this or any other century, but they have also filled the pages of many other tedious writers. They are but briefly touched upon in Mr. Kerly's essay, and no adequate picture of the misery wrought by them in the days when it was said that every large estate was in Chancery once at least in thirty years can be gathered from his pages. The bad old days have gone, though much is left to be done by way of reform in the days to come. Mr. Kerly's book is rather a manual for students than a history for the general reader. It is the result of conscientious work and of some research.

#### A WELL-LANGUED TREE.

AN OLD SHROPSHIRE OAK. By the late John Wood Warter. Edited by Richard Garnett, LL.D. Four vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

THERE are many old oaks in Shropshire—one, the Boscobel, famous in history and song, and others, less known, such as those at Shelton and at Cressage—but all of them giants in the land. Mr. Warter's oak stood—and still, we suppose, stands—in the valley of the Rea, looking towards Pontesford Hill. In its heyday it surveyed the parishes that lay about it—West Tarring, Heene, Durrington, and Henwood; and from its topmost boughs discerned the ancient roofs of Shrewsbury, while, even in its "stagged" condition, the broad Wrekin is still within its ken to the south, and in the west it can see the triple-crested Breiddens and the stormy hills of Wales.

We chose to begin with this descriptive paragraph because we did not wish to repel the reader by what must now be said—that the first glance through these four compact octavos is not altogether reassuring. The idea of fifteen hundred and ninety-two pages, neither more nor less, of gossip between a man and an oak is apt to make a busy man shrug his shoulders. The oak is undoubtedly a magnificent specimen, Mr. Warter a man of a thousand, and the scene of the tremendous dialogue one of the most interesting counties, and certainly the most English part, of England. But, then, we remember that Tennyson's "Talking Oak" only escapes artificiality

by a *tour de force* of artifice, while Mr. Warter's book is the most inartificial and amorphous publication of these times.

In this dubious mood we start reading here and there; we look, still dubious, at the headings of the pages; then we turn to the table of contents. We find, to our amazement, that the book is a kind of history of England from the time of Howel Dhu, when an old oak-tree, and a mistletoe branch growing on it, were each worth 60d., and a man was worth a fixed sum; to the time of Robert Walpole, when the price of oaks had risen and the price of men varied. Further examination—and it is sometimes difficult to dig out of these four volumes the facts required for our purpose—makes it evident that Mr. Warter, having been warned in a dream, proceeded to interweave many interesting details of general English, as well as county, history with the oracular responses of a venerable old oak which grew near his house. Then we read more in the book itself, and gradually get accustomed to what appeared at first so artificial, and seem to hear a rustling in the old oak and a shaking in his leaves, like the "sound in the tops of the mulberry-trees" in the valley of Rephaim, as he pours out his reminiscences of the Druids, the Romans, the Saxons, and the Normans, with his tragic tales of love and vengeance, and his memories of his father's old friend, one Tredithic. We find, too, as we read, that there is a contagious serenity about the book, like the lulling music of running water and the ripple of gravel on the shallows; we can hear, if we like, the blob of the speckled trout as he takes the fly, and the drumming of the bittern; we know, before we have read a dozen pages, that we have here four volumes that no lover of men and books can look into once and not wish to return to; and if anybody is inclined to sneer, we would ask him to read the "Shepherd's Calender" for February, and be warned in time by the fate which overtook the Briar that waxed so bold

"That on a time he cast him to scold  
And snebbe the good Oak, for he was old."

#### THE MAGAZINES.

In his paper on "The National Monument for Mazzini" in *Murray's*, Karl Blind, referring to the Sicilian expedition of 1860, has occasion to say, "Signor Crispi knows full well the facts of the case." The reader has only to turn to the *Contemporary* to test the truth of this. "Italy and France," a reply to last month's article entitled "The Savoy Dynasty, the Pope and the Republic," is a statement of the case for Italy from the pen of the mercurial predecessor of the Marquis di Rudini. A sketch of the career of Mazzini necessarily traverses the same ground as an account of the events which led to Italian unity. In all essential points Karl Blind and Signor Crispi are at one. Napoleon III. was the most rancorous enemy of Italian unity—it was against his will that Italy became a State; and Mazzini was never for a moment deceived by the Man of December. Both writers bear witness to the piercing intuition of Mazzini, and with the same illustration, that of the Italian patriot's prophecy of Napoleon's campaign against Austria and of its sudden collapse, at a time when the scheme could have been known to no one but its originator. Signor Crispi wields a deft weapon in debate; but the writer whom he attacks is also well-armed, and we imagine the duel in the *Contemporary* is not over yet.

More recent European events form the subject of Mr. Hulme-Beamans' news-letter in the *Fortnightly*, entitled "Bulgars and Serbs." The sketch of M. Stambouloff, the Bulgarian Premier, reveals a fascinating personality, suggestive of the simplicity, shrewdness, and iron will of Lincoln. Placed between two fires, Russia and Turkey, M. Stambouloff has of late years succeeded with wonderful skill in keeping Bulgaria almost un-

scorched—the Panitza incident was the merest blister. If Bulgaria has to fight Turkey, it may win; if it is beaten, the worst that can happen to it is a Russian occupation. Either contingency seems further off than ever, since the masterly diplomatic move, by which Stambouloff obtained berats from Turkey, increased incalculably Bulgarian prestige throughout the Balkans. There is no such man of mark in Servia. There the principal personages, apart from the royal family, are, of necessity, the Regents and Ministers. The first Regent, M. Lován Ristitch, has a great reputation for statesmanship, and is commonly known as “the little Bismarck.” But although he has directed the destinies of Servia for thirteen years, he is not likely to endanger the emoluments of office by any too vigorous initiative. The other Regents and the Ministers are of small account, having little dignity and sense of responsibility. An anecdote will best illustrate the state of affairs. On one occasion Mr. Hulme-Beamans was searching for an article in the Constitution, when a diplomatist came up and laughingly cried, “My dear fellow, do not trouble your head about it; it is very simple. There are only three articles. Article I. The Regents do what the Ministers please. Article II. The Ministers do what the Skuptschina pleases; and, Article III., the Skuptschina does what it pleases. There you have the whole Law and the Prophets.” Other papers on foreign events are “Tsar v. Jew,” by the Countess of Desart; “The Bombardment of Iquique,” by Archer P. Crouch—both in the *Nineteenth Century*, and a second article by Mrs. Bishop on the “Shadow of the Kurd,” in the *Contemporary*.

The foreign or Colonial policy of England gives the occasion for several interesting contributions. Manipur is described in the *Nineteenth Century* by Sir James Johnston, late political agent in the capital of the Manipuris; and in the “Manipur Blue-Book,” in the *Contemporary*, Sir Richard Temple reminds us that the British protectorate there began a century ago. Sir Richard thinks that the disaster has no political importance in an adverse direction. It hardly detracts at all from the mighty fame which the Government of India has won by a long course of glorious achievement; and its only possible importance consists in the fact that it may be made the occasion of vast improvement in the Eastern frontier of India. A searching analysis of the questions of morality and expediency involved in Sir J. Pease’s “Opium ‘Resolution,’” from the pen of Sir J. F. Stephen, has the place of honour in the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Andrew Carnegie’s defence of the McKinley Bill in the same magazine brings the Canadian question to the front; and Mr. Charles F. Goss, also in the *Nineteenth Century*, writing on a text from Lord Salisbury’s Glasgow speech, expounds his ideas regarding Morocco: he thinks that the strategical value of Tangier, the vast agricultural possibilities of the land, and the commercial demands certain to be stimulated among its population by any easy trading system, will make Morocco *par excellence* the last market of the world, and, for England, also the greatest. The writer of the anonymous article in the *National* on the prospects of a dissolution, puts himself out of court at once by declaring that the recent by-elections afford us not only no certain test by which to surmise the existing sentiments of the electoral body, “but no evidence whatever to which a human being would attach serious importance.” Effrontery is always condoned in the advocate of a losing cause. “Africanus” in the *United Service Magazine* writes on “The Coming War,” and is certain that it will be upon us before many months, if not weeks, have passed over our heads, because the Boers are absolutely bent on “trekking.” We think “Africanus” may be mistaken: war in South Africa, however necessary, has never been popular in Britain; and it is not a battle-cry of that kind with which the Government wish to go to the country.

In Mr. C. W. Wood’s article in the *Argosy* on “The Britons at Home,” he quotes the remark of a

hotel servant at Morlaix. “Human nature is curious and must see everything,” said Catherine, endeavouring to excuse Mr. Wood and his party for doing what she wouldn’t have done for a king’s ransom—going to Quimper, namely, when they might have stayed in Morlaix. “He that will tae Cupar maun tae Cupar” is always the final word in a dispute about routes. English “human nature” seems to have been specially “curious” about France of late. Besides Mr. Wood’s attractive article in the *Argosy*, there is a delightful paper entitled “On the French-Swiss Frontier” in *Cornhill*, and another, equally delightful, in the *English Illustrated*, “A Château in France,” by Mary Mather. The writer in *Cornhill* has discovered, lying between the Canton de Neuchâtel and Franche-Comté, a corner of the world unvisited by the English or American tourist. It is a village called Les Queues, where everything is as primitive as need be, from the cow-bells and familiar *thou* of employé to employer, to the crudity of the game of nine-pins played there, and the universality of smuggling. Miss Mary Mather’s French château belongs to the time of Louis XIII.—the walls of mellow old brick with towers at the angles, a high slate roof, somewhat like an extinguisher, surmounted by clustering weather-vanes. The account of the heroic attempt of Miss Mather and her friends to live in Le Breuil, and their discomfort by the winter and a blood-stained cellar, makes a charming holiday article.

The cuckoo is a strange bird, and if all the literature it has inspired were collected together it would form a small library in itself. Mr. Cannock Brand has increased that literature by a very interesting article in *Longman’s*. From the evidence collected by Mr. Brand, it seems after all to be true that this bird is hatched in strange nests from which it throws the native fledglings. A cuckoo has been found to lay its eggs on the ground, but only in order to suck them or to carry them to a selected nest. Mr. Brand’s speculations upon the development of the cuckoo’s habits are exceedingly ingenious. “Thrushes” are discussed in *Cornhill*, “Bees” in *St. Nicholas*, and “Locusts” in the *Contemporary*. Graver, but not more interesting, scientific articles are Victor Horsley’s “Analysis of Scientific Movement,” and “Hasisadra’s Adventure,” an analysis of a cuneiform account of the Deluge by Professor Huxley, both in the *Nineteenth Century*. “Invisible Paths,” in the *Gentleman’s*, is a very striking contribution to a subject of natural history hardly studied at all. Mr. Field has observed that birds and fish in their daily journeys follow the same irregular paths through the air and the water, and he wishes to know why. Visitors to the country this summer might do worse than attempt to solve the problem. The scientific paper, if it can be called so, likely to attract most attention, however, is Professor R. L. Garner’s “Simian Tongue,” in the *New Review*. By a novel use of the phonograph Mr. Garner has mastered three Simian words, and is able to make himself understood by capuchin monkeys. He suggests that if mankind are the progeny of the Simian stock, their languages may be the progeny of the Simian tongue.

*Temple Bar* contains no fewer than three biographical studies—a notice of Lord Houghton, some personal reminiscences of Walter Savage Landor by Mrs. Crosse, and a good estimate of Richard Jefferies. Mr. Andrew Lang, by the way, prints three hitherto unpublished fragments of Jefferies’ writing in “At the Sign of the Ship,” communicated by Mrs. Jefferies. The *Westminster Review*, also, has three biographical papers, the subjects of which are Lincoln, Talleyrand, and Prince Napoleon; the last, which is exceedingly well written, is from the pen of Constance Eaglestone. In a further extract from Talleyrand’s *Memoirs* in the *Century* the prince of diplomats is found defending himself against charges of implication in the murder of the Duc d’Enghien and in a conspiracy to assassinate Napoleon on his way to Elba.



The trilogy in the *New Review* on the "Science of Preaching" is not specially attractive. Archdeacon Farrar deals chiefly with externals; the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes admits that he has been unable to do the subject justice; the Bishop of Ripon's contribution is, however, a wise and thoughtful essay. Important articles which we must not omit to mention are Sir Charles Dilke's "British Army in 1891" (*Fortnightly*); Mr. Henry James's "Hedda Gabler" (*New Review*); and Mr. Theodore Watts's "Future of American Literature" (*Fortnightly*). The most striking piece of fiction of the month is Mr. Frank Harris's "Modern Idyll," a case of conscience worked out with much power.

## FICTION.

1. A GROUP OF NOBLE DAMES. By Thomas Hardy. One vol. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 1891.
2. EIGHT DAYS. By R. E. Forrest. Three vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1891.
3. LA FENTON. By Gwendolen Douglas Fenton. Two vols. London: Eden, Remington, & Co. 1891.

"A Group of Noble Dames" is a collection of ten short stories. They are supposed to be told by different members of a Wessex Field and Antiquarian Club, but, practically, they are all told by Mr. Thomas Hardy. The Churchwarden, we hear, "proceeded to relate in his own terms what was in substance as follows"; and when the Churchwarden had finished his story, we find before we come to the next, by the Crimson Maltster, the warning that "to his style of narrative the following is only an approximation." The limitations implied in the title may, perhaps, excuse the frequent repetition of the same incidents, especially when we remember the kind of woman that Mr. Hardy prefers to depict. One is "an ecstatic, heart-thumping maiden"; another is "a brave and buxom damsel, not easily put out, and with a daring spirit of humour in her composition, if not of coquetry." They love too much, or play at love too much, to bear any resemblance to the demure marionettes that take the heroine's part in most of our popular fiction. Secret marriages abound; most of the births which occur in the book bring with them fear or foundation for scandal. There are only two stories of the ten which do not contain either such a marriage or such a birth.

In the subject matter of the book there is, as will have been already seen, much to recall Mr. Hardy's previous work. The social contrasts which he treated with such admirable humour and with such admirable pathos in "The Hand of Ethelberta" and "Two on a Tower" appear once more in this book. The irony of some of these stories is the irony of the last two chapters of "A Pair of Blue Eyes." Indeed, the chief novelty of this volume lies rather in the exclusion of the humorous rustic than in the assumption of any fresh material or any new character.

With this we have no fault to find. Mr. Hardy has a wide field, and it is by no means exhausted yet. Nor should we bring against this book the charge which may have already occurred to some, that it is not suited to the Young Person. We, like many others, have never yet understood how this Young Person manages to read her Shakespeare or her Bible: nor do we understand why any fact or influence in life should be excluded from honest and artistic treatment by those who describe life—whether imaginary or historical. It is for quite different reasons that we think "A Group of Noble Dames" the least satisfactory of Mr. Hardy's books.

If the mere plots of all the novels that Mr. Hardy has written were to be sketched out in the fewest possible words, several of them would seem absurd and impossible. That they do not seem to be so in the novels themselves is due to Mr. Hardy's consummate skill; he fascinates the reader, fixes all his attention and sympathies on strange and romantic

characters, blinds his judgment by disturbing his emotions, and, in a few clever lines, gets him safely past the weak point of the story in a most helpless and uncritical condition. In these shorter stories, he has not the space to execute his favourite manoeuvre. We find ourselves face to face with the absurdity, with no previous incident in the story to serve as its precedent and justification; at a point in the development where the action should illuminate and define the character of the actor, the action itself is obscure, or, where we have any light upon it at all, improbable. And, lastly, the style of this book will not compare with the style of Mr. Hardy's best work. It has not the same quality, brightness, warmth. "A Group of Noble Dames" seems to show that the genius of Mr. Hardy is far better suited to the novel than to the short story.

Mr. Traill once pointed out, in a number of the *Contemporary Review*, that the cry of the New Realist, that all the stories had been told, was followed immediately by fresh activity and fresh popularity on the side of the Romantic School. This has indeed been the case. It may be wondered if the story of adventure will ever again have the same popularity as in the last quarter of the present century; it may be wondered still more if popularity will ever again be attained so cheaply, at the cost of so little originality and skill. "Eight Days," however, is a strong and notable story, far above the level of most novels of action, told with simplicity and directness. A brief introduction gives the subject of the story and such preliminary explanations as the author considers necessary. The "Eight Days" in question are eight days of May, 1857, and the tale is a tale of the Indian Mutiny. By the unusual number of his heroes and heroines the author gains a great point; if any one of them gets into a dangerous position in the course of the story, we are by no means certain that he, or she, will ever get out of it safely. With so many heroes and heroines the novelist can afford to kill some. Where there is only one hero and one heroine the novel of adventure is at some disadvantage: because it is concerned with adventure, the hero must run into danger; and because it is a novel, the hero must run out of the danger again, or—as more usually happens—fight his way out. The third volume, by virtue of the incidents which it contains, gives the author of "Eight Days" the best opportunity of showing his quality. It contains some admirable chapters; the strongest in pathos and restraint is that headed "The Change of Quarters." The book concludes with an apology:—

"In dealing with the real adventures of real people you are apt to forget that the characters of the actors are not as well known to the reader as to yourself, and every occurrence will insist upon being narrated exactly as it happened and at full length. You are apt to be overpowered with incidents. . . . But I have told the tale as best I could. Let the reader judge it leniently."

It is fair criticism of the story; had there been a closer and more subtle analysis of character, it would have been still more interesting. Perhaps the chief fault is that in the early chapters of the book too many characters are brought upon the stage at once; we have no time to be interested in one before we have to pass to another; too much strain is put upon the reader's memory. It is, of course, a fault, which the progress of the story remedies; it does not spoil the book. There is little need to ask for leniency in the reader of "Eight Days."

"La Fenton" is a melodramatic and sensational story of the ordinary type. The heroine, an insipid person, goes through countless perils, the villain performs countless villainies, and all comes right in the end. If the author is young and inexperienced, the book is not, however, altogether without promise. There are stray attempts here and there at originality of expression; there is some notion of dramatic effect. Self-restraint, observation, insight into character, and a sense of humour are all wanting at present.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.\*

YOUNG Edward VI. lay dying in "our palace at Greenwich" when the first Arctic expedition which ever left the shores of England glided proudly down the Thames on its way to the mysterious Polar regions. On that fair May morning in the year 1553, three gallant vessels, built as ships had never been built before—for their timber was of surpassing strength and their keels were plated with lead—set sail to solve, if might be, the golden dream of the merchant adventurers of England concerning a short North-West passage to the fabled wealth of India and Cathay. Gallant Sir Hugh Willoughby, the commander of that earliest attempt to solve the jealously guarded secret of the North-West Passage, perished with the bulk of his companions in the hazardous attempt, and that disaster was the first of a long series of repulses which explorers encountered in their stubborn fight with Nature in her coldest and sternest moods. The name of "Sir John Franklin" is indissolubly linked with the history and romance of Arctic discovery in the present century, and Captain Markham has accordingly done well to give us in a compact form, and in a popular series, what we believe is the first biography which has yet appeared of the gallant sailor. Captain Markham has availed himself, in the preparation of the work, of the logs, journals, and other documents preserved in the Public Record Office in Fetter Lane, and at the outset of his task he was fortunate enough to enlist the sympathy of Miss Cracroft, a niece of the hero, who placed at his disposal information of a kind which it would have been impossible to secure elsewhere. Care and research distinguish these chapters, and that the statements which they contain are absolutely reliable is vouched for by the fact that the greatest living authority on the subject, Sir Leopold McClintock, has read the proof-sheets of the volume. Franklin was born at Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, in 1786. At fourteen he entered the navy, and as a midshipman took part in the battles of Copenhagen and Trafalgar. He rose steadily in his profession, and as early as 1819, on board the *Trent*, made his first acquaintance with the Arctic regions. His subsequent expeditions thither, and his services in connection with the Greek War of Independence, and afterwards as Governor of Van Diemen's Land, are briefly recounted by Captain Markham, and yet with no lack of picturesque detail. When Franklin returned from the Antipodes, he learnt, to his great delight, that the Antarctic discoveries of Sir James Ross had revived the national interest in the still unsolved problem of the North-West Passage. It was determined, accordingly, to despatch the *Erebus* and *Terror* to forge, if possible, the last link that would render the chain of previous discoveries complete, and Franklin, who had toiled and suffered in the cause of Polar exploration, volunteered for the post of leader. "No service," he said, "is nearer to my heart than the completion of the survey of the North of America, and the accomplishment of the North-West Passage." The expedition set sail on the 19th of May, 1845, and Franklin died, on the 11th of June, 1847, on board the *Erebus*, "with the news of the successful result of the enterprise ringing in his ears." The little advance-party of two officers and six men, who had travelled across the ice and explored King William Island almost as far as Cape Herschel, returned in time to tell their dying chief that they had seen in the distance the continent of North America. In other words, the long-sought-for passage had been discovered, though the ice-bound ships and the brave men on board them were destined never to traverse that perilous channel. Justice is done in these pages to the indomitable energy and courage of Sir John Franklin, the great charm of his personal character, and the great value of his services to geographical discovery. The book contains a number of maps and portraits, and it is in every sense a worthy though modest contribution to the literature of travel and adventure in their hazardous forms.

That sensible and suggestive book, "Our Sketching Club"—a collection of unconventional letters and papers on landscape art—has found its way into a fifth edition. It is a clear case of promotion by merit, for it contains the gist of Ruskin's teaching on landscape-drawing in the open air. Mr. St. John Tyrwhitt, with a touch of pardonable pride, recalls, in an amusing preface to this fifth edition, the fact that his book was "well whacked on all hands when it appeared" in 1874. He cheerfully admits that there may be faults enough and to spare in his share of the work—if so, we confess we have not found them—but that since the book contains Ruskin's own elementary course for open air

study, and its illustrations are all woodcuts by his own hand, the success of the work is easily accountable. Mr. Tyrwhitt claims that he himself lived about "forty-five years in the ways of painting," and he thinks that young students of the art of landscape-drawing will find sufficient in these pages to try their mettle and capacity, and to teach them at all events what painting is and what painting is not. When they have mastered the teaching of the book, they will be prepared to grapple with the higher set of rules and more abstruse problems of the Laws of Fiesole. Mr. Tyrwhitt protests that he has not written in order to teach anybody how to produce pictures for sale; the book is rather intended for those who find their chief motive to art in their love of Nature, and in the desire to interpret her beauty with reverence and fidelity. "Our Sketching Club" is a capital book, and even those who are not always prepared to accept Mr. Tyrwhitt's conclusions can scarcely fail to be charmed with the freshness and vigour, the humour and common sense, with which he expounds his own views and unfolds the art-teachings of his "master."

We cannot say that we are greatly impressed either with the beauty or the utility of "Academy Sketches"—a bulky volume filled with reproductions of pictures of the year, not merely in the Royal Academy, the New Gallery, Royal Water-Colour Society, but half a dozen of the smaller exhibitions of the season. Mr. Blackburn states that it has been found necessary to issue this supplementary volume, as "Academy Notes" and other handbooks of a special kind have failed to satisfy the public demand. That may be so, but we altogether decline to subscribe to the statement that the volume shows "a still further advance in the art of photo-engraving." Many of the illustrations are singularly poor, and convey a quite inadequate impression of the original paintings. The detestable trick of sandwiching full-page highly coloured sensational advertisements of tea, carpets, wall-papers, and the like, is carried in this instance to an exasperating length.

Mr. Strickland Constable has strung together, on rather a loose thread, a number of articles about "Horses, Sport, and War." He is an enthusiastic believer in the Gospel of Recreation, but we scarcely think that he is likely to advance the cause that he has at heart by the somewhat dictatorial tone which he adopts towards those who differ from him. With the exception of the closing essay on war, of which, by the way, Mr. Constable is an outspoken defender, all of the essays in this volume have previously appeared in print, and we are inclined to think—for the book, though lively, is superficial—that it was scarcely worth while to rescue them from oblivion. No doubt there is something meritorious from a national point of view in laying stress on the importance of cultivating all kinds of manly sport, but just at the moment we are scarcely inclined to think that the rank and file of the English people need to be reminded of their duty in that direction. Moreover, when Mr. Constable poses as a moralist, as he does in a more or less pronounced way from cover to cover of this volume, he is apt to deliver his opinions in a consequential, exasperating, and ineffectual manner. We like him best when he sticks to thoroughbreds and fox-hunting.

Few men of letters were more fond, perhaps, of giving good advice than Samuel Taylor Coleridge, though to the end of his days the burden of his own unfulfilled "good" resolutions lay heavily upon him, and he remained in consequence an uneasy moralist. Shortly after the great dreamer of Highgate Hill had shuffled off this mortal coil, a characteristic snatch from his pen addressed to "bookworms" found its way into print, and "A Septuagenarian," in an odd little introduction to a rather pointless and meagre collection of "Anecdotes, Aphorisms, and Proverbs," declares that when he read Coleridge's words he determined to treasure up the passages in his reading which most impressed him, and so at length—at the leisurely distance of more than half a century—appears this little volume of a hundred and eighty pages. The best that can be said about it is that it may serve to while away an idle hour, and cannot possibly do any harm. Occasionally a gleam of wit brightens the page, but most of the anecdotes, if not quite as old as the hills, are the seniors by a very respectable number of years of "Septuagenarian." A sample may suffice: A landlord told his tenant that he meant to raise his rent. "I'm glad to hear it," was the grateful response, "for I cannot raise it myself."

## NOTICE.

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# THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1891.

## PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

WE comment elsewhere upon the Bill for establishing free education which was explained to the House on Monday. Though full of checks and limitations of an intolerable character—as full of them as was MR. DISRAELI'S first Reform Bill—the principle is sound, and will be heartily accepted by the Liberal party. But though no opposition will be offered to the Bill itself by the leaders of the Liberal party, it will unquestionably demand very full discussion in committee, whilst it will be absolutely necessary that the Opposition should register their strong objection to the placing of further public funds at the disposal of the managers of voluntary schools. In these circumstances, unless the Session is to be prolonged far beyond the date now fixed for the prorogation, the Bill cannot be carried before the adjournment. There are some who insist that Ministers are relying upon this fact to furnish them with an excuse, not for the withdrawal of the Bill, but for an appeal to the country. This is, however, a bold guess, and one which is not generally accepted on either side of the House. The chief argument in its favour is the fact that serious differences are known to have arisen in the Cabinet in connection with the labour question.

VERY useful was the lesson taught to certain honourable and right honourable gentlemen in the House of Commons on Wednesday afternoon. The subject under discussion was the Bill for legalising marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister—a measure demanded alike by common-sense and humanity, but opposed by a certain class of clerical bigots. The Bill was in Committee, and it very soon became apparent that its opponents were resolved, if possible, to stifle it by a resort to obstruction of the most pronounced and scandalous kind. Accordingly, the House saw the edifying spectacle of Tory members, who spend their time in denouncing the obstruction which they allege is practised by the Opposition, going to lengths which have been quite unknown in recent years in obstructing this particular Bill. Nor was this all. Whilst the Tories obstructed, the Liberals used the closure in order to meet these obstructive tactics. Their resort to a weapon with the use of which we have been familiarised by MR. SMITH, caused intense indignation on the Ministerial benches. Truly the sins of the majority in the present House of Commons are beginning to find them out. They have used the closure as a merciless instrument for the suppression of debate for years past. They can hardly expect, when the tables are turned, that their opponents will not profit to some extent by the lesson they have learned.

ON Friday last week a new clause, ostensibly emanating from the representatives of the Ulster tenant, was added to the Land Purchase Bill, providing that any person aggrieved by a decision of the Land Purchase Commission might appeal to a court consisting of the Judicial Commissioner and the two Fair Rent Commissioners—who, rightly or wrongly, are supposed to be more favourable to the landlord than the Land Purchase Commission. MR. BALFOUR supported the clause in the interest of economy of management, and it was

carried by 136 to 83. The debate was complicated by a charge of unjudicial conduct against Mr. T. G. MACCARTHY, one of the Land Purchase Commissioners, for calling the attention of a firm of solicitors to the unfair advantage that they had taken of a clerical error in his department. Nominally the clause emanated from MR. LEA and MR. T. W. RUSSELL, but it seemed pretty clear on the Liberal side of the House that it was "introduced on commission," and was really the work of the Government acting in the interest of the landlord.

THE London 'bus strike, thanks to brilliant organisation, has hitherto been a complete success, the two great companies—the Road Car and the London General—having withdrawn their cars without an attempt to dispute the ground with the pickets. They have, however, conceded in a measure the twelve hours' day, while standing out against payment for the alternate Sunday rest. On the men's side the least promising feature is the small flow of subscriptions, and the most hopeful factor is the undoubted public sympathy with the demand for a twelve hours' day and a day's rest in fourteen. No demand is apparently made for the restoration of the "pickings" or "partnership" system, as it is variously called; the men only insisting that their wages for a twelve hours' day should be a fair recompense for skilled labour. By the old plan—under which the 'bus-conductor, like a cab-driver, practically farmed his vehicle from the company—the wages undoubtedly ruled high, the men working feverishly hard for themselves as well as for their employers, and being comparatively reckless on the point of the excessive hours of toil. Both men and companies did well by the system, but for the former it was simply well-paid slavery. Now, however, that it is regularised by the introduction of tickets, the men's demand for reasonable terms of employment is, in the main, irresistible.

IT is, however, much to be regretted that a dispute which so nearly touches the working life of five millions of people should not be submitted to the judgment of its citizens. Failing some kind of municipal control of the omnibus and tram system—which the Tories in the County Council have just contrived to prevent—it is a pity that the machinery of arbitration provided after the dock strike by the London Chamber of Commerce is not available. Unfortunately it can only be invoked by one of the parties, or both, in the dispute, and neither is disposed to put itself at the tactical disadvantage of appealing to outside authority. But it ought not to be impossible to approach the companies and the men with an informal Committee of Intervention, to suggest arbitration, though, of course, with no powers to enforce it. The Lord Mayor is apparently ready to intervene; but he needs further backing.

A DEPUTATION, which required the ample space of the Victoria Hotel in Northumberland Avenue for its due accommodation, met SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH there on Friday week to induce him to reconsider his refusal to allow the incorporation of the proposed Institute of Preventive Medicine as a Company "Limited" without the usual suffix. The Act secures control by the subscribers, and is the simplest way of obtaining a guarantee fund—by leaving part

of the capital uncalled—in case of an expensive conflict with the anti-vivisectionists; but the suffix suggests that the institution aims at profit—and here DR. KOCH and the German Government have set a very dangerous precedent—and that anti-vivisectionists may some day acquire a controlling interest and carry a resolution in favour of winding up. SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH's defence of his action was based on the danger of bringing the Home Office into trouble by sanctioning an Institute the mere proposal of which last February sufficed to give new life to the agitation against vivisection. It was not very satisfactory; but probably expresses the mind of the public—which distrusts the method and the cure, knowing that a good deal of science (so-called) is wrong, and not seeing that its errors are inevitable and temporary. Of course, however, the anti-vivisection agitation is hardly in place here. What the Institute proposes is to propagate bacteria and manufacture their antidotes, chiefly in the living body of the guinea-pig.

FOR the last ten days the Continental papers have been full of positive assertion and circumstantial detail as to the engagements entered into by England towards Italy with reference to the Triple Alliance. The story was started in the middle of last week by M. MILLEVOYE's letter to MR. LABOUCHERE, containing PRINCE NAPOLEON's statement to the writer that KING HUMBERT told him last year that he had a definite promise from LORD SALISBURY that, in case of mobilisation of the Italian army, the Italian coasts should be protected by the English fleet. This has drawn a reply from the Italian Government that the alleged statements, even if correctly understood, represent solely the personal and gratuitous suppositions of the Prince to whom they are attributed. Since then, however, we have had plenty of detail, and are promised more if MR. LABOUCHERE can extract it from the Committee of Supply. The *Corriere della Sera* of Milan has told us how COUNT ROBILANT, then Italian War Minister, first invited LORD SALISBURY's co-operation, and how LORD ROSEBERY knows and approves of all that has been done; and MR. LABOUCHERE himself has related how the Triple Alliance of 1887 was entered into on the faith of LORD SALISBURY's assurances made at the direct instigation of PRINCE BISMARCK.

OF course, to the French versions of the story there is a simple answer, which has been hinted at in the English Ministerial press and given explicitly by the better informed foreign newspapers. No English Minister can make a secret treaty; and any engagements he may enter into, his successor is free to set aside. But he may very naturally say that certain circumstances may not improbably arise which may suggest a certain course of action the advisability of which he will consider if in office; and that, English foreign policy being ordinarily much less affected by party politics than the rest of the administration, he apprehends that future Foreign Secretaries may not improbably take a similar course. Now such a statement is very nearly as good as a formal engagement.

DETAILS of BARON HIRSCH's proposed colony which are given by the German papers are of interest to other people besides those financially interested in Argentina. The settlement (on a territory as large as Lower Austria) will apparently be on that geometrical pattern which the geography of new countries has so often facilitated. Villages with a population of 1,000 to 2,000 are to be grouped round market towns with about 10,000 inhabitants. The land is said to be extremely rich, but to require a good deal of preliminary expenditure. The capital required is from 100 to 150 million francs. Roads and railways are to be constructed, and the

first buildings erected, by selected bodies of Jewish artisans to be sent out in advance. The only problem as yet unsettled is, apparently, which of the colonists shall cultivate the soil. Probably, however, the organising talent of the race will secure the services of the Gaucho and the Italian immigrant, as, according to MISS DOWIE, it has secured those of the Ruthenian and the Pole. In fact the district will hardly be a new Palestine. It will rather be a new Galicia.

THE Directors of the Bank of England made no change in their rate of discount this week; but, on the other hand, they are doing nothing to maintain rates, and consequently the value of money is rapidly declining, the discount rate in the Open Market being no better than  $2\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. Gold continues to be shipped from New York, and although the Bank of England has begun to send the metal to Russia, yet the Bank is still gaining strength. Already £300,000 have been sent by it to St. Petersburg, £600,000 are expected to go next week, and gradually, nearly  $2\frac{1}{2}$  millions more, it is said, will have to be despatched. In spite of that, the bill-brokers and the discount houses hope that money will continue to be abundant and cheap, and therefore they are keenly competing with one another. Their main reliance is that the Bank of France will change its usual policy and allow gold to be withdrawn freely from it during the autumn. If it does, then there may be less disturbance of the European Money Markets than has hitherto been apprehended. The Silver Market continues very quiet. Apparently efforts are being made in the United States to form a combination for the purpose of raising the price, but—as yet, at least—the efforts have not been attended with much success. That may be due no doubt to the continued gold exports which keep the Money Market in a flutter, and the operators may be more successful by-and-by; but it is difficult to believe that much advance can be brought about, especially as there is very little European demand, and India is not buying.

THE feeling in the City is decidedly better this week than last. It is now generally believed that the alarmist rumours which have been circulating of late were unfounded, and that there is no danger of serious difficulties. The continued receipts of gold, too, strengthen the hope that the Money Market will not be disturbed, and the boldness of the great operators in Paris is gradually reviving confidence here. The leaders of the Paris Bourse have recovered from their recent scare, and profess themselves to be strong enough to not merely support the market, but to carry prices higher than they have hitherto done. A syndicate of bankers has arranged with the new Portuguese Finance Minister to give an advance which will make it possible to pay the interest on the debt falling due at the end of the month, and it is said also that arrangements will be completed for paying the interest that will fall due at the end of the year. There has in consequence been an unexpected rise in Portuguese Bonds, and generally the International Market has been surprisingly strong. The panic in Buenos Ayres appears to have abated. The English banks there have sustained the run upon them and maintained their credit, and the premium on gold is falling. The Bank of England, too, has issued a statement respecting the Baring Liquidation which is generally looked upon favourably. But though there is a decided improvement here, there is very little business being done. The general public is holding aloof, and speculators are still very timid. It is significant, however, that the Indian sterling loan of two and a half millions has been subscribed at about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. above the minimum fixed, and even the Queensland loan which recently was not subscribed has been taken by a syndicate. Apparently the financial establishments are coming to the conclusion that the investment demand will soon become large again.



## PRINCE AND PEOPLE.

THE Press has, on the whole, dealt judiciously with the story which has been unfolded before the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury during the past fortnight. Here and there, it is true, there has been a disposition to emulate the folly of the mob of well-dressed persons who, when the verdict had been delivered, gave vent to their sympathy with Sir William Gordon-Cumming by hissing the jury and the defendants. But, upon the whole, the newspapers have commented fairly and sensibly upon one of the most miserable incidents in our latter-day history, and have not failed in their duty as representatives of public opinion. Last week we had to speak of the vulgarity, almost squalid in its character, of the scene which has been photographed for us by the persons who were present at Tranby Croft in the St. Leger week last year. As a picture of the way in which "society," of a sort, amuses itself, it is at once as graphic and as disgusting in its realism as a print by Hogarth. It is simply impossible for any person, who is not hopelessly vulgarised, to regard with respect the characters which figure on that scene, whatever may be their rank in society. As to the unhappy man whose sin has found him out, it is unnecessary to say anything. Sir William Gordon-Cumming had himself established his own guilt far too clearly to allow Sir Edward Clarke to remove the stigma from him. The advocate did his best, but he must have known from the first that his efforts were doomed to fail. His client has been formally pronounced guilty of cheating at cards, and has thus fallen under the heaviest ban of a society which, whilst it makes light of the ruining of a girl, or the wrecking of a home, regards dishonesty in gambling as a sin for which there can be no forgiveness on this side of the grave.

But there is no need to say that Sir William Gordon-Cumming was really only a subsidiary figure in the drama in which he has played so conspicuous a part. The interest of this trial to the whole English-speaking world lies in the fact that the heir to the throne has been closely connected with the painful and hateful incidents which have been revealed before the Lord Chief Justice. It was "the Prince's party" which met at Tranby Croft for the Doncaster week; it was the Prince who suggested that the game of baccarat should be played, despite the fact that it had been forbidden by the master of the house; it was the Prince's counters which were used when the gambling began, they having apparently been brought by him as part of his ordinary luggage; it was the Prince who kept the bank; it was one of the Prince's oldest and closest friends who was detected cheating by his fellow-gamblers, and all the subsequent incidents, the secret understanding by which the offence was to be hidden from the world, the evil gossip which circulated from club to club for weeks and months, and finally the public scandal and the trial, have been affected at every point by the fact that the future King of England has been one of the leading figures in the miserable tale.

We have no wish to press hardly upon the Prince. We forget neither the manifold temptations incident to his lofty station, nor the irksomeness of the duties it imposes upon him, and which must make any kind of relaxation welcome. For princes, as for peasants, it is true that all work and no play would be a bad rule. We should, indeed, rather see the Prince of Wales a pleasure-seeker than a prig. But, after making every possible allowance for the drawbacks of the position he has inherited, and for his own personal characteristics, we cannot come to any other conclusion than that the part which His

Royal Highness has played in connection with this miserable business has been strangely at variance with the requirements of his place in the State and with the grave responsibilities he has inherited. And if this is the opinion universally current in London, even among those who are his personal friends as well as among those who are by no means squeamish on questions of social morality, what is likely to be the effect produced by the dismal story upon people who live far from "the talk of the town," and who know nothing of the lengths to which the pursuit of amusement is carried in certain circles? What will the clergy, the Nonconformist ministers and laity, the staid residents in provincial towns and villages, think of the picture of vulgar pleasure-seeking which has been painted for us in such graphic colours in the court of the Lord Chief Justice? To such people life is as a rule a very serious matter, and they must shrink in real horror from a spectacle which from their childhood upwards, they have been taught to regard as one of shame and sin. They may take an exaggerated view of the evils of gambling, of the sinfulness of this devotion to mere amusement. But at least their view is an honest one. It is founded upon their religious convictions; and they cannot fail to have received a most painful shock in the course of the recent trial. What, again, will be the opinion of the working men of this country? We are told by some who profess to know them that they will "think none the worse of the Prince because he likes to enjoy himself." That is perfectly true—always providing that the enjoyment is innocent in its character. But hardly a week passes without your working man reading in his newspapers of a police raid upon some gambling club, where betting and baccarat are the forms of amusement most in favour. He knows that in these cases the players are haled off to the nearest police court as criminals, and it is more than probable that he will be unable to see upon what principle the working man who gambles in his club is treated in this fashion, whilst the rich man who gambles in his friend's house is allowed to escape scot-free. Moreover, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the feeling among the great mass of the English working-classes on the subject of Parliamentary grants to the Royal Family is extremely bitter. We believe this feeling to be founded upon a mistaken idea. But if we desire to see the monarchy supported with a liberality befitting so rich and so great a nation, we cannot ignore the fact that most members of the working-classes think differently. How will the recent revelations affect the next attempt which is made to secure further Parliamentary provision for the Royal Family? Can it be supposed that it will lessen the difficulties of Ministers who already find it more than sufficiently difficult to win popular assent to measures of this kind? And, alas! the evil which must be wrought by the story of this trial will not be confined to the United Kingdom. Already foreign critics are sharpening their wits at our expense, and finding in the exposure of "high life" in England fresh proof of what they regard as the natural hypocrisy of our race. That in itself is a very small matter. But it is not a small matter that this story will penetrate to our most distant colonies, will startle and wound those who from afar have looked with eyes of reverent affection on the throne established in the Mother-land, and on the man who stands nearest to it; and will furnish others, who are already crying for the independence which to them seems the only fitting condition of young communities in new worlds, with the strongest of arguments in favour of their demand.

No one can wish to aggravate the mortification

which the Prince of Wales must feel when he thinks of this unhappy episode in his life. But it would be cowardice to conceal from him the certain effect which it must have throughout the Empire of which he will one day be the head. If the evils at which we have glanced are to be mitigated or neutralised, it must be by his own action, and not by that of other men. If he wishes in due time to ascend the throne amid the heartfelt good wishes of a loyal people, he must show that he is not unworthy of that loyalty. The latitude already accorded to him is wide enough. No one, as we have said, wishes to see the Heir to the Crown a prig or a Pharisee. But there are well-defined limits, well known to himself, beyond which he can only go at his peril. There are some things which the public opinion of Great Britain will not tolerate in a monarch or in the Heir-Apparent. We do not speak of the public opinion of society, of the clubs, or even of the newspapers, which on this subject reflect very faintly the real feeling of the community. We speak of that wider opinion, founded upon precepts older even than those of the English Constitution, which still, happily, is the prevailing opinion of the majority of those over whom the Prince will one day rule. It would be unfair to hide from him the fact that recent events have wounded that larger public opinion sorely, and that his first duty to himself, to the Crown, and to his country, is to take steps which will once more bring him into harmony with it. Of one thing he may rest assured. If he refuses to take these steps, and continues to pursue amusements which the healthy conscience of the community condemns, he will be recklessly playing for a higher stake than was ever before risked on the gaming table.

#### THE EDUCATION BILL.

THE Education Bill cannot, and ought not to, pass this session. We say so with no desire to depreciate a measure which might have been much worse, and which is far better than many Liberals expected. The party journalist may decry it as worthless and delusive; it is nothing of the kind. It is a large, carefully considered measure, which carries the country well on the road to Free Education. Nevertheless, the Bill cannot, or ought not to, pass this session, unless the session be inordinately prolonged, because it is full of checks and counter-checks, or limitations, which challenge minute discussion. The plan seems simple: free education for all children between five and fourteen paying fees not exceeding 3d.; a subsidy of 10s. a head taken as the rough equivalent of such fees; schools charging fees in excess of 3d. to bring down their fees; children under five who go to school to pay, as nursery rent, fees not above 2d. But to this plan are many limitations and exceptions, making it extremely difficult to predict the effect in any given district of the new legislation. The Bill contains only half a dozen clauses, but they are written in a sort of official cipher, the key to which can be obtained only by full discussion.

One objection in principle must, at some stage of the proceedings, be taken. The Government may declare it obstructive; none the less is it incumbent, to record a protest against the transfer to the managers of voluntary schools of large grants of public money without some of the usual constitutional safeguards. Under the present system are cases in which the voluntary contributions are insignificant, the public contributions overwhelmingly greater, and yet no control. Such cases will abound, the anomaly will be repeated in aggravated forms under Sir

W. Hart-Dyke's Bill. Though not satisfied with the *modus vivendi* established in 1870, we had no wish to revive the controversy; in no quarter was there any strong disposition to do so. It is quite a different thing when the Government choose to reopen the question, and to propose to subsidise much more liberally voluntary schools. In some districts the plain effect of the measure would be to hand over to the rector who beats up subscriptions to the Church school of £30 or £40, £100 to £200 of public money to spend very much as he pleases. It is to be recollected that in England and Wales there are 1,176 voluntary schools without any subscriptions. Mr. Picton and Mr. Channing have given notice of amendments raising this question of principle, and, even at the risk of postponing the measure, the Opposition ought not to flinch from combating strongly this violation of the first article of their creed. It will be said, "You know, this is incompatible with the existence of voluntary schools; you impose conditions, knowing them to be impossible." That is not certain—some safeguards, not necessarily destructive, might be provided. But if it be true that Church schools and popular control in any form are inconsistent, so much the worse for the former. We have not, if Mr. Chamberlain has, forgotten the foundations of the Liberal faith as expounded in other days by him.

Whether the other objections to the measure may be described as matters of principle or points of detail, they deserve to be carefully discussed. We find in it a want of boldly drawn lines of policy, and too many refining compromises, sure to be vexatious and ephemeral. All parents, it is agreed, should equally obtain the relief. Why then not say so in plain terms? The letter of the Act is indeed against denying to any district free education; but the machinery is so complicated that it will be sure to work slowly and perfunctorily. It would be much better to say in set terms: "Free education everywhere; full accommodation without payment of fees (a condition upon which the fee grant is made)." Nor do the limitations as to the recipients of relief seem useful, far less necessary. We take no exception to the proposal to continue the payment of fees in the case of infants under five, sent to school, to the relief of overdriven, overburthened mothers. In favour of charging for the use of a school as a nursery something may be said. But why virtually exclude from the benefit of the measure the small but important class of children who continue beyond fourteen? The greatest blemish in the present educational system is that its influence ends much too soon. The child is drafted to the field or the factory just when his nature begins to be susceptible to the civilising, humanising influences of the schoolroom. No more momentous subject could come before Parliament. Our educational system may prove a miserable failure, the hope that in the schoolroom would be formed a better and more capable race may be delusive if parents are tempted, even more than they are now, to take their children from school when they are most likely to be benefited by it. Of the principle for which we contend there is a recognition in the proviso that "the weekly fee charged in any such school for children over fourteen years of age shall not exceed an average of 3d. per week, except with the approval of the Education Department." This is not enough; we want to double, if possible, the number of children between fourteen and fifteen; raising the "schoolable age" is the step now needed. So obscure in their brevity are some of the provisions that we speak dubiously of their effect; it seems possible, unless the Education Department is vigilant, for certain schools to take the full benefit of the fee grant,



while, in effect, retaining the evils of the fee system. Where 6d. a week was charged 3d. may be charged; and thus side by side may be true free schools and schools with nothing free about them but the name. There are some other strange results. With the text of the Bill before us, we find no answer to Mr. Mundella's criticism that the relief will be the greatest where school fees were highest and most oppressive. "In Lancashire the fees were very high and the schools very bad. At Preston the fees were 19s. 10d. (apparently this should be 14s. 2d.) a head, at Stockton 19s. 1d., at Bury 17s.; in fact, throughout Lancashire and Cheshire the fees ranged from 12s. to 19s. per head. In Birmingham, on the other hand, children had the advantage of a splendid education, far better than anything given in any town in Lancashire, for 5s. 7d. a head. He wanted to know if the people of Stockport and other such places would like to pay 9s. a head in addition to the grant of 10s." About Clause 5, which continues the power of remitting fees granted by Section 17 of the Education Act of 1870, the supporters of Church schools will probably have more to say than the critics of the Opposition. Each school board may remit fees to any extent, which will operate to the injury of the Church schools in the neighbourhood charging high fees. What must be the inevitable result of the board schools offering free much the same kind of education as elsewhere costs 3d. or 4d.? Whether the end of the voluntary schools will come about this way or not we do not know. But it is a sound instinct which makes their supporters dread the outcome of the new Bill, notwithstanding the pains taken to reassure them.

The enumeration of these objections and difficulties is but another way of saying that the measure, apparently simple, is overladen with limitations, the vice of so much modern legislation. Experience tells us that the cunningly constructed apparatus of checks and counter-checks refuses to work in the rough trials of life. Of that experience we are heedless; its thousand lessons go for nothing. The draughtsman gets his elaborate instructions to spin a complex web—to take back in one line what he has given in another, to offer terms to conflicting interests, and to draw clauses which apparently cancel each other. The Education Bill is a masterpiece of this kind of evasive legislation. Usually such limitations serve at least to hide the practical outcome of the measure to which they are attached. In this case they do not. The Bill must, in a few years, bring about in England diversity and inequality offensive and intolerable, or a state of things in which voluntary schools will become impossible.

#### SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

THERE was much that was significant, as well as touching, in the many telegrams which Her Majesty despatched during last week to inquire after the condition of "Sir John," as the Queen affectionately called him, for, with the instinctive appreciation of a political situation with which three-and-fifty years of public life have endowed her, she was keenly alive to the gravity of the change which will be wrought by the disappearance of Sir John Macdonald from Imperial politics. In old-world phrase, he "has held Canada for the Queen" as no other man could have held it in the past or will hold it in the future. His death may even put in jeopardy the Queen's title to one of her proudest possessions. How long the separate North American Colonies might have continued under the British flag, or whether

they would ever have left us within any measurable distance of time, it is impossible to say, for the isolation and the pettiness of each individual community were in themselves guarantees against change. Certain it is, however, that when the whole of the northern part of the Continent was amalgamated into one British Dominion, the chances of absorption into the United States were vastly increased. Sir John Macdonald, by his marvellous dexterity, plausibility, and capacity, made head against the forces which made for absorption. His struggle was not against human antagonists alone, but against physical nature and economic law. The task is one which no lesser man may reasonably hope to continue with a like success. "After Sir John, the Deluge." So Canada has been thinking as it hung restless and sad about the boards whereon was placarded the record of the old man's long struggle with death. Even his opponents shrink half-affrighted from the tremendous issues which his death opens up. The situation is all the more grave from the fact that he dies at the head of a majority which none but himself could hold together. Given a good cause and an up-hill fight, the ghost of a statesman may be the best of all possible party leaders, for a ghost makes no mistakes and is protected against libel. But for a party which is in power and which requires daily skill in order to hold it together, a phantom leader is no leader at all. The immediate prospect before Canada is one of mere confusion arising from the slow dissolution of parties and their slower reconstruction. Canadian politics will descend for a time into a mere Babel of political rancour. And not until the "Grits" find a leader in some small degree approaching the vivacity and magnetism of the lost "Chieftain" of the Canadian Tories, will Canada be again upon a clear and prosperous course.

Even if Sir John Macdonald had, like the other Grand Old Man of the world, been temporarily discarded as the official leader of his nation, his death would have been the cause of universal grief amongst those who knew his personality and career. With all his failings and offences, he was a singularly lovable and human man; perhaps all the more so, as he seemed but little concerned to disabuse the world of its belief in the frailty of his political nature. On the 2nd of April, 1873, when Mr. Huntingdon rose unexpectedly in his place and read out the charges against him in the Pacific Railway scandal, Sir John heard them, without raising his head from the letter he was writing, and allowed the division on the motion for an inquiry to be taken without saying a word in denial or defence. The motion (which was contemptuously defeated) was indeed but an incident in a long struggle ending in the overthrow of Sir John's Cabinet. It is only noteworthy as an example of that humorous effrontery which went so far to endear him to the Canadians. He was essentially a *farceur*, but a *farceur* of a high order. His lines were laid, if not in pleasant, certainly in important and fascinating places. For forty-seven years he was a member of Parliament, making his mark almost from the first. For over thirty years he was a Minister of the Crown, and for about twenty of those years a Prime Minister. The one serious political disaster of his life—the Pacific Railway scandal—did nothing to weaken his position within his own party; and in three years, by his announcement of the "National Policy," he made himself once more the idol of the great majority. Of enemies he had none. A man who, being Prime Minister, can call across the floor of the House to a political opponent of vocal talent, to set up a song with a good chorus and thus drown the oratory of one of the vocalist's own side, must be the chartered

libertine of his political world. He was all his life a joker of jokes, the friend of all men, the idol of boys and girls, of youths and maidens, of "women, ecclesiastics, and persons of quality." Outside politics he was a voracious and miscellaneous reader—a professed patron of literature and the arts. He only failed to be the prince of "clubmen" because he was too much attached to his home, too proud of it, too anxious to associate his wife with the pleasure which he derived from an unstinted hospitality, to live his social life apart from her. He allowed some other men to grow rich at the public expense, and he bought men's support by their own and their neighbours' money, and it is recorded against him that he accepted the money of public works contractors for his own and his colleagues' election expenses. But he took no private help. He lived and died, if not exactly a poor man, yet a man of such modesty of fortune as to be a standing testimony to his own disinterestedness. If he had not given his life to his fellow-countrymen, he would have been one of the greatest and most prosperous advocates of the century.

We do not care, even at this solemn moment, to disguise our opinion that his policy was hurtful and in a sense dishonouring to the people whom he served and ruled; but his faults were due to the perverted morality of his time and country; and, with all his political sins clearly in view, our judgment is that, save one figure only, the greatest, the most kindly, and the most picturesque figure has disappeared from British politics.

#### THE TREASURY VAMPIRE.

A GOOD many years ago a certain young clerk who had been fortunate enough to secure a stool in one of the great public offices of Her Majesty the Queen, was startled out of his sense of propriety by a spectacle which he witnessed in the official apartment in which he was serving the State. He has grown grey since then in the public service, and honours have accumulated upon him; but to this day he remembers with something like a thrill of horror the astounding scene which in his verdant youth first opened his eyes to the realities of the Civil Service. This was what he beheld. An elderly gentleman who was one of the senior clerks in the room in which our young friend was the junior, suddenly rose from his desk, dragged the comfortable chair upon which he had been sitting into the middle of the room, seized a poker, and attacking the chair with a vigour worthy of an able-bodied Englishman, succeeded in breaking one of its legs. The chair was in excellent condition, so the task was not an easy one. When it was accomplished, the senior clerk gave a sigh of relief, and flinging the chair into a corner of the room, returned calmly to his desk and his pen. Our young friend's first idea was that Mr. X. had suddenly taken leave of his senses, and he had expected at the first moment of his attack upon the chair that his colleagues would forthwith put some restraint upon him. But, to his amazement, the other clerks in the room hardly raised their eyes from their desks whilst the work of destruction was in progress. It was quite clear that they understood all about it, and were by no means moved by the performance of their chief. That afternoon, when the office work was at an end, our raw youth timidly approached one of his fellow-clerks and questioned him. "Can you tell me," he asked, "why Mr. X. behaved in that extraordinary way this morning; I mean, when he deliberately broke a perfectly sound leg off the chair on which he had been sitting?" "Oh," replied the other with a

shrug of the shoulders, "that was all right. A castor had come off one of the legs of his chair, and, you know, 'my lords' won't provide new castors; they will attend to nothing less than a broken leg. So X. had to break a leg in order to get his chair put right again at the public expense." It was our young friend's first lesson in the true character of the rule of the Treasury over our Civil Service. It has not been his last. But slight though the incident was, it gave him an insight into the most grievous scandal connected with our system of administration which now awaits the hand of the reformer. That scandal is the manner in which the Treasury holds in its grip all the great Departments of the State, and by means of a system of intricate red tape on the one hand and a policy of short-sighted meanness on the other, succeeds not only in throttling every branch of the public service in turn, but in wasting millions of the public money.

A man must himself have been in the public service to understand the pedantic folly and monstrous wastefulness of this tyranny of the Treasury. Nothing of which Dickens wrote when he told the story of the Circumlocution Office is worse than the state of things which to this hour prevails in all the Departments of the State, owing to the fact that not a penny can be spent out of the regular routine without the consent of my Lords of the Treasury. If Lord Coleridge, in his capacity of Lord Chief Justice, wished to procure a new set of hat-pegs for his private room at the Law Courts, instead of simply giving a personal order and having the thing done, he would be compelled to apply formally to the Treasury; his application would be duly docketed and acknowledged, and in course of time, probably after a prolonged correspondence, "my lords" would graciously allow the sum of eighteenpence to be expended on the necessary work. If Mr. Maunde Thompson wanted a new case made for some recently-acquired treasures at the British Museum, he would be as completely powerless to order the case himself as he would be to procure the loan of the Crown diamonds for a fancy ball. If a nail is to be driven into a piece of wood in any one of the innumerable offices where the work of the public service is carried on, if a window is to be mended, or the simplest and most obvious of improvements to be carried out, the routine of an application to the Treasury must be gone through. "My lords," in the shape of some unknown clerk, must take the matter into consideration; there will be delay, correspondence, waste of time and waste of money; and at last the thing will be done in the least satisfactory and most expensive manner possible.

Hitherto we have spoken only of the very small matters in which the Treasury interferes in this ridiculous fashion; but there are other and far more important matters in which the tyranny of Downing Street becomes still more injurious to the public service. Not that the small matters are themselves unimportant. On the contrary, they involve a really heavy loss to the State every year, and they furnish at the same time a typical example of how things ought not to be done in the public service. Where is the place of business in any part of England where matters are managed as they are in that service? There are many great establishments in London, Yorkshire, and Lancashire where the most rigid economy of administration is practised, and where the proprietors, either personally or through agents, keep the tightest hand upon the spending departments. Yet there is not one of these great establishments in which the virtues of a petty cash account are not known, and in which the right of men in a responsible position to control the small repairs and improvements, which in the public



service are in the hands of the Treasury alone, is not freely acknowledged.

Clumsy, wasteful, unbusiness-like beyond description in words, is this control by the Treasury in small matters. But it is when we see how it acts in larger affairs that we get a glimpse of the scandal in its true proportions. The country would be horrified if it knew how its money is wasted in almost every department of the State. We have Ministers prating of economy, and buttoning up their pockets against the most urgent demands of the public, at the very moment when they are literally flinging money with a lavish hand into the dirt. Not long ago a great public building was erected in London. It was erected from plans prepared by that branch of the Treasury Red Tape Office which is known as the Board of Works. The building was to be used not as an ordinary office, but for certain purposes of a scientific and artistic kind. It was for the use of a public department officered by men possessed of eminent technical knowledge, and the requirements of those who were to occupy the building were of a special character. But it never occurred to the Treasury or the Board of Works to consult these gentlemen, and suit the building to their requirements, from its first inception as a plan on a piece of paper. Nothing so simple would have suited these masters of the public purse. What they did was to enter into a contract for the erection of a magnificent building—"four-square to all the winds that blow"—of the most substantial workmanship. When it was actually erected it was time enough to call in the people who were to use it, and to consult them as to any changes which were needed to enable it to meet their requirements. Then, when these changes had been ascertained, another contract was entered into, and the building which had never yet been used was nearly gutted in order that it might be made in any way suitable for the purpose for which it was wanted. This is quite a common experience in our public departments. In the particular case to which we refer there was one aggravating incident which deserves special notice. Before the original building was completed, one of the chief persons in the department for whose use it was intended, happened to see that a solid wall was being built where it was necessary that there should be a good supply of light. He called the attention of the authorities to the subject. They admitted that he was quite right, and that windows would undoubtedly have to be provided in that particular wall. But they intimated that, inasmuch as a contract had been entered into for the erection of a solid wall, they thought it better to allow that contract to be completed, and then to enter into a second contract for the piercing of the windows in the finished wall! No practical man need be told of the costliness and wastefulness of this method, nor of its injurious effect upon the structure. Yet this is the way in which, under the Treasury and the Office of Works, a great public building in London was actually erected. Here, for to-day, we leave our subject.

#### FIRST LESSONS FROM THE CENSUS.

THE particulars already published as to the English Census afford material for some unexpected inferences. The twenty-eight great towns which form, so to speak, the first class of the subjects of the Registrar-General have not done so well as was expected of them. Sir Brydges Henniker credited them with possessing this month over ten millions of inhabitants. But the noses actually

counted last April only numbered 9,388,000, a deficiency of over 6 per cent. To this extent the percentage of deaths has been understated, and our expressions of satisfaction at the declining death-rate have now to be correspondingly moderated. Manchester and Leeds come out almost exactly as was anticipated; but Salford has been credited with 21 per cent. too many inhabitants, and therefore with a death-rate too favourable in the same degree. The fearful rate of mortality of Preston suffers only a fractional reduction, whilst Brighton, which has for years occupied the proud position of the healthiest large town in England, must submit to seeing its annual death-rate increased by over one and one-third per thousand. The Registrar-General supposed it to contain 125,000 inhabitants, but only 115,000 were counted. Other towns are in a position of similar disillusionment. Those who know the insanitary condition of many parts of Hull will not be surprised to learn that its death-rate proves to have been habitually understated by nearly four per thousand. Liverpool turns out to have been over-estimated by over 16 per cent., and to have positively declined in population. Birmingham, Leicester, Nottingham, Oldham, Bradford, and Derby have all been claiming death-rates too low by from two to three per thousand. These results ought to wake up those Town Councillors, who have hitherto pooh-poohed representations as to the bad state of the houses of the poor, and despised all complaints about drains, on the plea that at any rate the death-rate was low. On the other hand, Newcastle, Portsmouth, Cardiff, and Norwich have not hitherto received full credit; their populations turn out to be larger than was supposed, and their rates of mortality correspondingly lower.

London deserves a paragraph to itself, and, after the fate of nearly all the provincial towns, it is satisfactory to find that the total for "Greater London" is about what was anticipated, whilst in that for the "Inner Ring" (which nearly coincides with the County Council area) the deficiency is only a little over 5 per cent. The annual rate of growth of London proper has, indeed, fallen to the normal one per cent. which is approximately that for the whole country. As for the "Outer Ring," it increases at five times this rate. The "great wen," as Cobbett called it, now includes one-fifth of the population of England and Wales; more people than Ireland and Wales put together, or than the inhabitants of the conjoint kingdoms of Norway and Sweden. Every four minutes one more citizen is born into the capital of the world; every five minutes someone dies. This mighty "province covered with houses" it is to which we still deny any efficient organisation for municipal self-government. This is the kingdom which is still administered as an agglomeration of parishes abutting on the only remaining unreformed corporation.

The City, indeed, comes very badly out of this numerical "Trial of the Pyx." The 50,000 sleeping population, to which it had shrunk in 1881, are now further reduced to 38,000, men, women, and children. Yet the number of registered electors is over 32,000, and it returns two members to Parliament, whilst possessing not enough resident population to qualify it even for one. All the central districts of the Metropolis have fallen off in population since 1881, whilst the suburban districts, especially on the south side, have enormously increased. We wish we could suppose that this indicated a real "spreading" of the people, a genuine lessening of the pressure on the densely crowded slums. But this is not the case. The Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor

reported, in 1886, that overcrowding had positively increased. Lord Shaftesbury expressly testified that the overcrowding of the poor in the central districts was worse than it had ever been. Every clearance for a railway or a new street, every erection of a theatre or a block of expensive flats, has tended to huddle more closely together the unfortunate denizens of such "congested districts" as Clare Market and Berwick Street, Little Saffron Hill and Shelton Street. The bitter lesson of the last twenty years is that the way to the better housing of the people lies not in "improvements." We can no longer trust optimistically for our artisans' dwellings to Providence and the speculative builder, or even to a 5 per cent. philanthropy. It is high time that the County Council ceased chaffering over the price of the Millbank site, and began seriously to undertake the re-housing of its constituents.

The census figures are likely to throw some interesting light on that mysterious "swarming" of the people, upon which Mr. Leonard Courtney once waxed inconclusively eloquent at Toynbee Hall. The drain to the towns, which marks all Western Europe, the Eastern States of the American Republic, and especially also the Australian Continent, still continues in the United Kingdom. Even in decaying Ireland, Catholic Dublin and Protestant Belfast continue alike to grow at the expense of the rural districts. If the urban increase during the last decade appears less than in the previous period, it must be remembered that much of the growth now takes place outside urban boundaries. Expand our boroughs as we may, we never overtake for long the spreading suburbs. The improvement in the means of communication enables an ever larger percentage of the population to live away from their work, and to put between it and their homes an ever greater distance. Eastbourne and Brighton and Reading become as much suburbs of London as Bagnigge Wells and Islington were to Charles Lamb. It is less easy to understand why Portsmouth and Leeds have attracted many immigrants, whilst Bristol and Brighton have fallen relatively behind. Why has Newcastle progressed two and a half times as fast as Sunderland; Oldham twice as fast as Bolton?

The one great lesson from all these returns is the absolute necessity for a quinquennial census. All inferences founded upon rates of mortality become untrustworthy when we find that they are based on estimated populations which may be 21 per cent. too high (as at Salford), or 12 per cent. too low (as at Newcastle). The cost of the present census is much increased by our habit of beginning the work each time afresh, instead of keeping on some kind of permanent staff, who would be able to work out, in the off-years, a few more statistical results than the very meagre tables which are all we now get. We can very well afford a numbering of the people every five years; and presently we may learn to find out something more about them than merely their numbers. The inquiry into the room-space occupied by each family, which is all that the Government would do this year by way of "social census," must one day be expanded into a genuine inquest into the "state of the nation." The first necessity is to know things as they are; we must look the facts in the face; in things social, at any rate, "Above all, no opium." Never was the want of exact knowledge of the condition of the people more severely felt. Industrially and financially, producing and consuming, at work and at play, the nation requires to know itself. Demos, the new Conqueror, needs a new Domesday Book.

#### A BANKING EXPERIMENT.

A BANKING experiment of much public interest has just been tried and has failed. The Directors of the Bank of England, being convinced that alone they are unable to protect their reserve, and feeling that as matters stand at present the protection of the reserve is urgently required, invited the leading joint-stock banks to assist them in regulating the market. The suggestion was that these banks should set the example of fixing the rate, and then that the smaller banks should be asked to join. It was thought, and with much reason, that the leading banks alone could get and keep control of the market. There are seven joint-stock banks, three of them having numerous provincial branches, and four being metropolitan banks, which together hold nearly 160 millions of deposits. These seven banks, with the Bank of England, hold very nearly one-third of all the deposits of the United Kingdom, and it was argued that eight institutions which dispose of nearly one-third of the whole banking resources of the country could fix rates as they pleased. At first the leading banks professed willingness to co-operate with the Bank of England. At the time the rate of discount of the Bank of England was 5 per cent., and the leading joint-stock banks came to the conclusion that it would be enough for the purpose in view to charge 4½ per cent. to all but their regular customers. Their regular customers, however, include several important banks in the provinces as well as some of the most powerful on the Continent, and to make an exception in their favour was practically to defeat the very object they had in view. Either, therefore, the joint-stock banks were not quite in earnest or they blundered woefully. Finding that in spite of their combination the rate of discount in the open market was steadily declining, the representatives of the leading joint-stock banks invited the provincial and Scotch banks to send representatives to meet them for the purpose of seeing whether a great association could not be formed. Two meetings were held, but came practically to nothing. It was agreed, indeed, that the object in view was desirable, and that a meeting of all the banks should be called if occasion should arise; but nothing further was deemed necessary at present; in other words, the whole question was shelved. The Directors of the Bank of England, learning this, reduced their rate of discount to 4 per cent., and since then the rate in the open market has been rapidly falling.

As a matter of course, the attempt of the banks to combine was denounced by the business community as an artificial endeavour to raise the value of money. It was pointed out that the London market is the centre of the world's trade; to make money here artificially dear would, therefore, it was said, drive away capital and cause serious loss to the country. No doubt very powerful arguments may be adduced against every such attempt to fix prices of any kind artificially; but, on the other hand, it must not be lost sight of that we are passing through a grave crisis, and that, therefore, it is of the utmost importance that the Money Market should be protected against the dangers that are clearly foreseen. There is widespread distrust, and many of the most important financial establishments have been greatly weakened by recent events. If the Money Market should be convulsed, those establishments might be compelled to close their doors, and the consequences would be very serious. Unfortunately it is by no means improbable that the Money Market may be greatly disturbed unless the reserve of the Bank of England can be effectually protected. As our readers



are aware, the Russian Government has very large funds standing to its credit in London, and it is understood that it intends to take within a few weeks from now at least three millions sterling in gold from the Bank of England; it may take more, but it will not take less. Furthermore, the probability is very great at present that the harvest through Western and Central Europe will be both bad and late; that, therefore, immense quantities of wheat will have to be imported from America, Russia, India, and other countries; and that a part at least of the imports will have to be paid for in gold. It is estimated by good authorities that France alone will have to pay fully ten millions sterling away in this manner; and it is possible that this country, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and Italy may have to pay as much more. At all events, whatever the exact figure may be, it is reasonably certain now that large sums will have to be sent abroad to pay for the wheat which will not be grown in Europe. But if foreign countries withdraw from the Bank of England large amounts of gold, in addition to the sums which will have to be paid to the Russian Government, there cannot be any serious doubt that the London Money Market will be thrown into confusion. It is hoped, and we believe with good reason, that the Bank of France recognises this, and is prepared to depart from its usual practice. For years past it has refused to allow gold to be withdrawn from it in any considerable amounts; but as the directors are aware that the Bank of England cannot spare large sums, and as they know that a disturbance of the London Money Market would in all probability cause a disturbance in Paris, they have come to the conclusion, it is said, to allow the gold that may be required from France to be taken from their own stock. If they do that, the Money Market may escape a serious danger that is now hanging over it. But, on the other hand, the directors of the Bank of England are clearly bound not to reckon too confidently on assistance from France, but to take measures in time for safeguarding their own reserve.

The directors of the Bank of England, as already said, have recognised their duty. They have obtained in New York and elsewhere very large amounts of gold; and as they feel that they are themselves unable to keep the gold they have thus attracted without assistance, they have appealed for that assistance to the joint-stock banks. Unfortunately the latter have not responded in the spirit that might have been expected; evidently they do not trust one another; each is afraid that a rival may take away some of its business if it pledges itself too strongly to assist the Bank of England; and thus in their mutual jealousy they all decline to adopt the only course which under existing circumstances would be effectual to protect the reserve. A combination of the kind, however, even if it were entered into, could not be expected to prove permanent; at the best it would be only a temporary resource. The proper course would be to give the Bank of England a greater power to protect its own reserve. The law as it now stands is not elastic enough. The reserve consists practically of the bank notes which are not employed in lending and discounting; but the amount of bank notes that can be issued is regulated by the amount of gold held by the Bank; therefore, whenever gold is withdrawn from the Bank, notes have to be cancelled, and consequently the reserve is reduced. Unless, then, the Bank can prevent gold from being withdrawn, it has no means of effectually protecting its reserve. And the Bank now is surrounded by so many other

banks quite as powerful as itself, that alone it is not able to regulate the rate of discount, and, therefore, to prevent gold from being withdrawn. To shield the country, then, from the disturbance of all kinds of business caused by frequent gold withdrawals, it is in the highest degree desirable that the Bank Charter Act should be amended in a way that would give the Bank of England greater discretionary power.

#### CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

A PART from the rumours of a change in the relations of France to Russia and the circumstantial statements as to the renewal of the Triple Alliance and the obligations of England in connection with it, the foreign news this week is not of a striking character. The Anglo-Portuguese Treaty is adopted by the Cortes, but that was a foregone conclusion. To find events which are not incomplete we must go outside European civilisation—to China, where the attacks on foreigners have been accompanied by murder and pillage, especially at Wuhu, not far from Shanghai, and have led to a threat from the French squadron to bombard Nankin if proper protection is not given to Europeans; and to Hayti. A rising against the Government of General Hippolyte—which was established after a civil war in 1889, and recognised by England and the United States last year—was attempted a fortnight ago by partisans of the previous President, General Légitime; but it failed completely, and has been stamped out mercilessly.

In France, after four days' discussion, including a brilliant and extremely learned speech from the Minister of Commerce, M. Jules Roche, the Chamber has decided, by a large majority, not to tax raw silk. The Senate has agreed to the proposed reduction of duties on corn and flour, to commence, not in August, but as soon as the law is promulgated—a modification which will probably be accepted by the Chamber. The Melinite case has passed through the stage of preliminary examination. MM. Turpin, Triponé, Feuvrier, and Fessler are committed for trial. The dinner of the Monarchist Provincial Press on Sunday was chiefly remarkable for an emphatic assertion by their new leader, the Comte d'Haussonville, of the solidarity of the Monarchist and Bonapartist parties. The former apparently are to do the Parliamentary work of the Opposition; the latter to appeal to the country periodically in favour of Revision. Both parties are to be in readiness for a crisis. Then they are to come forward and save France. The speaker made the usual attacks on the intolerance and immorality of the Republic, eulogised Louis XVIII. and the Restoration, and insisted that the party was more in touch with rural France than their opponents. Unfortunately, bye-elections prove the contrary nearly every week; and the numerous deputations of Monarchist artisans from the great towns of France which were present at the dinner, probably mean even less than the Conservative Working Men's Associations meant in England in the days of the Reform League.

French Catholicism, however, had a great fête-day on Sunday. The Church of the Sacred Heart, built on land which a law of 1873 permitted to be taken compulsorily, dominating Paris, and constituting in the eyes of French Catholics a monument of expiation for the Commune of 1871, was formally consecrated, though still very far from complete. A counter-demonstration by a small body of Anarchists, who brought garlands to deposit at the place where one of the Communist leaders, Varlin, was shot in May, 1871, was stopped by the police, who made some arrests. The Paris Municipal Council has censured the Prefect of Police and adopted a resolution in favour of the compulsory purchase

of the church by the Government. A movement with the same purpose has been begun by various Socialist and Radical deputies, but does not seem to find much support.

In Germany a conference has taken place between the Chancellor and some prominent Liberal deputies on the subject of the corn dues. This raised some hopes among the latter; but on Thursday the Government definitely refused even to give the figures on which its optimist calculations are based. Its real motive in refusing to suspend them seems to have been to avoid endangering the Austro-German commercial treaty or the pending negotiations of similar treaties with other nations. A suspension now might rouse the agricultural interest against the treaties, and if it did not produce any marked effect on prices might weaken the case for reduction hereafter.

The Swiss Chamber has practically adopted the proposed general amnesty for both sides in the Ticino disturbances of 1889 and 1890.

The general election in Holland took place on Tuesday. It has been marked by the complete break up of the old coalitions. Among the supporters of the Ministry, the Calvinist "anti-revolutionaries" have quarrelled with their Catholic allies over the proposed introduction of personal military service; and the Liberals will command a small majority, and probably be able to form a Government.

The question of electoral reform in Belgium, too, is further from settlement than was supposed a fortnight ago. There, also, the introduction of personal compulsory military service is pending, and the Government is said to be resolved to pass it first. The Right ask that the Government shall present a scheme of provincial and communal electoral reform before deciding on the reduction of the franchise. The votes of supplies, too, block the way, and if the reform question is postponed to an autumn session the general election would probably take place in December—which would be extremely unfavourable to the present Government, depending as it does mainly on the agricultural vote.

The Portuguese Chamber has ratified the Convention with England by 105 votes to 6, and the House of Peers by 83 to 6. It was accordingly signed on Thursday. Only the extreme Republican papers object to it; and the general opinion seems to be that it is a fairly satisfactory compromise, though not a triumph. Even Major Serpa Pinto seems to share this view.

In Austria, for the first time for thirteen years, the German Left have declared their willingness to vote the secret service money demanded by the Government, so that Count Taaffe may find them part of his majority after all. Probably this *rapprochement* is due to the irreconcilable attitude of the Czechs, Old and Young alike, who have been again demanding, in the Budget Committee, the Slavonisation of Bohemia. A new Anti-Socialist Bill is proposed, but not likely to pass. It is curious that it coincides with the abolition of various police regulations specially directed against them in Vienna.

Beyond the earthquake in North Italy—which did some damage in Verona and the neighbourhood, was felt all over Lombardy and Venetia, and is probably connected with the reported eruption of Vesuvius—there is hardly any Italian news. It is rumoured, indeed, that the treaty renewing the Triple Alliance was signed at Monza on Friday week. Apparently the King, Count Nigra, and an Austrian diplomatist, were there. But another and more credible explanation of the Conference connects it with the proposed marriage of the Prince of Naples with the Austrian Archduchess Margaret Sophia, niece of the Emperor. In Abyssinia Ras Alula is said to have advanced beyond Mareb, alleging his eagerness to interview the Italian Commission of Inquiry, and fresh trouble appears imminent.

The persecution of the Jews in Russia has at length begun to excite public feeling even in France. The Czar had visited the French Exhibition at

Moscow, had made large purchases, and shown himself extraordinarily gracious; an absurd report had been published that he would visit Paris in August; the French fleet is going to Cronstadt, and France is said to have asked for a regular defensive alliance, though this has been authoritatively contradicted. French feeling, however, which has long been indicated by the amount of Russian stock held in France, has definitely begun to turn; the French papers are protesting against the anti-Jewish measures, and the organ of the Russian Government in Western Europe, the *Nord*, of Brussels, has thought it worth while to defend its action on the ground that the Jews are a huge secret society, a "camorra" dangerous to the Empire. The news, such as it is, from Russia this week gives the movement a more distinctly religious character. There are to be more Orthodox churches; students are to be compelled to attend service; and the Lutheran pastors of the Baltic Provinces are to announce from the pulpit, as matter of rejoicing, that the Grand Duchess Sergius has abandoned their faith. The flight of refugees continues, and the persecution seems to be specially severe just now in Odessa and the Crimea. Meanwhile the utmost financial and commercial distress seems to exist in some districts of European Russia—especially in the extreme south-east.

The brigands' captives in Turkey were duly ransomed and released on Monday.

In the United States a scandal about the defaulting city treasurer of Philadelphia seems likely to implicate high Federal officials, including possibly the Postmaster-General.

The financial crisis last week in the Argentine Republic has begun to pass away. Payments in gold, however, are to be suspended for six months.

The *Itata* has after all arrived at Tocopilla in Chili, with disabled machinery, and has been delivered to the United States authorities. Bolivia is stated to have refused the offer of the two northern provinces made by the Parliamentary party as the price of her aid. The Presidential fleet has attempted to bombard Iquique and Pisagua, and has lost a torpedo-boat. Further sea-fights seem impending. President Balmaceda is said to be sending the bullion abroad which is the security for the paper currency of the country. A fresh conference is announced—with a view to a settlement—between representatives of the two contending parties and of France and the United States.

## THE ORIENTATION OF EGYPTIAN TEMPLES.

(CONTINUED.)

WE have the problem presented to us whether or not any temples were built so that starlight might fall along their axes in exactly the same way that the sunlight could fall along the axes of the solar temples when the sun was rising in the morning or setting in the afternoon at a solstice.

It is abundantly clear that temples with a greater amplitude than  $26^\circ$  were oriented to stars if they were oriented at all by astronomical considerations. How can this question be studied? What means of investigation are at our disposal? Suppose that the movements of the stars and of the sun are absolutely regular; that there is no change from year to year, from century to century, from æon to æon; then, of course, the question as to whether or not these temples were pointed to the sun at a solstice, or a star, at rising or setting would be easily and sufficiently settled by going to see; because if the stars and the sun did not change their apparent places in the heavens—accurately speaking, their declinations—and, therefore, the amplitudes at which they appear to rise and set, then, of course, a temple consecrated to Sirius ten thousand years ago would view the rising or setting of Sirius now as it did then. But, as a matter of fact, astronomy tells us that both the apparent positions of the sun and of the stars are liable



to change. It is true that the change is not so great in the case of the sun as in the case of the stars; but still it is one which has to be reckoned with the moment it becomes a question of inquiry into any times far removed from the present one. We have a change in what is called the obliquity of the ecliptic—that is, a change in the angle between the plane of the earth's equator and the plane of the ecliptic, in consequence of the attraction of the other planetary bodies affecting the plane of the ecliptic, *i.e.*, the plane described by the earth's motion round the sun. If these planes approach each other the obliquity will be reduced. The present obliquity is something like  $23^{\circ} 27'$ . We know that 5000 B.C. it was  $24^{\circ} 22'$ , nearly a degree more; further, it may go down to something below  $21^{\circ}$ . A difference of  $1^{\circ}$  means, then, a difference of time of about seven thousand years.

But, although we get this change with regard to the sun's place, it is a mere nothing as compared to the enormous change we get in the case of the stars. The change in the apparent places of the stars is due to the wobble of the earth's axis, brought about by the precessional movement caused by the attraction of the sun and moon. This is one of the most important variations in astronomy from a chronological point of view, because we find that in a period of thirteen thousand years, or thereabouts, the declination of a star may change to the extent of something like  $47^{\circ}$ . If we assume that the change in amplitude is not greater than the change in declination (it really is greater), temples may have to have their orientations changed some  $24^{\circ}$  (a very considerable arc indeed) in a period of six thousand years, in order that the same star may be continuously observed. In one case, then, that of the sun, we have to deal with a change of something like  $1^{\circ}$  in seven thousand years; in the case of the stars a maximum change of something like  $47^{\circ}$  in a period of thirteen thousand years. The change of declination must be accompanied by a change of amplitude, and therefore by a change in the direction of the temples.

If we deal with a solar temple, and endeavour to think out what the earliest observers probably would try to do in the case of such a temple, we see that, in all likelihood they would orient it to observe the sun at one of the chief points in the year which could be best marked, *i.e.*, at one of the solstices. I think it is fair to assume that; and therefore, in the case of temples built to the solstices, if, in consequence of the change of the obliquity of the ecliptic, the solstices occurred at one period in a higher declination, and therefore a higher amplitude, than in another; the direction of the temples towards the solstice would differ but very slightly in some thousands of years. Although the amplitude of such a temple would be a very much more constant quantity than the axis of a temple built for the stars, still there would have to be a slight change made after a considerable lapse of time.

The distance of stars from the equator, north or south, and the changes in their declinations, have been calculated by Mr. Hind and others from 5000 B.C. or 2000 B.C. to the present time. We find, for instance, that in consequence of the star's position in relation to the fixed pole of the heavens and the variable pole of the equator, Canopus is getting nearer the equator from the south, while  $\alpha$  Lyrae is gradually also getting nearer the equator from the north. In the case of Fomalhaut, instead of a curve continuously going down towards the south pole, a different condition of things occurs, as the most southerly declination was reached 2500 B.C. These cases have been cited to show how certainly a star's place in ancient time may be followed; and, I may add, that it is possible, by the use of a properly constructed globe, to determine with a considerable approach to accuracy what the declination of any star would have been any number of thousands of years ago. Let it be clearly understood, then, that if temples are directed towards a particular star, the direction of the temple must be changed from time to time.

Now this change of direction is one of the most striking things which has been observed for long years past, both in Egyptian and in Greek temples. For an instance, I may refer to the well-known temple at Medinet-Abou. We have there two temples side by side—a large temple, which was built later, with its systems of pylons and sanctuaries; a smaller temple, with outside courts, and, again, a sanctuary built much earlier. The direction of these two temples is

very different; there is a difference of several degrees. It is very difficult indeed to understand why these two temples should have been built in that way if there were not some good reason for it. The best hitherto found is the supposed symmetrophobia of the Egyptians. We find the same thing in Greece. There is the old Parthenon, a building which may have been standing at the time of the Trojan war, and the new Parthenon, with an outer court very like the Egyptian temples, but with its sanctuary more nearly in the centre of the building. If we study the orientation of these, we find that, like those at Medinet-Abou, they are not parallel; there is a difference of orientation. This method of coping with the changes of azimuth of the star apparently represents that adopted where there has been ample space to build another temple by the side of the old one when the star could no longer be seen from end to end of the old one. But another way was found where the space was more circumscribed, and that is well represented by the temple at Luxor, in which the addition is made *end on*. The suggestion is that, after this temple had been built a certain number of years, the declination of the star had got a little out of the initial line, and the direction was changed at the time when it was determined to make it more beautiful and to amplify it by adding an outer court. There is another outer court and another very considerable change; but that is in all probability due to another reason unconnected with any astronomical significance.

These things being premised, I will now give two or three illustrations of the principles which I have referred to. First of all, dealing with a solar temple, the first thing to observe is the amplitude of the temple, which must depend upon the latitude in which we wish to note the rising or setting of the sun at either of the solstices. If we begin with latitude N.  $25^{\circ}$ , which is very nearly the latitude of Thebes, the amplitude has to be  $26^{\circ}$ ; but, as we deal with higher latitudes, we gradually increase the amplitude, until, if we go as far as the latitude of the North Cape, the sun at the summer solstice, as everybody knows, has no amplitude either at rising or setting, because it passes clear above the horizon altogether and is seen at midnight. Have we, then, any temples which on these principles we can claim absolutely as solstitial temples? Yes, they exist at Karnak and Abydos. Is there any possible astronomical use which might have been made of such temples? If we study the whole length of the temple from east to west, all the pylons and doors represent so many diaphragms which get gradually narrower and narrower as the Holy of Holies is approached; so that the beam of light which fell once a year into such a temple when the sun set at the solstice might pass without interruption along its whole length, finally illuminating the sanctuary in most resplendent fashion, and striking the sanctuary wall. Astronomical observers would note not only in this way the day of beginning of a new year, but by the position occupied by the bright patch on the wall they could determine whether the solstice occurred before or after the evening observation. If they wished to use the temple for ceremonial purposes, they would place an image of the god in the sanctuary and allow the light to flash upon it. If the god were Ra, we should have a "manifestation of Ra" with a vengeance during the brief time the white flood of sunlight fell on it; be it remembered that in the dry and clear air of Egypt the sun casts a shadow five seconds after the first little point of it has been seen above the horizon. The Egyptians could thus determine the length of the year with very great accuracy. And that is no doubt why the Egyptian year was almost a perfect year before the Greeks spoiled it. In this case, the magnificent burst of the light at sunset into the sanctuary would show that a new true solar year was beginning. It so happens that the summer solstice was the time when the Nile began, and still begins, to rise; so that in Egypt the priests were enabled to determine, year after year, not only the length of the year, but the exact time of its commencement. This, however, they apparently kept to themselves, for the year in use, called the vague year, began at different times of the true year through a long cycle. Hence it was necessary for the priests to portion out the agricultural year to the people, who depended on them for assistance and information.

It is very interesting to note that just as surely as this temple of Karnak once pointed to the sun *setting* at the summer solstice, the temple at Stonehenge is stated to point